THE PATHFINDER

EVANS

Evans:

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THE PATHFINDER

By LAWTON B. EVANS

Price, $1.20

GOOD READING BUILDS GOOD CHARACTER

No one has a greater opportunity to influence the child's character than the teacher of reading.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS OBJECTIVE

LAWTON B. EVANS, superintendent of schools in Augusta, Georgia, author of many stories for children, and compiler of children's stories, has prepared this book for pupils of junior high school age as a means to character education.

"There are certain traits without which no great accomplishment is possible."—*Author*

Study the selection of these traits.
(See table of contents, p. ix)

"THE SHOT PUTTER" (p. 32) is a story illustrating *good sportsmanship.* It goes straight to the heart of a boy and may keep that boy from becoming weak under similar provocation.

"A TRUE LITTLE AMERICAN" (p. 57) a story of the way in which a little foreign girl proved her love for her new country. It is one of many stories illustrating the trait represented under the title *"Love of Country."*

Theodore Roosevelt's ideals are always of interest to the boys and girls of America. "THE VIGOR OF LIFE" (p. 109) is an excerpt from his autobiography. Like all that Roosevelt wrote, it is filled with a passion for strong, clean living. The more boys know of this kind of reading, the better America will be.

"WHAT WILL POWER DID FOR ME" (p. 156) is an account of the *overcoming of difficulties.* It is a story that cannot fail to impress the minds of boys and girls with the fact which is stated at the beginning of the story, namely, that "You may be whatsoever you resolve to be."

"WHY DRAYTON WAS SAFE" (p. 209) tells the story of a boy who possessed a fine type of *courage,* and who won the respect of his classmates. Intensely interesting, it sets up before the reader a high ideal of clean, sturdy boyhood. It will make a strong appeal to the athletic boy.

NOTE: These stories are merely a few of the splendid, health giving and character building tales which are to be found in THE PATHFINDER.

AN IMPORTANT FEATURE OF THE BOOK

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

An outline test of the pupil's appreciation of right conduct
(See pp. 45, 105, 147, 205, 287, 359, 410, 459, and 514)

These tests follow each group of stories and poems on one of the trait subjects. They impress upon the mind of the child the important facts or ideas treated in the group, and call upon him to apply the traits learned in life situations with which he is familiar. They are so arranged as to furnish material for projects or units of work.

In the romantic and impressionable junior high school period of a child's development THE PATHFINDER should help materially in inculcating right attitudes toward those traits of character that make for success in life, success in the real and broad sense.

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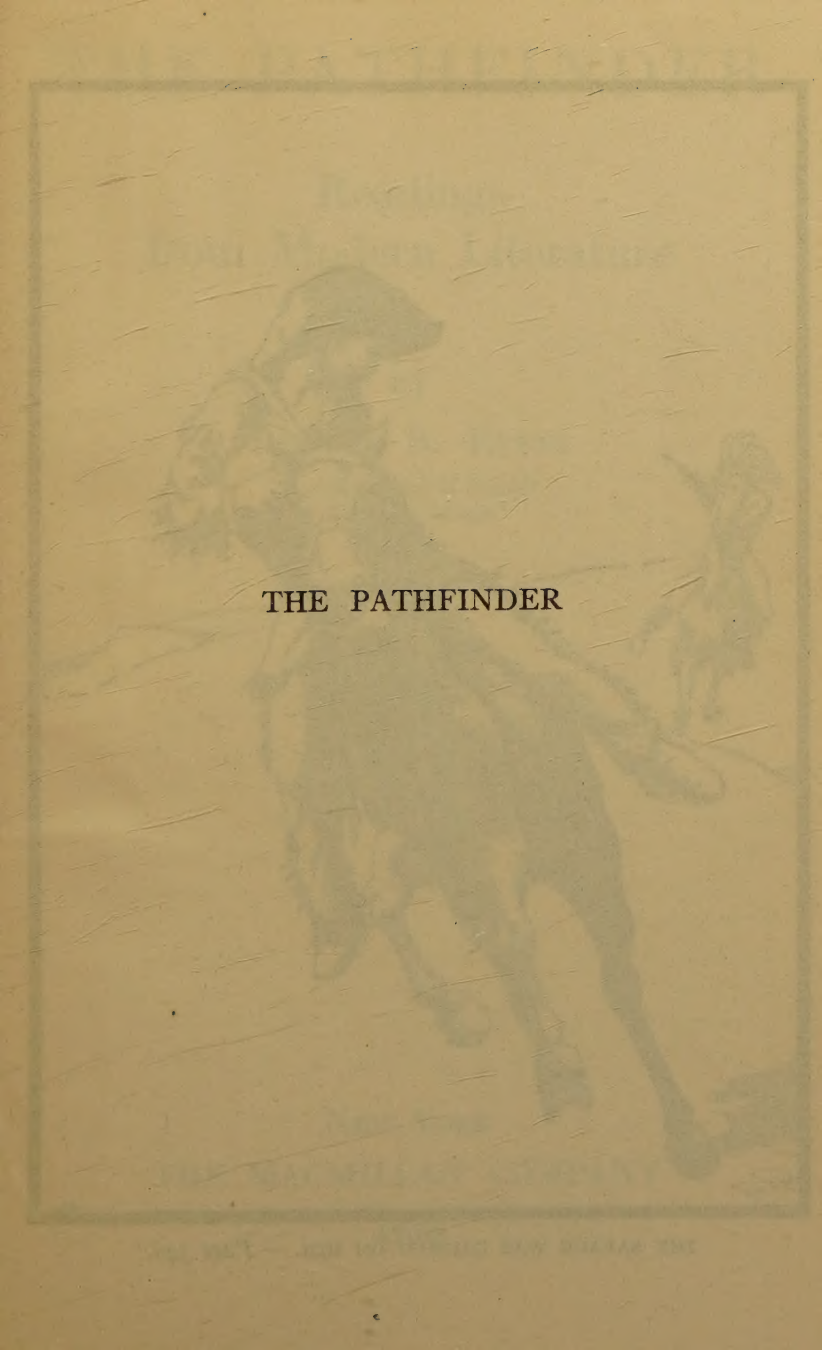

THE PATHFINDER

THE SAVAGE WAS GAINING ON HIM. — *Page 340.*

THE PATHFINDER

Readings from Modern Literature

BY

LAWTON B. EVANS

Superintendent of Schools
Augusta, Georgia

Illustrated by
KATE SEREDY

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1930

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A FOREWORD TO TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

NOWADAYS, we are strong in the belief that mere academic knowledge is not all that is needed for a successful life. Often we find minds loaded down with the results of laboratory and library research that yet lack power to help in advancing the world's affairs. This is not the fault of too much knowledge or too careful preparation. The fault lies rather in the fact that along with technical training the personal qualities that make for success were disregarded and neglected. The mind is a warehouse stored with useful and valuable things, but the owner lacks ability in making personal contacts and has no powers of salesmanship — that is, of putting his ideas across. A strong body, a clean mind, and an understanding heart are as necessary to a complete life as profound and accurate learning.

Good mental habits are an essential. There are certain traits without which no great accomplishment is possible. One may have the finest academic training and yet may fail because he lacks perseverance, or independence, or other virtues necessary to success. He is a well-built machine, unable to run and do the work for which he was designed because he lacks the warmth of the boiler and, hence, the pressure of the steam. Back of the mind must be the man or woman, full of energy, resource, and power, to put into use the knowledge gained in the laboratory and the classroom.

Good moral habits are an essential. Such virtues as honesty and fair dealing, regard for the law, love of country and of neighbors, willingness to sacrifice and serve for the general good, ability to make judgments uninfluenced by personal feeling —

all these are indispensable if one is to be a source of inspiration in the social and business world. One must be firmly planted in civic righteousness if he is to become and remain a trustworthy standard bearer.

These virtues may be cultivated, provided the soil is normal, and such cultivation should be a part of the school training. A good character, after all, is the result of a clear understanding of the rights of others, and of the duties one owes to his fellows, and of a resolve to accord those rights and abide by those duties. Right attitudes result from right ideals, and in the cultivation of right ideals the reading of good and appropriate literature is important.

With this in mind, the compiler has prepared this volume for pupils of the seventh and eighth grades or for junior high schools. There is no need to consider each selection a sermon, nor to emphasize heavily its inspirational purpose. The lessons speak for themselves. The inspiration aroused by the text will stir the inherent sense of what is heroic, wise, just, or patriotic. The topics supplied for discussion will give the child an opportunity to consider and discuss real-life ethical problems and to arrive at such conclusions as he can honestly reach.

The author hopes, then, that these selections may be more than simply interesting and more than mere exercises in reading, and that their study may help in developing high ideals of personal character and of civic virtue. Provided they have, in this and other ways, gained such ideals, the next generation of men and women should be better able to carry on the work of life than were their fathers, avoiding the errors of their elders (while not forgetting to emulate their virtues), correcting the results of their mistakes, and completing the tasks they have begun. "You are the hope of the world," said Hermann Hagedorn to the young people of his generation, and that they are, indeed, the hope of the world is something for all young people to remember.

This book could not have been prepared without the coöperation of the many authors and publishers who have graciously permitted the use of copyrighted material. While specific acknowledgment is made, in each case, on the page where a selection begins, the compiler of the volume wishes, also, to express, here, his gratitude and appreciation. He is deeply grateful also to the teachers of Augusta, Georgia, for help and inspiration, and to those other teachers in many parts of the country who assisted in the compilation.

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GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

When you play a game always wish and try to win, otherwise your opponent will have no fun; but never wish to win so much that you cannot be happy without winning.

Seek to win only by fair and lawful means according to the rules of the game, and this will leave you without bitterness toward your opponent or shame before others.

Take pleasure in the game even though you do not obtain the victory; for the purpose of the game is not merely to win, but to find joy and strength in trying.

If you obtain the victory which you have so desired, think more of your good fortune than of your skill. This will make you grateful and ready to share with others the pleasure bestowed upon you; and truly this is both reasonable and profitable, for it is but little that any of us would win in this world were not our fortunes better than our deserts.

— Henry van Dyke.

PLAY BALL*

Joseph Gollomb

The Lincoln High School of New York and the William Penn High School of Philadelphia had each won the baseball pennant for the city. The Philadelphia team has challenged the New York team for a championship game. Jim Smollett is the pitcher for Lincoln. He had been injured just before the game. Mr. Jennings is the coach, and Mr. Carton is one of the masters. The grand stand is full, the bleachers are overflowing, the bands are playing, and the cheering is at its height. The game begins.

"*Pla-a-a-y ball!*"

A light cheer swept the field.

"Samberg and Gordon for Lincoln!" the umpire announced.

"Cook and Gore for Penn! Hertman at bat. Breckenbridge on deck!"

At the sound of the batters' names all Philadelphia rose and chanted as one:

"Hertman — Breckenbridge — Hanaway and *Gore!*
Three — home — runs — and — one — run — more!"

To those in the New York stands who knew what the chant meant it brought a chill of anxiety. They had heard of these boys. Of a team of hard hitters, Hertman, Breck-

* From *That Year at Lincoln High.* Copyright, 1926. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

enbridge, Hanaway, and Gore were the hardest. Each of them was a heavier "slugger" than the boy before him. Time and again they had bunched home runs together and broken up many a contest.

Jim knew the meaning of that chant and so did poor Samberg in the box. The unexpected responsibility and the fame of the four batters got into Samberg's nerves.

Hertman, a husky Pennsylvania Dutchman, took up a black club and stepping to the plate grinned at Samberg. He wound up and pitched a wide ball. Plainly he meant to give Hertman his base rather than risk more by letting him hit. To his dismay Hertman stepped out, swung his bat, and there sounded a hit. Away soared the ball into the blue. Hertman was sprinting around the diamond in a wide circle and did not stop until he reached third. Thrills and chills raced through the banked crowds.

"Breckenbridge at bat! Hanaway on deck!"

At the first ball pitched, Breckenbridge smashed a two-bagger, sending Hertman home amid cheers from one side of the field only. Hanaway at bat was hard to please. He let two "balls" and two strikes pass him before he found one that suited him. Then he made three bases on it and sent Breckenbridge home with the second run. Some of the cheering that came from Penn cohorts was for the two runs. More of it was for a light-haired chunky lad who was walking quietly to bat.

"Gore! Gore! Home-run Gore!" yelled Philadelphia. Gore was the idol of that crowd. His batting record was a freak. Home runs were his specialty. He was the top-notch of Penn High School power.

Mr. Jennings signaled Samberg to "pass" Gore.

Samberg tried to do it. But by this time he was a badly worried pitcher. By some freak nervousness he pitched his balls low rather than to one side. Suddenly the crack of wood on horsehide sounded poor Samberg's doom. Pandemonium broke loose in the Pennsy stands; and a commotion among the spectators in the bleachers, where the ball landed, told the story. Breckenbridge and Gore were "home." Gore had once more earned his nickname.

Four runs and no one out for Penn High!

Mr. Jennings signed for time. He beckoned to Samberg. The boy came in, his head bowed.

"Harry, don't take it to heart!" Mr. Jennings said kindly. "You did no worse than most pitchers who face that crowd of sluggers. Jim . . ."

Jim was already on his feet. He had, of course, seen the summons looming. He looked shyly at the grand stand, from which thousands of Lincoln voices cheered him. He saw his father smile at him. Sitting next to his father was Don, fists in air imploring him to win.

He walked to the pitcher's box. His every move was slow. He needed time — time for his slowly incoming strength to return. He looked at his ball thoughtfully. He took only one or two trial throws. He could not afford more. Then, straightening up, he began.

The quartet having done its work, there followed the less famous Penn High batters. Cook, like most pitchers, was a weak brother and Jim struck him out with little effort. Mitchel *would* steal bases in season and out. But he was a powerful batter. Jim knew these facts. So he gave Mitchel his base on "balls"; then caught him stealing second and put him out. With Dubois, the next batter, Jim matched

guesses and won. It took, however, three "balls" and two strikes to retire him and his side; and each throw cost Jim precious effort.

Mr. Jennings bundled Jim into a great coat and made him stretch out on the players' bench. "Close your eyes, boy. Take it easy," he said. "Our sluggers are on deck now. You can keep scores by the cheers."

Fortunately there were cheers to guide him. Lincoln had a hard-hitting squad of its own. Bruce Gordon, heavy of frame and sure of eye, swung on the third ball pitched and swept up two bases. Conklin earned a single and sent Bruce home. Bannister, "the two-fisted," hit the first home run for Lincoln, set the crowd on fire, and brought the score to three runs.

Then Cook tightened up and retired Lincoln in workmanlike style.

Again Jim walked into the arena. The wave on wave of Lincoln cheers for the three runs for his side had been like salt sea waves to a tired bather. They put tonic into his much tried nerves. He made short work of Elstein and caught O'Hara napping. But —

"Hertman — Breckenbridge — Hanaway and *Gore!*
Three — home — runs — and — one — run — more!"

chanted the blue-and-white stands. The dreaded quartet was at bat again. Jim fondled the ball as he pondered. He might or might not be able to strike out Hertman. But it would take terrific exertion to do it. Jim could not afford to spend so early in the game the little strength he had. He knew of a ball that often made the batter hit high in the air. He stepped back. It was a signal to the outfield to

expect a visitor. Then he threw. True to expectation Hertman's hit sounded and the ball flew high into the air where it seemed hung motionless while Hertman raced past first base, second, on to third. . . .

"Halsey, oh, Halsey!" prayed New York.

Halsey at center ran clear to the wall of the bleachers. With his way stopped he was still not far enough back. But with a leap he reached up. His hand killed the flight of the ball, and as it dropped, before it could touch the ground, he caught it.

He was the hero of the moment as he came to bat a minute later. Inspired by the cheers he wrung two bases from Cook. Then came Jim's turn to bat. Mr. Jennings had already instructed him.

"Strike out, Jim. These are orders, remember. I know you can get a hit if you want it. But don't. I can't afford to have you wear yourself out running bases."

Jim stood at the plate, bat loose in hand. It was a struggle to obey Mr. Jennings' order. It was a humiliating rôle to play — to strike out when a hit would mean a run. But common sense helped to salve the smart. No one jeered Jim as he deliberately struck out. Everyone realized why he did it.

To everyone's delight, Ginelli, Lincoln right fielder, who ordinarily did not shine in hero rank as a batter, hit Cook's best curve and brought Halsey home with the run that tied the score. But Cook disposed of the remaining batters without giving them another hit that inning.

Whereupon Jim was faced with the task of disposing of the three remaining members of the terrible quartet. Breckenbridge was at bat. An angry, reckless spirit filled Jim

as he smeared dirt on the ball. He would break the confidence that filled that quartet even if he had to break his heart to do it. What happened in the next inning, in the rest of the game, did not matter. He would settle these fellows now at any cost. It was not the ideal spirit for the occasion. But Jim was almost feverish with tension.

He wound up slowly but with keen effort. He threw his mightiest efforts into every ball he pitched. One strike — two — a foul on Breckenbridge. Then Breckenbridge broke the breathless silence with the sound of bat on ball. But Ginelli caught the hit. It would have been three bases. Hanaway again waited for just the right ball. It almost cost him too much. For Jim was not Samberg and had achieved two strikes on Hanaway and no "balls." Then Hanaway connected with an "out" and hit Jim for two bases. On second base he squatted, confident that Gore would send him "home."

Gore did. Like the wily warrior that he was, Gore let Jim throw as many balls as he felt he could risk. Then he picked the one he wanted and smashed a three-bagger. Hanaway romped home.

Jim gritted his teeth. He punished himself mercilessly. The result was that both Cook and Mitchel were struck out, Gore had no chance to score, and the side was retired. But Jim had used up precious strength. He could barely drag his body along as he came in.

Cook then "whitewashed" Lincoln and the third inning ended with the score 5 to 4 in favor of Penn.

Thereupon Jim retaliated by "blanking" Penn in the fourth.

Again Cook shut out Lincoln.

Again the dread quartet came to bat. This time only Hanaway and Gore got hits from Jim. But lightning work from the Lincoln fielders blocked their try at stealing. It was the neatest double play in the game. Jim breathed a prayer of thanks.

Cook was still a stone wall, however, and the fifth inning ended with Lincoln's best batters breaking themselves in vain against that stone wall.

Nor did either side score until the eighth inning, when Gore sent an electric thrill through the crowd and broke loose a bedlam of cheering with another clean home run.

Jim disposed of the rest. But the agony in his muscles and nerves! How every limb ached and begged for rest! As he walked to the players' bench he felt as though his next step would be his last. The game was now a nightmare torment. Play? Was this supposed to be play? He laughed shakily at the thought. How queer everything was! How foolish to do anything in the wide, wide world but just to lie down on the ground and stay there. . . .

The bases were full. Jim slowly rose. It was his turn at bat. "What shall I do?" he asked dazedly of Mr. Jennings, looking at the three boys on bases. Mr. Jennings could not hear him for the din was deafening with Lincoln entreaties. "Oh, Jimmie! Oh, laddie! Send 'em home!"

But Mr. Jennings shook his head. "Do anything so long as you spare yourself!" he said. "Remember you've got another inning to pitch."

Jim nodded and dragged himself to the plate. Cook eyed him sharply. Did he mean to strike out as usual? Of course he would. The whole world saw how weak Jim was. He could not afford even the slight waste of strength in

swinging mechanically at the ball. Cook took no chances, however. He pitched his best curve carefully as though Jim were a dangerous batter. But Jim merely waved his bat like a weak child. One strike, two strikes. . . . Cook knew now that Jim had been instructed to strike out. Cook himself was becoming tired with the strain of nearly eight innings of hard pitching. He, too, had to conserve every bit of strength he could. So he sent a slow ball.

What flashed into Jim to disobey he could not tell. But the sight of that easy ball was too much for his nerves. He dug his fingers into his bat, swung with all his strength. He felt the shock of a hit. His tired eyes were not equal to following the ball. He remained stupidly at his place although the ball was "fair." What was happening? Why the long increasing roar? Where was the ball? A boy shot past him like a meteor. It was Blake landing home. Another boy hurtled past him. Abrams had scored. The game was tied! Six to six. In an explosion of dust something slid over the home plate — Pickering.

"Safe!" yelled the umpire.

"Wh-e-e-e-e!" shrieked Lincoln.

A thud, a blow on his back jarred Jim. It was the ball in the catcher's hand.

"Batter out!" the umpire yelled.

But eager hands were helping Jim back to the bench.

"You brought 'em home! You brought 'em home!" screamed Izzy, jumping up and down crazily. "Jimmy, you've won the game! A homer it'd be if you'd run! Seven-six our favor!"

"That'll do, Izzy!" Mr. Jennings said shakily. "We've not yet won the game. There's another turn at bat for

HE FELT THE SHOCK OF A HIT.

Penn and the sluggers on deck. What made you disobey, Jim?" he asked with an effort at sternness.

"You didn't exactly tell me not to hit," Jim mumbled.

Penn put another pitcher into the field. He struck out two Lincoln batters in succession. But there was something worse than that to worry the Lincolnites, even though they were one run ahead. For Penn was chanting again:

"Hertman — Breckenbridge — Hanaway — and *Gore!*"

Hertman was already standing at bat with his famous black club in his hands, a grim look on his face. Behind him the others of the quartet were already practicing with the heft of their favorite bats. The Lincoln players were slowly going out into the field. But — where was Jim?

There was a small group clustered about the players' bench. No one was in the pitcher's box. What was the matter? Where was Jim?

He was standing, swaying, his face a little drawn with pain and very white. Mr. Jennings was whispering in his ear, "Listen, my boy. If you don't feel equal I'll take a chance on Drake in the box. It's a desperate chance. But you're pretty tired, you plucky lad. What do you say?"

"I — I — wish you'd decide for me." Jim stammered.

Mr. Jennings looked at his haggard face. His own face was pale. He signed to a boy for a drink of water for Jim. Then as the boy took a sip, Mr. Jennings said, his hand on Jim's shoulder, "Somewhere in you is the needed strength, dear lad! Go — and good luck to you! I give you free hand to do anything you will!"

Jim nodded and walked out to the field.

There was little sound over that great oval as Jim took his

place. After the short chant of four names Penn stopped. Jim's slowly moving figure was eloquent of profound weariness. No one had the heart to jeer. And everyone felt too tense to cheer. If Penn scored and the game went on to extra innings, it would have to go on without Jim. The most unobservant girl could see that. If, on the other hand, that tired boy could keep the Penn sluggers from scoring, Lincoln would not even have to take his turn at bat. The game would be theirs with a score of seven to six!

If. . . . The little word loomed giantlike. . . .

Thousands held their breath as Jim faced Hertman. The pitcher moved as though he were dreaming. He stared stupidly at the ball. Then he looked at the catcher. Gordon nodded and stepped far to one side of the plate.

One after another Jim threw four wide "balls" to Gordon.

Hertman took his base.

Breckenbridge stepped up to bat. To increasing mystification Jim repeated the performance which had given Hertman his base. Hertman himself walked to second.

"Hanaway at bat. Gore on deck!"

Almost every man, woman, and child in the stands was standing on tiptoe. Still not a sound, however, except the thud of balls as they fell into Gordon's glove, one after another. . . .

"Four balls! Take your base!" snapped the umpire.

"What is he doing?" breathed Mr. Carton, white to the lips. "Bases filled with Gore at bat!"

"I don't know!" murmured Mr. Jennings, moistening his lips. "I — don't — know!"

He stared at Jim fixedly, trying to catch his eye, hoping for a glimpse of the boy's intent. But Jim was standing, his

head bowed as though it were too heavy. But his eyes were turned toward Hertman, leading off at third. The pitcher stood as if he were alone in the world, letting second after second pass — they were minutes of torture to everybody else — without moving. His arms were lax. His whole body sagged.

Then just as many seemed about to cry out with the pain of tension, Jim moved. Slowly he twisted the ball into his glove, wound up and pitched. The ball looked slow and straight. Gore, whose pale face showed not the least expression, straightened, took aim, and struck.

"Stri-i-ke *one!*" the umpire barked.

A sigh ran through the stands.

Jim was again resting. Finally he threw.

"*Ba-a-ll* one!"

Gore relaxed a trifle as the ball traveled back to Jim. Swift as a bullet a ball passed him.

"Strike *two!*"

He had been caught off his guard. A slow blush mounted the boy's face. He gripped his bat and poised it. The runners at the three bases crouched on tiptoe. They had seen their coach signal a "squeeze" play. Gore would have to hit no matter what came. For if he struck out, the weak batters that followed him would fare no better. The whole game depended on the next ball. But Jim stood there without making a move.

"Oh, please . . . !"

The anguished voice of some one in the stands called out. Jim shook his head as though he had to answer it. He was not ready. He, too, had seen the signal for the "squeeze" play; if he had not he would have expected it. He would

have to pitch a "ball." The whole world expected a "ball." Gore expected it. But he would have to hit whatever came. . . . He stiffened. Jim was moving. A slow high ball was coming straight at Gore's bat. He swung.

Crack! The world exploded with a galvanic shock.

"Out!" shrieked the umpire.

Jim had caught the ball. Lightninglike he threw.

"*Out!*"

Jim had caught Hertman at home.

Gordon whipped the ball to third.

"O-o-u-ut! *Three out!*"

For the space of a heartbeat the umpire's howl had the stillness to itself.

Then the cataclysm broke.

Lincoln had won! . . .

To Jim, swaying at his place like a stunned being, it seemed that a black sea was sweeping toward him in one ravening wave. He could not move even to escape drowning. He stared stupidly. Then came a shock, a roar, and the sea closed over him in thunder and chaos. . . .

QUESTIONS

1. As you read this story, do you catch the spirit of rivalry that electrifies the air?
2. On which side are your sympathies? Why?
3. What reason did Lincoln have to fear Penn's great quartet?
4. Which side seemed to have a better chance to win?
5. How did Jim save the day for Lincoln?
6. What did the coach mean by his remark to Jim, "Somewhere in you is the needed strength"?
7. Many people think that athletes win their laurels by sheer muscle power. How does this story disprove that theory?

IF*

Rudyard Kipling

In this poem the poet has placed before us his interpretation of true manhood. In several ways he endeavors to open our eyes to the fact that the forces which make a man are within him. It matters not what the conditions and circumstances may be, the man who succeeds must first of all be master of himself.

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two impostors just the same:
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss:

* From *Rewards and Fairies*. Copyright, 1911. By permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran and Company.

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

QUESTIONS

1. How would you feel toward a person who told an untruth about you?
2. What harm can such a story do you?
3. Why does the author call Triumph and Disaster impostors?
4. How do you think you should behave when everything seems to go wrong with you?
5. What is the difference between dreamers and doers? Are both important at times and why?
6. Is it fair to make allowance for people who doubt you? Why?
7. What danger lies with those who "talk with crowds," and with those who "walk with Kings"?
8. What does the author think is necessary if one is to be a real man?
9. Has this poem a message for boys only, or does it apply to girls, too?

HIS FIRST RACE*

ARTHUR RUHL

In ancient Greece it was the custom to hold contests of skill and strength which served the double purpose of providing physical training for the men of the nation and at the same time furnishing entertainment for thousands of spectators. To-day all nations encourage the physical training and discipline which result from contests of various kinds. These sports are serving the same purpose that the Olympic Games performed in ancient times.

THUD, thud, thud, went the feet in front and behind him. He was now just entering the straightaway opposite the grand stands. He observed that he was keeping stride with the one in front of him. He knew that old runners sometimes weary out novices, by thus making them run an unnatural stride. It worried him, but he could not seem to change. His eyes still clung to the number. He studied it nervously. It was 83. Each roughness in the printing, the spots of dust, the threads of the cloth, he examined intently. It occurred to him that it could be easily made into an 88. At the time, this seemed a deduction of importance.

The thudding crunch of the spikes into the track and the rain of the cinders against his bare legs, which he now began to notice, told him how fast they swept along. Now and then a lump hit his face, and one, swifter than the rest, struck into his eye. It scratched painfully, and he saw the black 83 with but one eye. They were directly across from the stands now, and as they filed rhythmically by there were pleased little "Ohs" which he could not hear. Nor did he notice, except in a confused way, the shouts from the half-

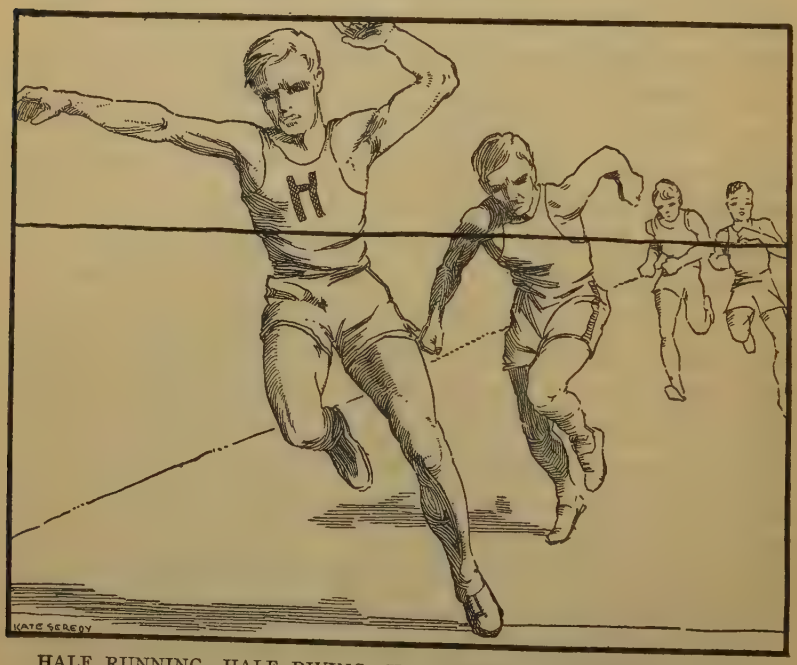
* By permission of the author.

dressed figures who, leaning from the balcony and upper windows of the field-house, as the group passed, yelled, "Good work! Hang on" and "Keep it up! You're all *right!*" . . .

They were entering the stretch. Striding ahead, with first place easily his, was the veteran. The second blue jersey was not more than a rod ahead. The Freshman fastened his eyes upon the advancing back, and, foot by foot, came up to it, as you would pull yourself, hand-over-hand, up a rope. He shut his eyes for an instant, and again swerved to the right. Then he heard something from the waiting stands down the track. For several seconds there had been confused cheering, but he had not understood it. This was something he had never heard before. It was his own name shouted out by the black waving mass that stretched all along the straightaway to the tape. All in a flash it came to him that the great crowd, instead of being a cruel, silent, staring enemy, was with him. And the track, instead of being a sort of operating table, was a place on which to race, and sometimes win. And the other runners, the spectators, every detail of it all, were only parts of a big game which, after all, ought to be fun.

Fifty yards away in front he could see, stretched breast-high across the track, the narrow line of crimson tape. With the shouts at his side sounding gloriously in his ears, he took his eyes from his rival, and held them to that narrow streak of red. In his mind he took in the number of strides and the strength it would take to reach it, just as you understand a whole sentence of print at a glance. He felt that he could do it, though it had come to be amazingly hard. For

the track had taken on an odd habit of rolling, rather like the deck of a ship; once it came up to meet him so that his foot struck before he meant it to. From the finish mark he could hear the trainers sternly calling, "Keep your feet! Keep — your — feet!"



HALF RUNNING, HALF DIVING, HE LUNGED TOWARD THE TAPE.

Then at last he saw the back in front of him waver a bit in its course, and the arms and upper body begin to pump. At the same instant the great black mass along the lines seemed to grow taller. The Freshman fixed his eyes again on the wavering number, and again drew himself nearer and nearer. He was almost neck-and-neck now

— just a shade behind, then a shadow ahead. The two struggling figures seemed inevitably to run together. The track behaved strangely, and the Freshman thought he was falling; then, half running, half diving, he lunged toward the tape — and fell on the other side.

Scrambling to his feet, with arms and neck hanging very limp, and breath coming very quick, he looked round him in a dazed way, as though he wondered what had happened. Then, because his knees suddenly felt very queer and weak, he started slowly to sit down, when many arms grabbed him and he felt himself raised. There was pushing and noise and much dust. As for our Freshman, he blinked down from somebody's shoulder in pleased embarrassment upon the crowd; and then, because he had done a big thing and felt very empty and weak and queer, he let his head droop and beneath his half-closed eyes grinned inside at the crimson "H" upon his breast.

QUESTIONS

1. What was the first thing the runner noticed after the race began?
2. How can you tell that this boy was not accustomed to racing?
3. By what means did he gain on the runner ahead of him?
4. Up to that time how had he felt about the track and the race?
5. What change came over him?
6. How do you account for this change?
7. What helped him to win the race?
8. How are all worth-while things accomplished?
9. Do you consider a race like this one of any value? Why?
10. Would such a race be of value to a man not physically fit to run in it?

DON'T DIE ON THIRD*

WILLIAM J. CAMERON

In one of Shakespeare's best-known plays the statement is made that the whole world is a stage and we are the players. And if each of us has a part to play, does ever it occur to you that no part can be successfully played without preparation? When you witness the superb playing of a sportsman, as that of Moriarty, do you think of the weeks and months spent in training the muscles for quick action and the mind for clear thinking? Nothing worth while is easy.

IT was several weeks ago, when the Tigers were playing the team from Cleveland.

Moriarty was on third base.

Around the chalk-lined arena, eighteen thousand persons strained in tense expectancy. The score was a tie. Two men were out. The fate of the game centered in the white-bloused figure that shuttled back and forth near third. Tigers and Naps stood up at their benches, for the decisive moment had come.

Moriarty was at third.

He had got there by the ordinary events of the game. At the bat, he hit the ball and ran to first. Another player bunted and sacrificed himself to run Moriarty to second. Then a long fly advanced him to third. There he stood, alert and active, with the fate of the game in his quick eye, his quicker brain, and his running legs.

If he failed, he failed not alone, for the team failed with him. If he won, he won not alone, but gave the men behind him their chance for home. In him centered the hopes

* By permission of the *Detroit News*.

and fears of thousands upon thousands of spectators who had forgotten to breathe, and so still was the great park that even the breeze seemed to forget to blow.

Moriarty was at third.

Much as it meant to have advanced that far, nothing had been accomplished by it. Three-quarter runs are not marked up on the score boards. Third-base runs never raised a pennant. Third base is not a destination, but the last little way station on the road home. It is better not to run at all than to run to third and die. The eighteen thousand spectators that kept ominously silent at that moment could be changed into a vortex of cheering hero worshipers or into an animated groan by the kind of work a man did between third and home.

There is not time for self-congratulation on third. The question is how to get safely away from it. The man on second wants your place — he can get it — but if you get safely home no one can take that achievement from you. One way to get off third is to wait for some fellow to bat you off; another way is to get away on your own initiative and according to your own secret plan.

Moriarty was on third.

It is ninety feet from third to home. Sometimes that ninety feet is a leaden mile, sometimes a mere patter of lightning-like steps. If it is a mile to you, you are a failure, and the great circle of spectators groan for your incompetency; if it is but a lightning streak, you are the great man of the baseball day. Moriarty was intent on dwindling that ninety feet instead of lengthening it.

How many things converged in the few moments he

stood there! He watched the signals of the Cleveland catcher—he gathered that they meant a high ball. A high ball meant that the runner might duck low to the base while the catcher's hands were in the air after the ball. Moriarty knew, too, that a high ball required that the pitcher wind up his arm in a certain way. He knew, also, that pitchers have a way of winding up when they don't intend to throw the ball. More than that, he knew that the pitcher in the box was left-handed and could not keep his eyes on third when winding up. That was why Moriarty closely followed all the strange little signals pitcher and catcher were making.

There was another consideration, too — Mullin was at the bat. Moriarty knows that Mullin has a batting average of something like .250, which means that Mullin hits safely about once in four times at bat. Would the ball about to be thrown be one of the hit, or one of the missed? No human calculation could even guess at it. If Mullin missed, it would be useless for Moriarty to run. If Mullin hit, there were still chances of his being put out at first, making Moriarty's run wholly uncounted and ending the inning.

There was only one thing to do — make home between the time the pitcher wound up his arm past all recall and the time the ball landed in the catcher's glove — make home in the second of time when Mullin's hit or miss hung in futurity.

It was to be a contest in speed between a five-ounce ball delivered with all the force of a superb pitching arm and the one hundred seventy-pound body of Moriarty. An

unequal contest at that, for the five-ounce ball travels only sixty feet while the runner from third must hurl his body over a distance of ninety feet.

All these considerations are in the mind of Moriarty. He builds up his prospective run as an engineer builds a

THERE IS A WHITE STREAK ACROSS THE FIELD!

bridge over a torrent, step by step with infinite pains. Now the Cleveland pitcher is winding up his arm — round and round it swings — he poises himself — there is yet a fraction of a second in which he can recall his intended throw — Moriarty is crouched like a tiger about to spring — Now! Now!

There is a white streak across the field!

A cloud of dust at the home plate!

The umpire stands with his hands extended, palms downward.

A bursting roar of acclaim echoes and reëchoes across the space of the park. Again and again it bursts forth in thrilling, electric power. Thirty-six thousand eyes strain toward the man who is slapping the dust from his white uniform.

Moriarty is home!

You are one of the players. Perhaps you have reached First — completed the primary schools — by the power of gravitation. It may be that by the fair promise of your own good gifts you have finished the grammar grades and reached Second. Then, by the sacrifices of your parents or a long fly by one of your friends into the business world, a fly that was not long enough to prevent his going out, you are through high school or college — have advanced to Third.

The opposition against you at Third is stronger than at First or Second. At Third you are reckoned with. Your opponents and rooters converge all their attention on you. Pitchers and catchers, coaches and opposing fans are watching to tip off your plans and frustrate them. From Third you become either a splendid success or a dismal failure.

Don't die on Third!

What are you doing to win the score that life is ready to mark up against your name? Third base has no laurels on which you can rest. What are you doing to get away

from Third? Are you waiting for some one to bat you in? Suppose he misses, his miss is yours too. If you place all your dependence on some one else, his failure spells yours.

What are you doing on Third? Waiting for something to turn up? Don't. Nothing turns up, but the thumbs of thousands of men who watch you may turn down, and make you a permanent failure. Moriarty would not have scored had he waited, for Mullin didn't hit the ball, and that run was absolutely necessary to save the game. That run was gained in an immeasurable fraction of time, but the difference between success and failure is very often measured in seconds. A few months' preparation for some honorable vocation might bring you to business — enable you to score.

Don't die on Third!

Had Moriarty been out the night before, he would have played the game according to routine; but Moriarty does not carouse. He does not smoke or drink. The only high balls he rushes are those thrown on the diamond. He is old-fashioned enough to go to church on Sunday. He knows that a clean life means a clear head. He knows that legs that tread the path of irregularity cannot win when running ninety feet against a swift ball that travels sixty feet. He respects his body and his mind, keeps both under control of a strong will, and they all in turn serve him up to the last fraction of their power.

Moriarty's run was not a foolhardy dash. It was not a toss-up with luck. It was deliberate mathematical work. Any fool could have led off spectacularly, but only a trained

body and an alert mind could have stolen home right under the nose of the catcher whose hands were closing over the ball. Even the game means work. Work itself is a game, and has its rules, as it has sudden openings. So don't die on Third. Bring to Third every bit of your honest strength, study conditions, master every worthy art, get to work, and postpone thinking of your luck until you hear the umpire call "Safe!"

Then you will score all right.

And that is the story of success in any game. Do not get stranded at Third; reach home, and score. That is what helps to win, whether on the diamond or at the desk. In every profession and vocation of life, scoring always counts.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was Moriarty's position on third base the center of all interest in the game?
2. How did Moriarty reach third base?
3. What were his chances to reach the home plate?
4. What chance did he take?
5. How was his successful run received by the spectators?
6. What three qualifications did Moriarty have that made him a great player?
7. In what way is your school career marked off like a baseball diamond?
8. What is meant by the expression "Don't die on Third"?
9. What habits should you cultivate to help you "score"?
10. Isn't it necessary also to remember not to "die" on First or Second?

START WHERE YOU STAND*

BERTON BRALEY

No matter where one is going he must start from where he is. No matter what one undertakes he must begin with what he can do at the time. What is behind us we should forget, and press on to the things ahead of us. A man once told Mr. Ford that he was just out of the penitentiary and needed work. "Never mind the past," said Mr. Ford. "Start from where you stand now."

START where you stand and never mind the past,
The past won't help you in beginning new,
If you have left it all behind at last,
Why, that's enough, you're done with it, you're through;
This is another chapter in the book,
This is another race that you have planned,
Don't give the vanished days a backward look,
Start where you stand.

The world won't care about your old defeats
If you can start anew and win success,
The future is your time, and time is fleet,
And there is much of work and strain and stress;
Forget the buried woes and dead despairs;
Here is a brand-new trial right at hand.
The future is for him who does and dares;
Start where you stand.

Old failure will not halt, old triumphs aid;
To-day's the thing, to-morrow soon will be.

* From *A Banjo at Armageddon*. Copyright, 1917. By permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran and Company.

Get in the fight and face it unafraid,
And leave the past to ancient history;
What has been, has been; yesterday is dead,
And by it you are neither blessed nor banned;
Take courage, man, be brave and drive ahead;
Start where you stand.

QUESTIONS

1. What is meant by "Start where you stand"?
2. What can you start to do that you have failed to do?
3. Should our past failures discourage us?
4. What is the meaning of the advice to "try, try again"?
5. Do you know the story of Robert Bruce and the spider? Tell in one word what it teaches.
6. What help, if any, can we sometimes get from remembering "old failures"?

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP*

DANIEL CHASE

A Good Sport

	What He Does	*What He Does Not Do*
1.	Plays fair at all times.	Does not cheat.
2.	Plays hard to the end.	Does not quit.
3.	Keeps his head.	Does not lose his temper.
4.	Plays for joy of playing and success of team.	Does not play for reward.

* By permission of Mr. Daniel Chase.

5.	Is a good team worker.	Does not play to the grand stand.
6.	Keeps training rules.	Does not abuse his body.
7.	Obeys orders of coach or captain.	Does not shirk.
8.	Does his best in all school work.	Does not neglect his duties.
9.	Backs his team in every honest way.	Does not bet.
10.	Always gives his opponent a square deal, and treats visitors as guests.	Does not take any technical advantage.
11.	Is respectful to officials. Accepts adverse decisions graciously.	Never blames officials for defeat. Does not "kick." Does not complain.

When He Loses

12.	Congratulates the winner. Gives his opponent full credit for his victory. Learns to correct his faults through his failures.	Does not show disappointment. Does not make excuses.

When He Wins

13.	Is generous, is modest.	Does not boast.

THE SHOT-PUTTER*

LESLIE W. QUIRK

Some of the most valuable lessons are not learned from books. Among these may be classed honesty, fairness, obedience, reliability. Here is the story of a schoolboy who through being thoroughly honorable accomplished more than he had dared hope for.

PROFESSOR RANDALL was talking earnestly to his class in freshman English. At the moment, he was explaining some very sound principles of composition and rhetoric. These might have proved very helpful to "Sandow" Owen, the one student who needed most to know them, had it not been for the fact that Sandow was not listening at all. Instead, in imagination, he was putting the sixteen-pound shot.

Now, this was doubly unfortunate: first, because Sandow Owen could put the sixteen-pound shot so far in actual practice that there was no need of his doing it in his thoughts; and, second, because he could not handle freshman English one half so well as he could a round iron ball. In fact, he was not a freshman at all, but a sophomore; and he was taking this course under Professor Randall for the second time by *advice* of the Faculty. It was not a matter of choice.

In theory, the shot-putter had just completed his second jump about the ring, bringing his right foot against the front cleat as he lunged, when some chance word of Professor Randall's remarks yanked his mind from the stadium to the classroom.

"On Saturday morning, then," the professor was saying, "I shall expect a long theme from each member of this

* By permission of the *American Boy*.

class. It may be an example of any one of the four kinds of writing I have discussed: namely, narration, description, argumentation, or exposition. As I have already explained, this theme will be a test to enable me to determine the standing of each student, and, in a few cases, whether or not I shall feel justified in giving passing marks in the course. After the class is dismissed, I should like to see Mr. Owen. That is all to-day, young gentlemen."

With much scraping of chairs and shuffling of feet the room emptied, save for Professor Randall and Sandow Owen. The man cleared his throat.

"Owen," he began abruptly, "I am sorry to report that your work in freshman English is decidedly below standard. Your themes are weak and artificial. There must be an improvement."

The shot-putter gulped uneasily.

"They tell me," Professor Randall continued, "that you are a very good athlete. Are you?"

"Yes-s, sir," said Sandow Owen, with honest diffidence.

"And that you expect to win the shot-put event in the intercollegiate track and field meet Saturday afternoon. Do you?"

"I — I hope — to — win," confessed the boy, choosing his words with guarded care.

"Ah, yes! Very good, Owen. I sincerely hope you may. But first you must win my consent to compete. Unless the theme you turn in to me on Saturday morning is a decided improvement over your recent efforts, I shall be obliged to report that your school work warrants me in asking that you be barred from the meet. I trust I have made myself clear. Good morning, Owen."

The boy stumbled from the classroom. Outside, a warm June sun was shining, but it seemed to the shot-putter that the world had gone suddenly cold and dark. Somehow or other he managed to get through the forenoon. History was only a matter of memory; he could master that subject. Mathematics came as easily to his practical, reasoning mind as the A, B, C's. But, he could not write themes, and he knew it. The harder he tried, the more stilted and unnatural his work seemed to grow.

At the stadium that afternoon, his shot-putting was very ragged indeed. His form was poor. He thrust the ball too quickly, or his feet landed in the wrong places, or his whirling jumps gave indifferent momentum to the put. Finally, Coach Farquhar bluntly asked him what the trouble was.

Sandow told him.

"And you can't write one little nine-hundred-word theme for your professor!" said the coach scornfully, from the vast height of his graduate wisdom. "Nonsense! Here, call it a day for your practice, and toddle back to your room and do it now."

At bedtime the theme was still unwritten, still lacking even an introduction. With a little sigh, the boy put away his pad and pencils.

"Training rules," he said, shaking his head. "I might get it started if I sat up a few hours, but I can't do that. Besides, this is only Thursday. To-morrow —"

But the next day brought only added worries. It was Friday, which usually had no particular significance; but this was the Friday before the intercollegiate. Nobody talked about anything else. A dozen fellows clapped

Sandow on the back and said, "Good luck, old man!" and "Hope you put that shot a mile!" and "We need a first in your event, Champ!" That was the worst of everything. His college really had an excellent chance of winning the meet this year, provided it could count on five points from a first in the shot-put, which everybody conceded to be as sure as quizzes. In practice, Sandow had threatened the record; in the last dual meet he had won, not by inches, but by feet.

And now he was going to fail all the fellows who believed in him!

It wasn't right; it wasn't fair or just. Professor Randall might have put off the test for a few days. Didn't he understand that victory or defeat in the intercollegiate hinged on that one measly little theme? Why, any theme, anybody's theme, would save the day.

The coach saw him during the noon hour.

"Well?"

"Not yet," confessed Sandow. "But I'll do it, Farquhar, or — or bust!"

"You will write that theme," the coach told him, "or you will bust the best track team we ever had at the old college. I will excuse you from practice to-day. Now square yourself with Professor Randall."

So Sandow Owen went back to his room once more to write the theme. On the table were three typewritten sheets of paper, folded lengthwise, which the shot-putter knew belonged to Dana Wiley. He spread them out to read. From the title, "Spring on the Campus," to the last sentence, which was like the smack of lips after a good meal, he hung breathlessly upon each word. It was the best thing his

roommate had ever done — light, graceful, buoyant with humor, yet simple and sincere from first to last. Good old Dana! He had left it for an object lesson.

But even as Sandow put his pencil to paper, a most disquieting chain of thoughts linked in his brain. Dana was not in freshman English. He had no long theme to write. If he chose to dash off a thousand words of description, it was because of some other motive. Then — then he understood.

Dana had written this theme for him to use. He had only to copy it in his own handwriting, turn it in to Professor Randall, and make ready for the shot-put. It was a wonderfully simple solution.

He wanted to do it. Something seemed to be urging him to do it. He even copied the title on a fresh sheet of theme paper. But after a long time, while he sat staring at the grinning words, he rose from his seat and wadded "Spring on the Campus" into a ball about the size of a sixteen-pound shot.

But why not? Who would ever know? And wasn't the situation critical enough to warrant this solution of the problem? He owed it to Coach Farquhar and the whole college to turn in an acceptable theme.

What about that point of view? He argued it pro and con without reaching any conclusion. He found himself unable to decide definitely. In the end, to clarify his mind, he set down on paper the reasons why he should not use Dana's theme. He was surprised and somewhat disconcerted to find that there were so many. But he wrote on, steadily and easily, until he came to the final one — plain dishonesty.

In a way, he felt better after he had threshed out the question. His mind was relieved, as if some fresh morning breeze had swept over it, leaving it cool and clean. He pushed the scribbled sheets to one side and began a theme of his own. "Scenes at the Last Intercollegiate Meet," he called it. The title was long and clumsy and far from piquant, he realized, but he could think of no other. And through nine hundred seventeen words, builded one upon another from the very sinews of his soul, he drove his pencil over page after page of the pad. It was the drafting pencil, but it did not write easily. When he was done, he folded the theme, without reading it over, scrawled his name boldly upon the outside page, and went out for a walk.

It was after six before he returned, feeling fit and mildly elated. He ate supper with more haste than a track-team man really should, and then went up to his room. The table was heaped with crumpled and balled sheets of paper, but his theme was untouched. He had been afraid Dana might have returned and carelessly tossed it away.

For a solid hour, he sat at the table, staring at the mocking theme, but really not seeing it at all. In the street below, light-hearted students passed and repassed. Somebody started the college yell, and it swelled and boomed like a challenge to the world. The clock on Music Hall, where he went to convocations, chimed the hour. In the house next door some fellow was playing the piano, picking out the air of the college hymn. Sandow Owen hummed it softly to himself:

"Praise to thee our Alma Mater,
Praise to thee, we sing —"

After a bit, the world outside quieted. The bird in Dana's cuckoo clock announced that it was bedtime for track-team members. The shot-putter rose, deliberately tore Dana's theme into a thousand tiny scraps, tossed them with his own futile attempt into the wastebasket, and began to undress.

Morning came — the morning of the intercollegiate. There were no classes on Saturday, and there was no reason why he should go up to Main Hall — now. He had no theme to drop through the slot in Professor Randall's door. By eleven o'clock, say, he would receive official notification that he could not compete in the shot-put that afternoon. The thought hurt cruelly, but there was something — he did not attempt to define what it was — that salved the wound.

About ten somebody knocked at his door. It was Coach Farquhar, and he was hardly in the room before he spat out an explosive:

"Well?"

Sandow Owen wearily shook his head. "I'm sorry, Coach," he said, "but I couldn't write it."

"And you can't compete?"

"That's what Professor Randall told me last Thursday," confessed the shot-putter.

The coach paced the floor. "But you must!" he exclaimed. "You must! Everything depends upon the result of that shot-put. I wonder — Look here, could we find Professor Randall in his office now?"

"I suppose so."

"Come on, then. We will see him. I will talk to him; tell him how matters stand. He may be persuaded to make an exception in your case."

The shot-putter shook his head. "No use, Coach. You don't know him."

"Not afraid of him, are you? If I thought you —"

The shot-putter sprang to his feet. "Coming," he said laconically.

Professor Randall was in his office. He nodded a greeting to Coach Farquhar, and he held out his hand to Sandow Owen.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Owen," he beamed. "I have just read your theme, and it is easily your best for the year. It," — he coughed slightly — "it is straight from the heart."

"But — but I don't understand, sir."

Professor Randall picked a folded theme from his desk. Before he opened it, the boy caught a glimpse of his name on the outside, neatly typewritten. The sight was like a douche of icy water. Dana Wiley had done this; he had carried his unfair battle to the last trench.

"Simple, direct, straightforward," pronounced Professor Randall, thumbing the pages. "I have marked it *Excellent.*"

The boy stepped forward with dogged determination. He was no coward, he hoped, but before he could speak, the professor had read aloud the first sentence, and it had nothing to do with "Spring on the Campus."

"'I must write my own theme, without help from anybody.' That introduction, Owen, is capital. It sets forth your premise with unmistakable clearness. What follows is an excellent, yes, a very excellent, example of argumentation."

Sandow Owen, for all his strength, had to brace himself by taking hold of a chair. His breath came fast. His heart

thumped madly. It was all he could do to restrain himself from shouting at the top of his voice and grabbing staid Professor Randall and whirling him in a merry dance around the room.

He understood it all now. In convincing himself that he must not accept Dana's proffered aid, he had unconsciously written a first-class piece of argumentation. While he was out walking, his roommate must have come in and rummaged among the papers on the table till he found those scribbled sheets, and then copied them on the typewriter. Afterward, probably this morning, he had slipped the theme through the slot in Professor Randall's office door.

Sandow Owen reached nervous fingers for the argumentation. He read it through. It was good and it was all his own. Dana had copied it on the typewriter, but he had not changed so much as a word.

"You told me you were a good athlete," said Professor Randall, smiling. "I hope I may see you win your event at the meet this afternoon."

"You will," Coach Farquhar offered a little belligerently. "You will see the best shot-putter in ten colleges."

The balance of the story, of course, is athletic history, which may be found in any record book. Sandow Owen's college won the intercollegiate by four points. This narrow margin of victory was made possible by a first in the shot-put, which scored five. Sandow Owen broke the record on his first attempt.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was this boy called "Sandow"?
2. What do you think of the justice of the requirement made by the English professor? Defend your answer.

3. Give your opinion with regard to Dana Wiley's conduct.

4. How do you think you would have acted in the circumstances in which Owen found himself?

5. What brand of courage was needed to resist the temptation which he faced?

6. Which is more often needed, physical or moral courage? Did Owen's victory over himself affect his conduct on the athletic field?

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?*

Hamlin Garland

Mr. Garland, who wrote this poem — and he has written many fine things which you will want to read if you have not already done so — is trying to remind us not to grow "soft" — not to be afraid of rough weather or hard times or hard work.

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheeks will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!

QUESTIONS

1. Which is harder to face, "the force of the wind" and "the slash of the rain" or such a situation as Sandow Owen had to meet?

2. Have you ever lived out of doors? If you have, tell about your experience.

* By permission of the author.

THE TORCH OF LIFE*

Henry Newbolt

The game which is the subject of the first stanza in this poem is cricket, the national game of England. It corresponds, in the interest it arouses, to American baseball. The "Close" mentioned in the first line of the poem is a playground surrounding a boys' school in England. The scene of the second stanza is laid in an African desert occupied by an English regiment.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night —
  Ten to make and a match to win —
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
  An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
  Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote —
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red —
  Red with the wreck of a square that broke;
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
  And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
  And England's far, and Honor a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
  While in her place the School is set,

* By permission of the publishers, Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

"PLAY UP! PLAY UP! AND PLAY THE GAME!"

Every one of her sons must hear,
  And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
  Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind —
  "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

QUESTIONS

1. Describe a scene in America near the end of a football game similar to that in the first stanza.
2. Why does the Captain say "Play up! play up! and play the game!" if not for hope of fame?
3. Describe the battle scene.
4. For what is each soldier fighting?
5. Who is it that rallies the ranks?
6. What is meant by "school spirit"? What does it mean to a school?
7. What characteristics does "playing the game" help to develop?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In telling what you would do, in connection with these exercises, select the numbered statement that seems to you the best, and give orally or write (as your teacher may direct) a brief statement explaining why you think it is best. Remember that "circumstances alter cases," and that there might be occasions when none of the solutions suggested here would be the best or when either of two might be equally good. Your statement will be rated rather upon the good judgment it displays and upon the ability you show to see a situation from the other fellow's point of view than upon your selection of a particular number as the right one.

I. If your school was playing a match game with another school and one of your schoolmates was offended by some words of the captain and you alone saw him a little later willfully throw the game to your opponents, would you

1. Say nothing about it?
2. Report the facts to the captain of your team?
3. Accuse the boy in the presence of the team?
4. Discuss the matter with him privately, expressing your indignation?

II. If your school had decided to give a play and you thought you were the best actor in the school and the director gave you a minor part which you did not like, would you

1. Refuse to take the part assigned you?
2. Protest to the director against his injustice?
3. Take the part and act it badly out of spite?
4. Accept the part and do your best?

III. If your school had decided to give a banquet and there were some students who could not afford evening dress and you were one of those who could, would you

1. Take no action in the matter and wear evening dress yourself?
2. Advise all the class to wear ordinary dress?
3. Wear ordinary dress yourself without saying anything to the rest of the class?

IV. Suppose, while on a vacation trip, you had been fishing with a companion and had caught a good many fish, while he had had poor luck and caught none, would you

1. Give him some of your fish?
2. Give him none of your fish?
3. Ask him to take what he liked?
4. Sell him some of the fish?

V. If you were playing ball in the school yard and saw one of your companions break a pane of glass and then run away, would you, if you were asked about it

1. Deny all knowledge of the matter?
2. Admit that you knew who broke the window, but refuse to give the name?
3. Report all the facts when asked?
4. Say that you would like time to see the offender to ask him to make the report himself so that you need not do it.

VI. If you had promised to support some candidate for a position in your school and you were later approached by a group of students and asked to be a candidate for the position yourself, would you

1. Agree to be a candidate in spite of your promise?
2. Tell the group you could not run for the position?
3. Withdraw your promise and become a candidate?

VII. Your school won a great victory in a football game and you, with other boys, marching through the town and celebrating, did some damage to a man's store and he complained to the school authorities. What would you do when called to account?

1. Defend your action as a proper expression of school spirit?
2. Apologize for the offence and pay for your share of the damages?
3. Apologize for the offence, but refuse to make any payment because some of the other students in the group were not willing to pay?

LOVE OF COUNTRY

The man who kindles the fire on the hearthstone of an honest and righteous home, burns the best incense to liberty. He does not love mankind less who loves his neighbor most. Exalt the citizen. As the state is the unit of government, he is the unit of the state. Teach him that his home is his castle, and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make him self-respecting, self-reliant, and responsible. Let him lean on the state for nothing that his own arm can do, and on the national government for nothing that his state can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price.

— Henry W. Grady.

THE PATRIOTISM OF SENATOR FOELKER*

In Senator Foelker's devotion to a principle we see a form of loyalty which is indeed rare. Many men who will actually fight for their country do not have the courage to vote for their convictions. They allow themselves to be influenced to line up with certain forces against the good of the nation. But in Senator Foelker we see the type of man who has made America the great country it is — the man who does his duty in the face of great odds.

THE race-track bills signed by Governor Hughes in 1908 prohibited betting on the race track. The tie vote in favor of these excellent bills was cast by Senator Foelker, who came to the Senate chamber at Albany from his sick bed and at the risk of his life. Ill or not, Senator Foelker had made up his mind that he would vote. The question was important for the welfare of his State, and he knew that the vote would be a close one.

Senator Foelker had a night of anxiety and restlessness that was poor preparation for the duty before him. While he was supposed to be resting, with his physician in attendance at his bedside every moment, he worried about getting back to the Capitol and voting for the race-track bills. Several times Dr. Murphy thought that he would have to

* From *Ethics for Children* by Ella Lyman Cabot. Copyright, 1910. Used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, the publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company.

call for assistance, fearing that the Senator would take a sudden turn for the worse; but toward daylight he fell asleep.

"Is it getting near time to go?" asked Senator Foelker, when he awoke. The birds were singing in the trees outside, and wagons were rumbling in the street. Dr. Murphy smiled. "No, no. It's only six o'clock," he replied soothingly; "you have still lots of time to sleep."

But the Senator could sleep no more. He feared that he might not be in the Senate when the bills came up for voting. About nine o'clock he managed to choke down a little nourishment, and soon afterward Dr. Murphy issued this bulletin:

"I think now that Senator Foelker will be able to go to the Senate. But I cannot say positively. I shall not know until we get word that his vote is at the point of being actually needed. The Senator's pulse is very weak, and I still regard him as a very sick man. His head is clear, though, this morning. Nothing is the matter with that."

At noon Canon Chase and Assemblyman Surpless of Brooklyn were admitted to the Senator's room.

"It is time to go," said Canon Chase. They led the sick man down and assisted him into the carriage. The horses were walked to the Capitol, and when Canon Chase, Dr. Murphy, Assemblyman Surpless, and the sick man left the carriage, the driver was told to wait. The Senator limped between his physician and the Canon.

His face was pale and beads of sweat stood upon his forehead. Never once did he raise his head as they half carried him across the pavement and into the Capitol Building.

He walked in a bewildered manner to the elevator, where he was placed in a chair. Gently the elevator was run to the third floor. Still leaning on the arm of his physician, Senator Foelker made his way into the Senate Chamber, and sank into a seat.

Meanwhile no one knew whether or not Senator Foelker would be on hand to vote until he actually appeared in the Senate Chamber. When the hour of noon arrived, after nearly two hours' discussion of the bills, the opposition Senators, seeing that Foelker had not arrived, began to clamor for a final roll call.

At this very moment Senator Foelker was escorted into the Senate Chamber. The spectators in the galleries and on the Senate floor applauded loudly. Disappointment was plainly evident in the faces of the Senators of the opposition. For a moment after the applause had been suppressed, silence hung heavily over the Senate Chamber. Then followed a buzz of excitement in the galleries and in the space on the floor set aside for spectators, which was jammed. Lieutenant Governor Chanler let his gavel descend heavily on the desk in front of him, and enforced silence.

It was plain that every moment Senator Foelker spent in the Senate Chamber added to his weakness. Senator Grady spoke to his amendment for five full minutes, and would have spoken longer had not Senator Raines insisted that the agreement of last night, whereby speeches on roll call should be limited to five minutes, must be observed. Lieutenant Governor Chanler, who was keenly alive to the suffering Foelker was undergoing, timed the speakers almost to the second. In every instance when a Senator who happened

to have the floor insisted that his time had not expired Chanler ruled against him.

By this time it was apparent to everyone in the Senate Chamber that the strain and excitement were beginning to tell on Senator Foelker. Time and again he passed his hand over his forehead. He leaned back in his chair wearily. Agnew passed up and down in the Senate Chamber, watch in hand, timing the speakers of the opposition who were trying to drag out proceedings in the hope that the Senator would collapse before he could cast his vote.

A number of the Senators opposing the bills demanded an opportunity to explain their vote. Senator Cohalan in explaining his vote had begun a vicious attack on Governor Hughes, which was cut off in the middle by the announcement from the Chair that his time had expired.

"Then I ask for an extension of time," said Cohalan.

Senator Agnew objected, and then went over to the seat of Senator Raines.

"Foelker is on the point of fainting; he cannot stand this much longer," whispered Agnew. Raines walked out into the middle aisle.

"Under ordinary circumstances, every Senator on the floor would be glad to extend that courtesy," he said. "But in this instance it is my humane duty to hold the Senator to the five-minute limit."

It was agreed that on the final roll call Senator Foelker should be permitted to vote after all the other Senators had voted.

There was much surprise when his name was reached at hearing his "Aye" ring out strong and clear through

the Senate Chamber. Every eye turned toward him. There stood Foelker at the door alone with no one to support him.

The vote on the second bill resulted as did the first, twenty-six for the bill and twenty-five against it.

Immediately after he had voted Senator Foelker withdrew. The weight of responsibility which had borne down upon him until freed by the last "Aye" had passed. There was a trace of sprightliness in his step as he walked between his physician and the Canon to the carriage. The paleness had left his cheeks; his eyes, too, which had seemed lusterless and fixed, while he had sat there waiting for his name to be called, were now bright.

On the way down in the elevator Dr. Murphy asked how his patient felt.

"I am glad it is all over," said the Senator. "I can get well now. I feel better already, much better."

Canon Chase had words of praise for the Senator, but Mr. Foelker seemed to feel that they were not called for by what he had done.

"I did my duty, that's all," he said.

Back to the house drove the carriage, and Senator Foelker was put to bed. Dr. Murphy ran downstairs and called up Mrs. Foelker on the telephone.

"The racing bills have been won," he said when he heard her voice at the other end of the wire in Staatsburg.

"But how is he? How is my husband?" asked the Senator's wife, with a note of anxious fear sounding in her voice.

"Oh, he's doing nicely," replied the doctor. "He has

stood the ordeal better than I thought. We will bring him back to you to-morrow and he will soon be well again."

There came a fervent exclamation over the wire — "Thank God!"

Governor Hughes thoroughly appreciated the fact that nothing but the willing sacrifice of the Brooklyn Senator had saved the day for his reforms. After the bills had been passed, he said to a correspondent of the *New York Times*, in discussing the act of Senator Foelker:

"That's the kind of conduct for which they give the Victoria Cross on the field of battle. Senator Foelker has earned the gratitude of his fellow citizens. The passage of these bills will act as a tonic on all the people in this state and nation who are believers in law and order and the sanctity of the Constitution."

QUESTIONS

1. What important bill was pending before the Senate?
2. Why was Senator Foelker so anxious to cast his vote?
3. Describe his physical condition.
4. How did the opposition try to carry their side?
5. Did the Senator manage to cast his vote?
6. Was his vote needed to carry the bill?
7. What explanation did Senator Foelker have for his sacrifice?
8. What did Governor Hughes say of Senator Foelker?
9. In what way did Senator Foelker show his patriotism?
10. Can you give other examples of people who have done their duty bravely in spite of physical weakness?

THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE*

DENIS ALOYSIUS MCCARTHY

America has been called "The Melting Pot" because in this land people from everywhere in the world have come together to make one nation. All races, creeds, and colors have mingled here peaceably, and are working together for the good of all. Why should we look down on any of them, or why should one race dislike another? There is no room for hate in this land of freedom, liberty, and opportunity.

THIS is the land where hate should die —
No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! every people here has sent
Its sons to answer freedom's call;
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die —
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
Respect the creeds that are not mine.
He little loves the land who'd cast
Upon his neighbor's word a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
From present rights to bar him out.

* From *Heart Songs and Home Songs*. Copyright, 1916. By permission of the publishers, Little, Brown and Company.

This is the land where hate should die —
  This is the land where strife should cease,
Where foul, suspicious fear should fly
  Before the light of love and peace.
Then let us purge from poisoned thought
  That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
  Of this great land in which we live!

QUESTIONS

1. Have you ever heard foreigners called by unpleasant names?
2. Who was the first Italian to come to America? Would you speak of him as a "Dago" or a "Wop"?
3. If you should visit a foreign country, how would you wish to be treated?
4. Have you a right to expect from others what you are not willing to give in return?
5. What do you think should be our attitude toward those who come to make their home in America?
6. Do you know well any person born in a foreign land who is now living in America?
7. What is meant by respecting "creeds that are not mine"?
8. Have you ever stopped to think that you may seem as odd to a person from a foreign land as such a person may seem to you?

A LITTLE TRUE AMERICAN*

GINA H. FAIRLIE

In many schools in the United States there are foreign children who have come to this country to make their homes. To the teachers and American children these little foreigners present an opportunity and a privilege. Upon them rests the responsibility for planting in these newcomers American ideals and assisting them to become good citizens of our beloved United States.

A CROWD of boys in the school yard were regarding contemptuously a strange little girl.

"Dago — that's all she is — just plain dago," called the boys.

Rachel Oblonski faced them with all the fervor of her Jewish blood and all the defiance her nine years could muster.

"Ain't," she asserted proudly. "I go to be American, that's what."

"Go to be!" laughed the boys, "listen! She can't even speak English!"

"I can too," said Rachel. "I can to speak English; and I can to read and to write and to — to count," she concluded eagerly. She just wished she could show those taunting boys and those girls in the background how she could count — they might change their opinion of her then. The teacher in the Elizabeth Street School in the city had said she had a fine head for figures. There was not a boy or girl in her school — no, not in the whole ward, who could outdo her in arithmetic. Oh! Elizabeth Street School was a beautiful school! There you weren't Italians or "dagoes," Jews or

* By permission of Mrs. Levi Gilbert, Editor of Publications of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Church.

"sheenies" — you were just pure American, and you loved the country and the flag, and you worked and studied hard — hard, that you might make good Americans. But in this town, where there were so few foreigners, it was going to be different. Oh! she wished her father had never come to this lonely, cruel place!

All this passed through Rachel's mind like a flash. Then she shrank back at the boisterous, mocking laughter that greeted her outburst.

"Well, anyway," called out one fiery small boy, no bigger than Rachel herself, "you may be able to read and write and figger, and you may belong to our school; but you're not going to take part in our patriotic procession to-morrow, so you can just get out till it's over. It's only for real Americans, and you're not a real American — you're just a foreigner!"

Rachel's eyes blazed, but before she could speak, the clang of the school bell answered.

Inside, there was time only for lessons, but little Rachel Oblonski, sitting in a lonely seat, had time to pull herself together again. Perhaps — and at the thought Rachel's heart beat faster — perhaps she might even to-day have a chance to show them ——

"Third class in arithmetic," called the teacher. Rachel sank back regretfully. She was only in the second book. Her chance had not come yet, but she listened with interest. Some day soon she would be in the third class, so she had better find out if it would be hard. Then her eyes opened wide. The third class stumbled and stammered over questions she could answer in a flash! She drew an audible

breath of ecstasy! The teacher turned at the sound. Rachel's eager face caught and held her. There was an appeal behind it she knew.

"Do you think you could do this example, Rachel?" was the unbelievable question she asked.

Rachel clasped her hands together tightly. "O, pleese, Mees, pleese to let me try," she said.

The children laughed, but the teacher smiled encouragingly, and said, "Come up to the front, then, and show us what you can do." The teacher felt sorry for Rachel — she seemed such a strange little girl in a strange land.

But Rachel did not mind, not even when she saw the scornful glances and heard the whispered "dago," "sheeney," "butter-in," follow her up the aisle.

The teacher was kind, and thought she would make the work easy for poor little Rachel. She began marking slowly on the blackboard a long single column of figures.

"O!" said Rachel, disappointedly, "I could to do three — four rows all to once, and I could to multiply just like this." Her arm flung out like a flash.

Then down went the figures thick and fast upon the board — three columns deep — four columns deep — and Rachel's answers came just as thick and fast.

The children sat up now, interested and amazed. The teacher laughed — such a happy laugh — and her hand flew faster and faster. Then she stopped and threw down the little piece of chalk that was left as she said, "Why, Rachel, I couldn't add as fast as that myself!" And picking up a new, long piece of chalk, she said, "Now we'll try multiplying." Again long rows of figures went down, multiplied by

two, three, four, and five other figures, and almost before the last figure was written upon the board, Rachel's answer flashed out.

The children now regarded her with awe. Such knowledge was so uncanny that they even forgot themselves to the extent of giving a few feeble claps of approbation as she shyly tiptoed back to her seat. Whereupon Rachel's little heart was filled almost to bursting with gratitude and affection. O, it was a beautiful country after all — America — whether you were a Jew or a Christian, a Russian or a pure American. Rachel's mind wandered off into far fields, thinking great things, planning great things, hoping great things, but it jumped back to earth again when the teacher began a patriotic talk.

Rachel liked patriotic talks — they'd had lots of them in Elizabeth Street School. She loved the country, the flag that had given them shelter.

The teacher was carefully unfolding the silken folds of a flag now. The red, the white, and the blue of the Stars and Stripes glimmered and shone as the sunlight struck it. The children regarded it with pride. It was their very own flag, given to them several days before by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and it was to be carried to-morrow at the head of their patriotic procession.

Then the teacher told them the story of the flag and the freedom and liberty it stood for; of the heroes that had died for it; and the kind of men and women, the kind of boys and girls it calls us to be — the flaming red telling us to be brave, the blue to be true, and the snow-white to be pure.

Hushed and awed, the children listened, especially when

they were told of how this flag of their very own had been given to them as a trust, to reverence and to cherish, and to keep ever before their eyes the ideals for which it stood.

Suddenly, there rang out a strange, ominous, arresting sound — the voice of a deep-toned gong.

The children started to their feet. "Fire drill!" they cried.

But the teacher's face grew white and the silken flag in her hand fluttered unheeded to the floor. She knew it was not fire drill. A pungent odor was in the air, and already through the closed door of the cloakroom floated a tiny spiral of smoke.

"Children, stand!" she cried. "First row, march! Second! See how few minutes you'll take to get out."

The children nearest the door had already disappeared, and in the hall below could be heard the rush from the lower classrooms and the shrill, frightened sound of childish voices. The bigger boys and girls looked startled. No one had ever shouted before at fire drill. What was the matter with this one?

The teacher was counting still, with a white, anxious face, urging them on. "Left, right, left, right! Quick! Quick! If you see smoke, don't be afraid, children," her voice called after them into the hall. "Keep right on! Don't stop! Be brave!"

Rachel Oblonski followed blindly with the rest, bewildered, amazed. She did not know yet what the trouble was, but she felt danger in the air — fear — and a sense of impending disaster.

They filed out into the open yard, crowded now with panic-stricken children. "Fire! Fire!" the bigger ones shouted, and the panic grew.

Down the street sounded the wild clang of the fire engines and the rush of galloping horses, and frantic teachers and still more frantic older pupils swept the little ones out of the line of danger as the great red wagons and the foaming horses dashed up outside. Wild-eyed, distracted parents came rushing from every direction, but the teachers assured them, "Every child is out."

Already a tongue of flame had appeared at one of the upper windows and a dense cloud of black smoke came rolling from one of the lower ones. Rachel knew now what the matter was. Then she remembered! She saw again the flutter of the silken Stars and Stripes to the floor, the sudden rush from the room, the teacher following them close, guarding her children. Rachel looked around the school yard for her teacher. There she was, across the yard, holding in check a group of riotous boys — and no flag! It must be lying still — the flag of their country — the flag of *her* country — dishonored, neglected, and forgotten on the floor of the upper classroom.

Through the crowd Rachel dashed without a moment's hesitation — a little unnoticed figure in the excitement. There was a door on the side farthest away from that perilous flame. It was open — no smoke even — and the child darted quickly through it and up the stairs.

At the top, however, a smothering cloud of smoke struck her. But Rachel was undaunted. "A trust," the teacher had called the flag. That meant something to be taken care

of — with your life if need be. The others had forgotten, so, because she was American too, she must take the charge.

At the Elizabeth Street School Rachel had learned other things besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, so now she knew that the safest place was near the floor. She dropped

A LITTLE BLACKENED ARM FLUNG FORTH AN AMERICAN FLAG.

on it, and crawled on her hands and knees — faster, faster! There — there was a door. Was it the one?

She stopped, stupefied, bewildered. Through it, at the far end of the room, her stinging eyes saw a tongue of flame. The black smoke grew thicker. Even drawing herself flat along the floor, Rachel could scarcely breathe. Outside

she could hear the swish of water and the firemen's shouts. They must have the ladders up against the wall now. If she could only make a wild dash, snatch the flag, and fling it from the window, it, at any rate, would be safe. But the room was so wide, so strangely dark. Could she ever cross it, could she — the smothering smoke grew thicker, thicker, but still little Rachel Oblonski crept painfully on. Then suddenly the crowd outside, watching the firemen at work, saw a little, wild-eyed, dark face appear at the smoke-clouded window of the upper classroom, and a little blackened arm fling forth an American flag, which fluttered gracefully in the breeze and sailed to safety.

A horrified cry went up as the little face disappeared! But it was only for an instant, for a big fireman appeared from behind, blocking the window, and holding in his arms the limp form of a little girl. A ladder was run up, and very carefully the little heroine was carried down into the wondering crowd.

"Who is she?" they questioned, curiously.

"Where did she come from?"

"Was she left behind, or did she really go back after the flag?"

Rachel's teacher pushed her way to the child's side. She remembered the little enraptured face as she told the story of the flag, and she thought she understood.

The black eyes opened wildly. "The flag! I got to get it! It my country too!"

The teacher lifted the little girl gently and tenderly.

"You saved the flag, dear," she said. "Don't you remember? You were brave and true to the trust when all the rest of us forgot."

The dark eyes sought the teacher's eagerly. "I American now?" she asked pleadingly.

"A really true American," the teacher assured her.

"Oh, I could to cry for that, I feel so good," and Rachel's black eyes closed happily.

The next day the patriotic celebration was held in spite of the burned schoolhouse, which wasn't so badly burned after all. Some people called it a thanksgiving celebration, but the boys and girls still thought of it as patriotic and kept it loyally. The rescued flag with a dark stain in one corner, showing the danger it had been through, was carried at the head of the procession. One of the big boys carried it, of course, for the pole was heavy, but the cord that stretched its silken glory of Stars and Stripes out to view was held by a little girl with a dark, eager face and bandaged hands and arms — little Rachel Oblonski, a native of Russia, but for all that a loyal and true American.

QUESTIONS

1. How are new pupils treated when they come into your class?
2. Do you always treat them as you would like to be treated?
3. What were some of the unkind remarks that were made to this foreign child?
4. What treatment had she been accustomed to in the school from which she came?
5. How did Rachel's new teacher become interested in her?
6. What change did this make in the children's feeling for Rachel?
7. Why did this teacher talk to her class on patriotism?
8. What ideas about the flag did the teacher suggest?
9. How did Rachel prove herself a true American?
10. How was she rewarded?
11. Write a paragraph on "What the Flag Means."

THE CITIZEN *

James Francis Dwyer

It is a great privilege to be a citizen of a country where all are free and equal. Many in America who have enjoyed these opportunities all their lives do not value them as highly as those who have come from countries where tyranny and oppression bind the poor and lowly. A native of another country who had come to make his home in the United States said when addressing an audience, "I am a better American than you who were born here. You cannot help being Americans; I chose to be."

The President of the United States † was speaking. His audience comprised two thousand foreign-born men who had just been admitted to citizenship. They listened intently, their faces aglow with the light of a new-born enthusiasm, upturned to the calm, intellectual face of the first citizen of the country they now claimed as their own.

Here and there among the newly made citizens were wives and children. The women were proud of their men. They looked at their husbands from time to time, their faces showing admiration and awe.

One little woman, sitting immediately in front of the President, held the hand of a big muscular man and stroked it softly. The man was looking at the speaker with great blue eyes that were the eyes of a dreamer.

The President's words came clear and distinct:

"You were drawn across the ocean by some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief, by some vision of a new kind of justice, by some expectation of a better kind of life. You dreamed dreams of this country, and I hope you brought

* By permission of the author.
† Woodrow Wilson.

the dreams with you. A man enriches the country to which he brings dreams, and you who have brought them have enriched America."

The big man made a curious choking noise, and his wife breathed a soft "Hush!" The giant was strangely affected.

The President continued:

"No doubt you have been disappointed in some of us; but remember this: if we have grown at all poor in the ideal, you brought some of it with you. A man does not go out to seek the thing that is not in him. A man does not hope for the thing that he does not believe in, and if some of us have forgotten what America believed in, you at any rate imported in your own hearts a renewal of the belief. Each of you, I am sure, brought a dream, a glorious, shining dream, a dream worth more than gold or silver, and that is the reason that I, for one, make you welcome."

The big man's eyes were fixed. His wife shook him gently, but he did not heed her. He was looking past the speaker's platform, through the big buildings behind it, looking out over leagues of space to a snow-swept village on an island in the Beresina, the swift-flowing tributary of the mighty Dnieper, an island that looked like a backbone stuck tight in the maw of the stream.

It was in the little village on the Beresina that the Dream came to Ivan Berloff.

The Dream came in the spring. All great dreams come in the spring, and the Spring Maiden who brought Big Ivan's Dream was more than ordinarily beautiful. She swept up the Beresina, trailing wondrous draperies of vivid green. Her feet touched the snow-hardened ground, and armies of little white and blue flowers sprang up in her footsteps.

The father of Big Ivan, who had fought under Prince Menshikov fifty-five years before, hobbled out to see the sunbeams eat up the snow that hid in the shady places.

"The little breezes are hot and sweet," he said, sniffing hungrily, with his face turned toward the south. "They have the spice odor that I sniffed on the winds that came to us when we soldiers lay in the trenches. Praise God for the warmth."

And that day the Dream came to Big Ivan as he plowed. Like his father, he sniffed the sweet-smelling breezes. He reached down and plucked one of a bunch of white flowers that had sprung up over night. The Dream was born of the breezes and the sunshine and the spring flowers.

That evening Big Ivan spoke to his wife, Anna, a little woman who had a sweet face and a wealth of fair hair.

"Wife, we are going away from here," he said.

"Where are we going, Ivan?" she asked.

"Where do you think, Anna?" he said looking down at her as she stood by his side.

"To Bobruisk," she murmured.

"No."

"Farther?"

"Aye, a long way farther."

Fear sprang into her soft eyes. Bobruisk was eighty-nine versts away, yet Ivan said they were going farther.

"We — we are not going to Minsk?" she cried.

"Aye, and beyond Minsk!"

"Ivan tell me!" she gasped. "Tell me where we are going!"

"We are going to America."

"To *America!*"

"Yes, to America!"

Big Ivan lifted up his voice when he cried out the words "To America," and then a sudden fear sprang upon him as those words dashed through the little window out into the darkness of the village street. Was he mad? America was eight thousand versts away! It was far across the ocean, a place where he knew no one.

Anna remained staring at her big husband for a few minutes, then she sat down quietly at his side. There was a strange look in his big, blue eyes — the look of a man to whom has come a vision, the look which came into the eyes of those shepherds of Judea long, long ago.

"What is it, Ivan?" she murmured softly, patting his big hand. "Tell me."

And Big Ivan, slow of tongue, told of the Dream. To no one else would he have told it. Anna understood. She had a way of patting his hands and saying soft things when his tongue could not find words to express his thoughts.

Ivan told how the Dream had come to him as he plowed. He told her how it had sprung upon him, a dream born of the soft breezes, of the sunshine, of the sweet smell of the upturned sod, and of his own strength. "It wouldn't come to weak men," he said, baring an arm that showed great muscles rippling beneath the clear skin. "It is a dream that comes only to those who are strong and those who want — who want something that they haven't got." Then in a lower voice he said, "What is it that we want, Anna?"

The little wife looked out into the darkness with fear-filled eyes. There were spies in that little village of the Beresina, and it was dangerous to say words that might be regarded as a reflection on the government. But she answered Ivan.

She stopped and whispered one word into his ear, and he slapped his thigh with his big hand.

"Aye," he cried, "that is what we want! You and I and millions like us want it, and over there, Anna, over there we shall get it."

Anna stood up, took a small jar from a side shelf, dusted it carefully, and placed it upon the mantel. From a knotted cloth about her neck she took a ruble and dropped the coin into the jar. Big Ivan looked at her curiously.

"It is to make legs for your Dream," she explained. "It is many versts to America, and one rides on rubles."

"You are a good wife," he said. "I was afraid that you might laugh at me."

"It is a great dream," she murmured.

The Dream maddened Ivan during the days that followed. He wanted to be moving, but Anna had said that one rode on rubles, and rubles were hard to find.

In some mysterious way the village became aware of the secret. Donkov the tailor discovered it. Donkov lived in one half of the cottage occupied by Ivan and Anna, and he had long ears. The tailor spread the news, and Poborino the smith and Yanansk the baker would jeer at Ivan as he passed.

"When are you going to America?" they would ask.

"Soon," Ivan would answer.

"Take us with you!" they would cry in chorus.

"It is no place for cowards," Ivan would answer. "It is a long way, and only brave men can make the journey."

"Are you brave?" the baker screamed one day as Ivan went by.

"I am brave enough to want liberty!" cried Ivan, angrily, "I am brave enough to want ——"

"Be careful! be careful!" interrupted the smith. "A long tongue has given many a man a train journey that he never expected."

That night Ivan and Anna counted the rubles in the earthenware pot. The giant looked down at his wife with a gloomy face, but she smiled and patted his hand.

"It is slow work," he said.

"We must be patient," she answered. "You have the Dream."

"Aye," he said, "I have the Dream."

Through the hot summer time the Dream grew within the brain of Big Ivan. At times he would stand, hoe in hand, and look towards the west, the wonderful west into which the sun slipped down each evening just like a coin dropped from the fingers of the dying day.

Autumn came, and the fretful whining winds from the north chilled the Dream. The winds whispered of the coming of the Snow King, and the river grumbled as it listened. Autumn is a bad time for dreams.

Winter came and the Dream weakened. It was only the earthenware pot that kept it alive, the pot into which industrious Anna put every coin that could be spared.

"You are a good woman, Anna," Ivan would say again and again. "It was you who thought of saving the rubles."

"But it was you who dreamed," she would answer. "Wait for the spring, husband mine. Wait."

It was strange how the spring came to the Beresina that year. It swept the river, escorted by a million little breezes, and housewives opened their windows and peered out with surprise upon their faces.

Big Ivan was fixing a fence in the meadow on the morning

the Spring Maiden reached the village. His mind was upon his work, but suddenly he discovered that he was hot, and he took off his coat. He turned to hang the coat upon a bush; then he sniffed the air. He sniffed again, hurriedly, hungrily. It was wonderful air. It brought life to the Dream. It rose up within him ten times more lusty than on the day it was born.

Big Ivan clutched his coat and ran to the little cottage. He burst through the door, startling Anna, who was busy with her housework.

"The Spring!" he cried. "The *Spring!*"

He took her arm and dragged her to the door. In silence they listened to the song of the river. Anna pointed to a green bud on a bush beside the door.

"It came this minute," she murmured.

"Yes," said Ivan; "the little fairies brought it there to show us that spring has come to stay."

Together they turned and walked to the mantel. Big Ivan took up the earthenware pot, carried it to the table, and spilled its contents upon the well-scrubbed boards. He counted while Anna stood beside him, her fingers clutching his coarse blouse. It was slow business, because Ivan's big blunt fingers were not used to such work, but it was over at last.

"It is enough," he said quietly. "We will go at once. If it was not enough we would have to go because the Dream is upon me, and I hate this place."

"As you say," murmured Anna. "The wife of the butcher will buy our chairs and our bed. I spoke to her yesterday."

Poborino the smith, Yanansk the baker, Donkov the tailor, and a score of others were out upon the village street on the

morning that Big Ivan and Anna set out. They were inclined to jeer at Ivan, but something upon the face of the giant made them afraid. Hand in hand the big man and his wife walked down the street, Ivan balancing upon his head a heavy trunk that no other man in the village could have lifted.

At the end of the street a boy with bright eyes and yellow curls clutched the hand of Ivan and looked into his face.

"I know what is sending you," he cried.

"Aye, *you* know," said Ivan, looking into the eyes of the other.

"It came to me yesterday," murmured the lad. "I got it from the breezes. They are free; so are the birds and the little clouds and the river. I wish I could go."

"Keep your dream," said Ivan softly; "nurse it, for it is the dream of a man."

Anna, who was crying softly, touched the blouse of the boy.

"At the back of our cottage, near the bush that bears the red berries, a pot is buried," she said. "Dig it up and take it home with you, and when you have a kopeck drop it in. It is a good pot."

The stripling understood. He stopped and kissed the hand of Anna, and Big Ivan patted him upon the back. They were brother dreamers and they understood each other.

Boris Lugan has sung the song of the versts that eat up one's courage as well as the leather of one's shoes:

> "Versts! versts! Scores and scores of them!
> Versts! versts! A million or more of them!
> Dust! Dust! And the devil who plays in it
> Blinding us fools who forever must stay in it."

Big Ivan and Anna faced the long versts to Bobruisk, but they were not afraid of the dust devils. They had the Dream. America was a long, long journey, but they had started, and every verst they covered lessened the number that lay between them and the Promised Land.

"I am glad the boy spoke to us," said Anna.

"And I am glad," said Ivan. "Some day he will come and eat with us in America."

They came to Bobruisk. Holding hands, they walked into it late one afternoon. They were eighty-nine versts from the little village of Beresina, but they were not afraid. The railway ran through Bobruisk, and that evening they stood and looked at the shining rails that went out in the moonlight like silver tongs reaching out for a low-hanging star.

They came face to face with the Terror that evening, the Terror that had helped the spring breezes and the sunshine to plant the Dream in the brain of Big Ivan.

They were walking down a dark street when they saw a score of men and women creep from the door of an unpainted building. The little group remained on the sidewalk for a minute as if uncertain about the way they should go; then came a cry of "Police!"

It was no false alarm. Mounted police charged down the dark thoroughfare swinging their swords at the scurrying men and women who raced for shelter. Big Ivan dragged Anna into a doorway, and toward their hiding place ran a young boy, who, like themselves, had no connection with the group and who merely desired to get out of harm's way.

The boy was not quick enough to escape the charge. A trooper pursued him, overtook him before he reached the

sidewalk, and knocked him down with the flat of his sword. His horse struck the boy with one of his hoofs as the lad stumbled and fell.

Big Ivan growled like an angry bear and sprang from his hiding place. The trooper's horse had carried him on to the sidewalk, and Ivan seized the bridle and flung the animal on its haunches. The policeman leaned forward to strike at the giant, but Ivan gripped the left leg of the horseman and tore him from his saddle.

The horse galloped off, leaving its rider lying beside the moaning boy, who had been unlucky enough to be in a street where a score of students were holding a meeting.

Anna dragged Ivan back into the passageway. More police were charging down the street, and their position was dangerous.

"Ivan!" she cried, "Ivan! Remember the Dream! America! Ivan! America! Come this way! *Quick!*"

With strong hands she dragged him down the passage. They hurried toward the place where they had taken lodging. From far off came screams and hoarse orders, curses, and the sound of galloping hoofs. The Terror was abroad.

Big Ivan spoke softly as he entered the little room they had taken. "He had a face like the boy to whom you gave the lucky pot," he said. "Did you notice it in the moonlight when the trooper struck him down?"

"Yes," she answered, "I saw."

They left Bobruisk next morning. They rode away on a great puffing, snorting train that terrified Anna. The real journey had begun. They began to love the powerful engine. It was eating up the versts at a tremendous rate.

They came to Minsk, the biggest town they had ever seen. They looked out from the car windows at the miles of wooden buildings, at the big church, and the woolen mills.

On and on went the train, the wheels singing the song of the road. Fellow travelers asked them where they were going. "To America," Ivan would answer.

"To America!" they would cry. "May the little saints guide you! It is a long way, and you will be lonely."

"No, we shall not be lonely," Ivan would say.

"Ha! you are going with friends?"

"No, we have no friends, but we have something that keeps us from being lonely." And when Ivan would make that reply Anna would pat his hand and the questioner would wonder if it was a charm or a holy relic that the bright-eyed couple possessed.

They ran through Vilna, on through flat stretches of Courland to Libau, where they first saw the sea. They sat and stared at it for a whole day, talking little but watching it with wide, wondering eyes.

The harbor master spoke to Ivan and Anna as they watched the restless waters.

"Where are you going, children?"

"To America," answered Ivan.

"A long way. Three ships bound for America went down last month."

"Ours will not sink," said Ivan.

"Why?"

"Because I know it will not."

The harbor master looked at the strange blue eyes of the giant and spoke softly. "You have the eyes of a man who

sees things," he said. "There was a Norwegian sailor in the *White Queen* with eyes like yours and he could see death."

"I see life!" said Ivan, boldly. "A free life —"

"Hush!" said the harbor master. "Do not speak so loud." He walked swiftly away, but he dropped a ruble into Anna's hand as he passed her by. "For luck," he murmured. "May the little saints look after you on the big waters."

They boarded the ship, and the Dream gave them a courage that surprised them. There were others going abroad, and Ivan and Anna felt that the others were also persons who possessed dreams. Anna saw the dreams in their eyes. There were Slavs, Poles, Letts, Jews, and Livonians, all bound for the land where dreams come true.

The emigrant ship was dragged from her pier by a grunting tug and went floundering down the Baltic Sea. Night came down, and the devils who, according to the fishermen, live in the bottom of the Baltic, got their shoulders under the stern of the ship and tried to stand her on her head. Anna lay sick in the stuffy women's quarters, and Ivan could not get near her. But he sent her messages. He told her not to mind the sea devils, to think of the Dream.

Ivan grew to full stature on that first night out from Libau. He was not afraid. Down amid the smells of the steerage he induced a thin-faced Livonian to play upon a mouth organ, and Big Ivan sang Paleer's "Song of Freedom" in a voice that drowned the creaking of the old vessel's timbers and made the seasick ones forget their sickness. They sat up in their berths and joined in the chorus, their eyes shining brightly in the half gloom:

"Freedom for serf and for slave,
Freedom for all men who crave
Their right to be free
And who hate to bend knee
But to Him who this right to them gave."

The emigrant ship pounded the Cattegat, swung southward through the Skagerrack and the bleak North Sea. But the storm pursued her. The big waves snarled at her, and the captain and the chief officer consulted with each other. They decided to run into the Thames, and the harried steamer nosed her way in and anchored off Gravesend.

An examination was made, and the agents decided to trans-ship the emigrants. They were taken to London and thence by train to Liverpool. Ivan and Anna sat again side by side, holding hands and smiling at each other.

"You are not afraid?" Ivan would say to her each time she looked at him.

"It is a long way, but the Dream has given me courage," she said.

"To-day I spoke to a Lett whose brother works in New York City," said the Giant. "Do you know how much money he earns each day?"

"How much?" she questioned.

"Three rubles — and he calls the policemen by their first names."

"You will earn five rubles, my Ivan," she murmured. "There is no one as strong as you."

Once again they were herded into a big ship that steamed away through the fog banks out into the Irish Sea.

The Atlantic was kind. Through sunny days Ivan and Anna sat up on deck and watched the horizon. They

wanted to be among those who would get the first glimpse of the wonderland.

They saw it on a morning of sunshine and soft winds. Standing together in the bow, they looked at the smear upon the horizon and their eyes filled with tears. They forgot the long road to Bobruisk, the rocking journey to Libau, the sea devils of the Baltic. Everything unpleasant was forgotten because the Dream filled them with a great happiness.

The inspectors at Ellis Island were interested in Ivan. They walked around him and prodded his muscles, and Ivan smiled down upon them good-naturedly.

"A fine animal," said one. "He's a new white hope! Ask him if he can fight."

An interpreter put the question, and Ivan nodded. "I have fought," he said.

"Ask him was it for purses or what," cried the inspector.

"For freedom," answered Ivan.

Ivan and Anna left the government ferryboat at the Battery. They started to walk uptown, Ivan carrying the big trunk that no other man could lift.

It was a wonderful morning. The city was bathed in warm sunshine, and the well-dressed men and women who crowded the sidewalks made the two immigrants think that it was a holiday. Ivan and Anna stared at each other in amazement.

"It is a feast day for certain," said Anna.

"They are dressed like princes and princesses," murmured Ivan. "There are no poor here, Anna. None."

Like two simple children they walked along the streets

of the City of Wonder. What a contrast it was to the gray towns where the Terror awaited to spring upon the people.

They lost their way, but they walked on, looking at the shop windows, the elevated trains, and the huge skyscrapers. Hours afterward they found themselves on Fifth Avenue near Thirty-third Street, and there a miracle happened to them — a big miracle because it proved the Dream a truth, a great truth.

Ivan and Anna attempted to cross the avenue, but they became confused in the traffic. Anna screamed, and in response to her scream a traffic policeman, resplendent in a new uniform, rushed to her side. The charging autos halted; for five blocks north and south they jammed on the brakes when the interruption occurred, and Big Ivan gasped.

"Don't be flurried, little woman," said the cop. "Sure I can tame 'em by liftin' me hand."

Anna didn't understand what he said, but she knew it was something nice by the manner in which his Irish eyes smiled down upon her. And in front of the waiting automobiles he led her with the same care that he would give to a duchess, while Ivan, carrying the big trunk, followed them, wondering much. Ivan's mind went back to Bobruisk on the night the Terror was abroad.

The policeman led Anna to the sidewalk, patted Ivan upon the shoulder, and then with a sharp whistle unloosed the waiting stream of cars that had been held up so that two Russian immigrants could cross the avenue.

Big Ivan took the trunk from his head and put it on the ground. He reached out his arms and folded Anna in a great embrace. His eyes were wet.

THEY BECAME CONFUSED IN THE TRAFFIC.

"The Dream is true!" he cried. "Did you see, Anna? This is the land where a peasant is as good as a prince of the blood."

The President was nearing the close of his address. Anna shook Ivan, and Ivan came out of the trance which the President's words had brought upon him. He sat up and listened intently:

"We grow great by dreams. All big men are dreamers. They see things in the soft haze of a spring day or in the red fire of a long winter's evening. Some of us let those great dreams die, but others nourish and protect them, nurse them through bad days till they bring them to the sunshine and light which come always to those who sincerely hope that their dreams will come true."

The President finished. For a moment he stood looking down at the faces turned up to him, and Big Ivan thought that the President smiled at him. Ivan seized Anna's hand and held it tight.

"He knew of my Dream!" he cried. "He knew of it. Did you hear what he said about the dreams of a spring day?"

"Of course he knew," said Anna. "He is the wisest man in America, where there are many wise men. Ivan, you are a citizen now."

"And you are a citizen, Anna."

The band started to play the national anthem, and Ivan and Anna got to their feet. Standing side by side, holding hands, they joined in with the others who had found after long days of journeying the blessed land where dreams come true.

QUESTIONS

1. In what country did Ivan and Anna live?
2. Tell something of the conditions of peasants in that country.
3. Why did Ivan decide to leave home?
4. What assistance did Anna give him?
5. Relate some incidents of their journey.
6. Tell what happened in Bobruisk.
7. What influence had Ivan on others?
8. How was he treated by the policeman in New York?
9. What could have been Ivan's "Dream"?
10. What was Anna's tribute to Woodrow Wilson?
11. Have you a "dream" that is leading you to something higher and better?
12. What are you doing to prepare yourself to be a worthy citizen of your country?

NATHAN HALE *

LAWTON B. EVANS

The story of Nathan Hale will never fail to stir the human heart. While our country has never lacked brave men to meet emergencies, we can but stand in awe and reverence before such matchless patriotism as was Nathan Hale's. His last words of devotion and loyalty have been passed down to us as a symbol of supreme heroism.

WASHINGTON'S army had been defeated in the battle of Long Island, and only by a narrow chance did the troops manage to escape to Manhattan Island. The British were threatening New York, and Washington was almost in despair. The one thing he needed most was information concerning the plans of the enemy.

"If I could have some one to go into the enemy's lines, and find out their strength and purpose, I might save my army," he said to one of his officers. "Get me the man if you can."

The officer called his associates together, and put the problem before them, but, one by one, they refused the dangerous task. They knew the perils of the life of a spy. They knew he had to wear the enemy's uniform, or no uniform at all; had to pretend friendship with the foe, to keep an eye on everything, to find out what he could, to draw plans of forts, to secure important papers and keep them hidden, until he could slip back within his own lines. He needed quickness of mind and wit, a heart of courage, and nerve of iron, for he would be surrounded by danger every minute, and if he were caught, his fate would be certain death.

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At last one officer heard of Washington's need, and at once said, "I will take any risk for Washington and my country. I am ready to go." This officer was Captain Nathan Hale. Hale had been a school-teacher before the war. He was young, athletic, brave, and much admired by all who knew him. He was a famous runner, and when a student at Yale College, had held the record for the longest standing jump. When he came to Washington and asked for instructions, the great chief said:

"My boy, I have little to say. Go into the enemy's lines, find out how many troops they have, where they are placed, and what they intend to do. That is all. Bring me word if you can. If you never get back, remember you are serving your country. God bless you!"

Hale saluted and departed. He took off his uniform, and put on a brown suit and a broad-brimmed hat, the dress of a Quaker school-teacher. He went on board a sloop late at night, and was landed near the British outposts. He spent the next day with a farmer near by, and then, in the afternoon, walked boldly into the enemy's lines.

What he did for the next two weeks no one will ever know. He acted his part very well, however, for he was not suspected of being a spy. He told the British he was a Quaker, who did not believe in war, and that he wanted to teach school. But he was learning all he could. His eyes were alert and watchful, without seeming to be so. He listened to conversations and, occasionally, when close, he would make drawings of the forts and camp. All his notes were written in Latin, so that they could not be easily read.

At last Hale learned all he thought was necessary. Gathering his material together, he ripped open the soles of his

shoes and carefully hid the precious notes therein. Then he was ready to start for home. Washington was looking for him, and, by previous arrangement, was to send a boat for him to take him into the American lines. There was a little tavern at Huntington, near the place where the boat was to come. Hale walked into the tavern one day, and sat down, waiting until the time arrived for him to meet his friends.

As he sat there, a man came in and looked him over closely. Hale paid no attention, and the man went out. But Hale had been recognized by some one who knew him, and the man was on his way to the British to report that the school-teacher was also an American officer, known as Captain Nathan Hale. After an hour or two, Hale left the tavern, and walked down toward the shore to meet his boat. But instead of his own boat at the landing, there was a British boat. The officer called out, "Surrender, you spy, or I fire."

Hale knew he was caught, and held up his hands in token of surrender. He was taken to the British Commander, and made no effort to conceal his name or his purpose. They tore open his shoes and found the papers. Then they condemned him to be hanged at sunrise the next day.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and Hale was led out before the gallows, which was nothing but the limb of a tree. "Have you anything to say?" asked the British officer. The brave young patriot looked up into the sky, and then at the rope, which was already around his neck, and slowly replied, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

A few moments later Nathan Hale was dead. His body was probably buried there, under the tree, but nobody to this day knows just where he lies.

A poet has written:

From fame-leaf and angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on fame-leaf and angel-leaf
The name of Hale shall burn!

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Washington need information concerning the British plans?
2. What was the only way in which this information could be obtained?
3. Why is a spy's work so dangerous?
4. What kind of man must a spy necessarily be?
5. Did Nathan Hale meet these requirements?
6. What proof is given that he was a scholar?
7. What were Washington's farewell words to Hale?
8. How did Hale obtain the desired information?
9. How was he captured?
10. What were his last words?

SUPPORTING THE COLORS*

LAWTON B. EVANS

Every war has its heroes; some are known and many are unknown. But the heroism displayed by patriots during the Revolution has not been excelled. When a man serves his country with every fiber of his being and then gives it the supreme gift — his life — as did brave Sergeant Jasper, what more can he do?

With such men as examples, every American citizen should feel the responsibility of preserving the rights so gallantly fought for by our forefathers.

AMONG the heroes of the Revolution, none were more famous for their adventures than Marion's men. They lived in the woods and swamps, sometimes a large body, and sometimes a small body, but always ready to sally forth under their leader, Francis Marion, to punish the enemy.

The best known of all these men was Sergeant William Jasper. He was very brave, and in no way did he seem to fear for his life. At the battle of Fort Moultrie, Jasper was busily engaged. While the struggle was at its height, with danger at its greatest, he saw the flag of the fort fall outside the works. It had been carried away by a shot from the enemy.

Without a moment's hesitation, he leaped over the walls of the fort, jumped down into the ditch, and picked up the flag where it lay on the ground. Coolly fastening it to a rod, which was used for wiping out the cannon, he leaped back on to the wall of the fort, and stuck the rod in the sand of the breastworks.

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Shot rained thick around him, and it seemed every moment as if he would be killed. But he finished his work, left the flag waving defiance to the enemy, and quietly took his place in the ranks with his men.

General Moultrie was so struck with admiration by this deed that he unbuckled his own sword, and handed it to Jasper, saying, "Take this, and wear it. You have committed a deed of great bravery, and I honor you for it."

When the soldiers were hiding in the woods of South Carolina, Jasper was often sent into the British lines to find out what the enemy was doing. He was a good scout, and could so change his appearance that nobody recognized him. His favorite amusement was to pretend to be a simple-minded countryman who had something to sell. In this guise he would find his way into the British camps. There he would abuse the Americans and praise the British, and his keen eye meanwhile learned a great deal that would be of value to his commander.

Upon one of these risky visits, Jasper and a friend, named Newton, saw a body of American prisoners brought in. The wife of one of them had come along, carrying a little child. She was crying, and seemed in great distress, for she knew her husband had once been a soldier on the British side, and had deserted to fight for his own country. This meant quick trial and certain death for desertion.

Jasper felt sorry for the unfortunate family, and resolved to rescue them, if he could. The prisoners started, under escort, for Savannah, where they would stand trial. Jasper and Newton quietly left the British camp, and went in an opposite direction, after pretending that they thought "the scoundrels ought to be shot."

Soon they turned, and made their way back toward Savannah. The two had no guns, nor weapons of any kind, but they were determined to rescue the unfortunate prisoners, if they could.

Within a few miles of Savannah, they stopped on the edge of a forest, near a spring. Here they hid themselves, awaiting the arrival of the prisoners and their guard. It was not long before the party, consisting of ten British soldiers in charge of the prisoners, came into view.

The soldiers were tired. The spring looked cool and inviting, and the day was warm. Leaning their guns against the trees, they took off their knapsacks, drank freely of the water, and lay down to rest. Two soldiers only were left in charge of the guns and the prisoners. The latter sat on the ground, and Jasper could see the woman near her husband, with the baby asleep in her lap.

"Now is the time," whispered Jasper to Newton. At the word, the brave men sprang from the thicket, seized the guns from the trees, and shot down the two sentinels. The others cried out in dismay and sprang to their feet. But it was too late, for they found their own guns leveled at them by two very brave and determined patriots. "Surrender at once, or you are dead men," cried Jasper.

The British threw up their hands, and became the prisoners of Jasper and Newton and of the men whom, a short while before, they had been guarding. The party then turned about, on their way now to the American camp, which they reached in safety with their eight prisoners.

Not long after this, Jasper was among the troops that assaulted Savannah, trying to capture it from the British.

The column to which he belonged had pressed forward over ditches and parapets, and had planted the flag of South Carolina on the works of the enemy.

"SURRENDER AT ONCE, OR YOU ARE DEAD MEN!"

A storm of shot and shell drove back the Carolinians, and cut down the staff that held the flag. Jasper saw that the flag would fall into the hands of the British, and ran back to get it. In doing so he received a mortal wound.

He was borne from the field, and carried to his deathbed. He exclaimed, "I have at last got my furlough."

Pointing to his sword, he said to those around him, "That was presented to me for my services in defense of Fort Moultrie. Give it to my father, and tell him I have worn it with honor. If he would weep, say to him that his son died in the hope of a better life."

A little later, they brought him the flag he had rescued. Looking at it, he smiled.

"Tell Mrs. Elliott," he said, "that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment."

As death drew near, the brave officer began faintly to recall many scenes of battle in which he had taken part. He sent a farewell message to his commander and his men, and to the prisoners he had rescued at the spring. His last words, breathed to a friend near by, were, "I am glad to have saved their lives, and I do not mind losing mine; for I was supporting the colors."

QUESTIONS

1. Who was Sergeant William Jasper?
2. By what act did he show his daring spirit?
3. How did this deed impress General Moultrie?
4. Why was Jasper a good scout?
5. What touching scene did Jasper and his friend witness while in the British camp?
6. How did they accomplish the rescue?
7. How did Jasper receive his mortal wound?
8. What were his dying messages?
9. Name some other American heroes.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL*

KATHARINE LEE BATES

Every true American thrills with pride and joy in the splendor of his native land. This poem is a hymn of praise, and a prayer that our country may remain true to its ideals. It has been set to music; and, when sung, the majesty of its lines makes a deep appeal.

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!

* By permission of the author.

America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

QUESTIONS

1. For what does the poet praise America in each stanza?
2. What prayer is expressed in the first and last stanzas?
3. How may a country show a spirit of brotherhood?
4. What is meant by "a thoroughfare for freedom"?
5. Is it possible that a country may have too much liberty? Explain.
6. Other nations sometimes say America is money-mad. Do you think so? Explain.

SAM DAVIS *

Lawton B. Evans

In times of war it is necessary to have scouts, whose duty it is to go into the enemy's lines, and far into the enemy's country, in order to get valuable information, and bring it back to their commanders.

These scouts are called "spies" by the enemy, and if they are caught, they are put to death, by the rules of warfare. They frequently disguise themselves by wearing the enemy's uniform, or the clothes of a civilian. Sometimes they dress and act as if they were quite different persons from what they really are. A young scout may play the part of an innocent old farmer, or of a woman, or may take any character that will suit his purpose.

Sam Davis was a young Southern soldier, detailed as a scout. He was only seventeen years old, but he was a fine rider, and knew all the country into which he was expected to go. General Bragg, of the Southern Army, desired to know the strength of the Federal forts in middle Tennessee, and he selected Sam Davis to bring him the information.

When Davis came before him, General Bragg said, "Davis, I wish you to get this information for me. It is a dangerous task, my boy, but you know the country and you are the best one to go. Be very careful; for if you are caught, you will be shot as a spy. You need not go if you do not wish to."

Davis stood erect, saluted the General, and said, "I am not afraid. I know the country, and am ready to go. I also know the dangers, and what will happen to me if I am caught. What are your instructions, sir?"

He rode off early one morning, dressed in a disguise. What he did, or where he received the information, or from

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whom he obtained it, will never be known; for it was never told by anyone.

After several weeks' absence, Davis had procured all the data he needed, and was on his way back to his own lines. In his possession were very important papers and drawings. As he was riding along, thinking that in a few hours he would be beyond danger of capture, he saw a body of Federal soldiers in the road. Hoping to pass them without disturbance, he rode boldly on as if he were going to work somewhere.

One of the soldiers said, "We had better stop that boy; He might be a spy." So they called upon Davis to halt, and to get down from his horse. In spite of his protests, he was searched, and the papers were found in his clothes.

Hurriedly, the boy was taken before the Federal general, and the papers found upon him were shown. He was court-martialed, and, according to the rules of war, was ordered to be shot the next day at sunrise. Davis heard the sentence without uttering a word, or even changing color.

The Federal general was much affected by the brave conduct of the young scout. Sending for him to come to his tent, he said to him:

"My boy, you are very young, and you are very brave. I hate to take a life like yours. If you will tell me who gave you those papers, I will let you go free. Think of your mother and father, and of the life before you, and save yourself."

Davis shook his head, and said, "General, I received those papers from a friend, and I shall not tell his name."

The General then said, "Davis, if you do not tell me the

name of your friend, I shall be compelled, by the rules of war, to order you to be shot to-morrow morning. I hate to do this, for I should like to save your life. But I cannot help you, if you refuse."

Davis answered, "Do you suppose I would save my own life by betraying a friend? I have never betrayed anything in all my life, and I shall not do so now. I would rather die a thousand times than betray any secret committed to my care."

There were tears in the eyes of the General. He thought of his own boys, and of his own scouts who had done similar service for him, and had escaped safely. Turning to the guard, he said simply, "Take the lad away. It nearly breaks my heart to sign this order."

The next morning, Davis was led before a file of soldiers. At the very last, he was firm in his refusal to give any information as to where he had received the papers. Those around him begged him to change his mind, but he answered quietly:

"No, I shall not betray my friend. I have given my word. I am ready to die."

The bandage was placed over his eyes, and, in a few moments, the reports of the rifles told of the end of Sam Davis's life. On the grounds of the capitol, in Nashville, there is a beautiful monument erected to his memory by the State of Tennessee.

QUESTIONS

1. Why is the position of a scout a dangerous one?
2. Why was Sam Davis selected for this important mission?

3. When the danger was explained to him, why did he not refuse?

4. Relate the story of Davis's capture.

5. How did he receive his sentence?

6. How could he have saved his life?

7. Why did he refuse to save himself?

8. How was the Federal general affected by the conduct of Davis?

9. Davis was selected for this mission. Do you know of a Revolutionary hero who volunteered for work of the same kind?

10. What lesson can Boy Scouts learn from this story?

THE NOBLE NATURE

Ben Jonson

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

QUESTION

Ben Jonson, who wrote this poem, died in 1637, long before the days of Sam Davis — long before the days of Nathan Hale. Yet the message of this little poem might easily remind us of Sam Davis and Nathan Hale. Why?

THE LAST RACE OF PRIVATE TREPTOW*

LAWTON B. EVANS

The greatest responsibility that can rest upon one is the welfare of others. Sometimes the lives of many persons depend on the acts of a single individual. This was the situation in the case of Private Treptow. Then the real man proves himself a hero; if he is not a real man, he shows himself a coward. In the World War there were many heroes who risked their lives, and many who died for the sake of others.

THE American soldier felt an individual responsibility in the World War. He was ready, by himself and alone, to do his part. Often he showed the spirit which meant, "It is for me to win this war, right here and now."

"Over there," it often happened that through a rain of fire the soldiers had to carry messages from the company to the battalion. There was no way to get these messages through except by runners, and the man who undertook the mission was racing with death as a companion.

It was like dodging fate every second. The bullets flew in every direction; the air was full of the noise of men's cries and heavy with smoke and dust.

These messages were usually taken by word of mouth, for there was no time to write; then, too, writing is dangerous if it should fall into the hands of the enemy.

Some of these runners got through safely, and delivered their messages. Others never got through. And there were some who crawled on over the awful battlefield, and delivered their messages with dying lips. But they all went!

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On the day the Americans crossed the Ourcq,* a terrible machine-gun fire opened up, and it was necessary to send an important message to the battalion which was across the field. The noise was deafening, the danger great, the need imperative. The officer in charge dreaded to order any man to go. He knew what it meant to be sent into the open at that time. But it had to be done.

"Send for Private Treptow, of Iowa," he called, after much hesitation. Treptow came, saluted, and waited attentively while the message was being delivered to him.

"You understand that you are to go across the field, connect with the battalion, and deliver this message as I have given it to you?" said the officer.

"I do, sir," replied the intrepid private, bowing.

"You know the importance of the message, and the great risk you run — and are not afraid?" asked the officer.

"I shall not fail, sir," was the answer.

The private saluted, the officer returned the salute, and went to other duties, while Treptow made ready to depart.

As he looked over the field, and measured the distance, it did not seem so far to that battalion. It was a matter of a few minutes, if there were no snipers or machine guns lying in wait for him.

"Here goes," he said to those around him. Pulling his helmet down over his eyes, and grasping his gun, he stepped out of cover, and faced his fate. There were others to follow him with the same message, in case he failed; for it had to be carried through at any cost.

He began his race against death. On he went, with the bullets tearing after him. Hiding as best he could behind whatever cover the field afforded, dropping into pits where

* Pronounced *oork*.

there were any, running boldly across the open, he moved here and there, now up, now down — a very fury of fire about him all the time.

He ran, a prayer on his lips for his loved ones at home, and for the safety of the men dependent on his message.

"HERE GOES," HE SAID TO THOSE AROUND HIM.

A bullet tore through his clothes, and made a jagged wound in his side. But he ran on. Another wound, and he was faint from loss of blood and from the exertion of the race.

He was halfway over. He was running now with whatever spark of life there was left in him. Just as he was nearing his goal, a German sniper took careful aim, and a deadly bullet crashed through the body of the brave runner. Pri-

vate Treptow fell and lay quite still. He thought for a moment of those across the seas, and then he did not think at all. He had run his last race.

The battle raged for a time, and then passed elsewhere. Over the broken, scarred field came the ambulances to find the wounded, and with them were those to bury the dead. The searchers came to the place where the runner lay.

"This is Private Treptow," said one. "He was sent across this field yesterday with a message."

They lifted him up, and carried him back of the lines. They searched his clothes before they buried him to see if they could find anything to send to his family. In a pocket, there was a diary, on the first page of which he had written these words:

"America shall win the war. Therefore, I will work, I will save, I will sacrifice, I will endure, I will fight cheerfully, and do my utmost, as though the whole issue of the struggle depended on me alone. My pledge."

And to this he had signed his name.

When these words were read to the men of his company, many a soldier had a new vision of courage, and wrote that night the same pledge on the flyleaf of his Bible.

QUESTIONS

1. What is the supreme duty of a soldier in time of war? Why?
2. What things may often depend upon the conduct of a single man?
3. What are the responsibilities of a sentinel? Of a scout?
4. How did Private Treptow show his bravery?
5. What is meant by implicit obedience?
6. Are there people, other than soldiers, upon whom the lives of others depend? Name some of them.

AMERICA FOR ME*

HENRY VAN DYKE

Everyone who loves his country is willing to show his love by serving as best he can. Dr. Van Dyke has written this poem as an expression of the joy he felt on returning to America after a visit to a foreign land. Is it true that we appreciate our blessings more after we have been deprived of them for a time?

'TIS fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire crumbly castles and the statues of the kings —
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome,
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free —
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

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Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plow the rolling
sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

QUESTIONS

1. Do you know a person who has been out of the United States for some time?
2. What did he tell you he thought when he saw his own country again?
3. Why is London "a man's town"?
4. Why is Paris called "a woman's town"?
5. Why is Venice a city to dream in?
6. What is there to study in Rome?
7. Why does America seem the best of all to an American?
8. Do other people feel about their home lands as we feel about America?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In telling what you would do, in connection with these exercises, select the numbered statement that seems to you the best, and give orally or write (as your teacher may direct) a brief statement explaining why you think it is best. Remember that "circumstances alter cases," and that there might be occasions when none of the solutions suggested here would be the best or when either of two might be equally good. Your statement will be rated rather upon the good judgment it displays and upon the ability you show to see a situation from the other fellow's point of view than upon your selection of a particular number as the right one.

I. If you were travelling in a foreign country and were in a group where some one who did not know you intimately spoke slightingly of the United States in connection with some particular situation, and you felt that the speaker was wrong, would you

1. Ignore the remark as if you had not heard it?
2. Resent the remark vigorously?
3. Pretend, as a matter of courtesy, to agree with the person making the remark?
4. Explain politely your point of view in the matter?

II. Suppose you were a soldier in time of war and a volunteer was called for to go into the enemy's lines to get information, and there seemed no particular reason why you should be the one to go, would you

1. Keep quiet and wait for some one else to volunteer?
2. Try to persuade some one else to go, explaining to him that you thought he was better qualified than you?
3. Offer your services?

III. Suppose you were old enough to vote and belonged to a political party which had nominated a candidate whom you did not consider suitable, would you

1. Vote with your party?
2. Vote for the opposing candidate?
3. Not vote at all?

IV. Suppose you were old enough to vote and belonged to a political party which had nominated a candidate who was well qualified for the office, but whom you disliked very much personally, would you

1. Vote with your party?
2. Vote for the opposing candidate?
3. Not vote at all?

V. If a law was passed which you thought unwise or harmful and you could violate this law without much risk of punishment, would you

1. Violate the law openly?
2. Violate the law secretly?
3. Openly express your disapproval of the law, but obey it?
4. Obey the law without commenting on it?

VI. You are old enough to hold a certain public office and are otherwise well qualified for it. People urge you to run for it, but you realize that if you are elected, you will have to neglect your business to do so and will be obliged to give up a pleasant home and live in a place where you and your family will not be so comfortable as at present. Will you

1. Decline to have your name used?
2. Agree to run because of the service you feel you can render?
3. Agree to run for fear of offending your friends?

VII. In the school exercises one of the students has refused to rise when a patriotic hymn is sung. He has also refused to salute the flag, explaining that he is a loyal citizen, but thinks that "all such things have no sense in them." Would it be advisable to

1. Treat him with silence and ignore him?
2. Force him to rise and salute the flag?
3. Discuss the situation pleasantly with him and try to influence him to see that his attitude is one of discourtesy?
4. Expel him from school?

TRUE MANHOOD

If you once forfeit the confidence of your fellow citizens, you can never regain their respect and esteem. It is true that you may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time.

— Abraham Lincoln.

THE VIGOR OF LIFE*

Theodore Roosevelt

Theodore Roosevelt is often referred to as the "100% American"; and when you read these extracts from his writings, you will agree that the title has been justly won. Roosevelt was a true believer in America, and vigorously fought for the things our country should stand for — clear, resolute thinking, right living, and honest endeavor.

Having been a sickly boy, with no natural bodily prowess, and having lived much at home, I was at first quite unable to hold my own when thrown into contact with other boys of rougher antecedents. I was nervous and timid. Yet from reading of the people I admired — ranging from the soldiers of Valley Forge, and Morgan's riflemen, to the heroes of my favorite stories — and from hearing of the feats performed by my southern forefathers and kinsfolk, and from knowing my father, I felt a great admiration for men who were fearless and who could hold their own in the world, and I had a great desire to be like them. Until I was nearly fourteen I let this desire take no more definite shape than daydreams.

Then an incident happened that did me real good. Having an attack of asthma, I was sent off by myself to Moosehead Lake. On the stagecoach ride thither I encountered a couple of other boys who were about my own age, but very

* From *Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography*. Copyright, 1915. By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

much more competent and also much more mischievous. I have no doubt they were good-hearted boys, but they were boys! They found that I was a foreordained and predestined victim, and industriously proceeded to make life miserable for me. The worst feature was that when I finally tried to fight them I discovered that either one singly could not only handle me with easy contempt, but handle me so as not to hurt me much and yet to prevent my doing any damage whatever in return.

The experience taught me what probably no amount of good advice could have taught me. I made up my mind that I must try to learn so that I would not again be put in such a helpless position, and having become quickly and bitterly conscious that I did not have the natural prowess to hold my own, I decided that I would try to supply its place by training. Accordingly, with my father's hearty approval, I started to learn to box. I was a painfully slow and awkward pupil, and certainly worked two or three years before I made any perceptible improvement whatever.

My first boxing master was John Long, an ex-prize-fighter. I can see his rooms now, with colored pictures of the fights between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, and Heenan and Sayers, and other great events in the annals of the squared circle. On one occasion, to excite interest among his patrons, he held a series of "championship" matches for the different weights, the prizes being, at least in my own class, pewter mugs of a value, I should suppose, approximating fifty cents. Neither he nor I had any idea that I could do anything, but I was entered in the lightweight contest, in which it happened that I was pitted in succession against a couple of reedy striplings who were even worse than I was.

Equally to their surprise and to my own, and to John Long's, I won, and the pewter mug became one of my most prized possessions. I kept it, and alluded to it, and I fear bragged about it, for a number of years, and I only wish I knew where it is now. Years later I read an account of a little man who once in a fifth-rate handicap race won a worthless pewter medal and joyed in it ever after. Well, as soon as I read that story I felt that that little man and I were brothers.

This was, as far as I remember, the only one of my exceedingly rare athletic triumphs which would be worth relating. I did a good deal of boxing and wrestling in Harvard, but never attained to the first rank in either, even at my own weight. Once, in the big contests in the Gym, I got either into the finals or semi-finals, I forget which; but aside from this the chief part I played was to act as trial horse for some friend or classmate who did have a chance of distinguishing himself in the championship contests.

I was fond of horseback-riding, but I took to it slowly and with difficulty, exactly as with boxing. It was a long time before I became even a respectable rider, and I never got much higher. I mean by this that I never became a first-flight man in the hunting field, and never even approached the bronco-busting class in the West. Any man, if he chooses, can gradually school himself to the requisite nerve, and gradually learn the requisite seat and hands, that will enable him to do respectably across country, or to perform the average work on a ranch.

I was fond of walking and climbing. As a lad I used to go to the north woods, in Maine, both in fall and winter. There I made life friends of two men, Will Dow and Bill Sewall. I canoed with them, and tramped through the

woods with them, visiting the winter logging camps on snowshoes. Afterward they were with me in the West. Will Dow is dead. Bill Sewall was collector of customs under me, on the Aroostook border. Except when hunting I never did any mountaineering save for a couple of conventional trips up the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau on one occasion when I was in Switzerland.

* * * * * * *

I never did much with the shotgun, but I practiced a good deal with the rifle. I had a rifle range at Sagamore Hill, where I often took friends to shoot. Once or twice when I was visited by parties of released Boer prisoners, after the close of the South African War, they and I held shooting matches together. The best man with both pistol and rifle who ever shot there was Stewart Edward White.

My own experience as regards marksmanship was much the same as my experience as regards horsemanship. There are men whose eye and hand are so quick and so sure that they achieve a perfection of marksmanship to which no practice will enable ordinary men to attain. There are other men who cannot learn to shoot with any accuracy at all. In between come the mass of men of ordinary abilities who, if they choose resolutely to practice, can by sheer industry and judgment make themselves fair rifle shots. The men who show this requisite industry and judgment can without special difficulty raise themselves to the second class of respectable rifle shots; and it is to this class that I belong.

But to have reached this point of marksmanship with the rifle at a target by no means implies ability to hit game in the field, especially dangerous game. All kinds of other

qualities, moral and physical, enter into being a good hunter, and especially a good hunter after dangerous game, just as all kinds of other qualities in addition to skill with the rifle enter into being a good soldier. With dangerous game, after a fair degree of efficiency with the rifle has been attained, the prime requisites are cool judgment and that kind of nerve which consists in avoiding being rattled. Any beginner is apt to have "buck fever," and therefore no beginner should go at dangerous game.

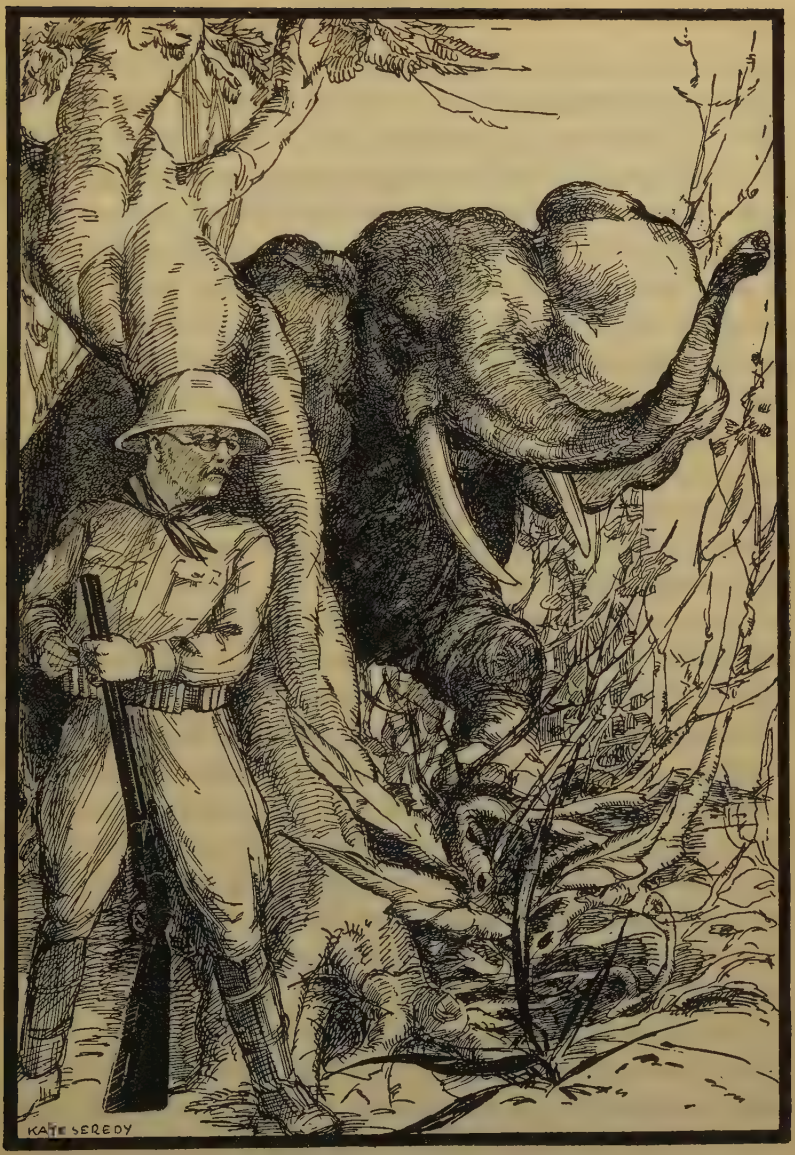
I have shot only kinds of animals which could fairly be called dangerous game — that is, the lion, elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo in Africa, and the big grizzly bear a quarter of a century ago in the Rockies. Taking into account not only my own personal experience, but the experiences of many veteran hunters, I regard all the four African animals, but especially the lion, elephant, and buffalo, as much more dangerous than the grizzly. As it happened, however, the only narrow escape I personally ever had was from a grizzly; and in Africa the animal killed closest to me as it was charging was a rhinoceros — all of which goes to show that a man must not generalize too broadly from his own personal experiences. On the whole, I think the lion the most dangerous of all these five animals; that is, I think that, if fairly hunted, there is a larger percentage of hunters killed or mauled for a given number of lions killed than for a given number of any one of the other animals.

Yet I personally had no difficulties with lions. I twice killed lions which were at bay and just starting to charge, and I killed a heavy-maned male while it was in full charge. But in each instance I had plenty of leeway, the animal being so far off that even if my bullet had not been fatal, I should

have had time for a couple of more shots. The African buffalo is undoubtedly a dangerous beast, but it happened that the few that I shot did not charge. A bull elephant, a vicious "rogue," which had been killing people in the native villages, did charge before being shot at. My son Kermit and I stopped it at forty yards.

Another bull elephant, also unwounded, which charged, nearly got me, as I had just fired both cartridges from my heavy double-barreled rifle in killing the bull I was after — the first wild elephant I had ever seen. The second bull came through the thick brush to my left like a steam plow through a light snowdrift, everything snapping before his rush, and was so near that he could have hit me with his trunk. I slipped past him behind a tree. People have asked me how I felt on this occasion. My answer has always been that I suppose I felt as most men of like experience feel on such occasions. At such a moment a hunter is so very busy that he has no time to get frightened. He wants to get in his cartridges and try another shot.

Rhinoceroses are truculent, blustering beasts, much the most stupid of all the dangerous game I know. Generally their attitude is one of mere stupidity and bluff. But on occasions they do charge wickedly, both when wounded and when entirely unprovoked. The first I ever shot I mortally wounded at a few rods' distance, and it charged with the utmost determination, whereat I and my companion both fired, and more by good luck than anything else brought it to the ground just thirteen paces from where we stood. Another rhinoceros may or may not have been meaning to charge me; I have never been certain which. It heard us and came at us through rather thick brush, snorting and



I SLIPPED PAST HIM BEHIND A TREE.

tossing its head. I am by no means sure that it had fixedly hostile intentions, and indeed with my present experience I think it likely that if I had not fired, it would have flinched at the last moment and either retreated or gone by me. But I am not a rhinoceros mind reader, and its actions were such as to warrant my regarding it as a suspicious character. I stopped it with a couple of bullets, and then followed it up and killed it. The skins of all these animals which I thus killed are in the National Museum at Washington.

* * * * * * *

When obliged to live in cities, I for a long time found that boxing and wrestling enabled me to get a good deal of exercise in condensed and attractive form. I was reluctantly obliged to abandon both as I grew older. I dropped the wrestling earliest. When I became Governor, the champion middleweight wrestler of America happened to be in Albany, and I got him to come round three or four afternoons a week. Incidentally I may mention that his presence caused me a difficulty with the Comptroller, who refused to audit a bill I put in for a wrestling-mat, explaining that I could have a billiard-table, billiards being recognized as a proper Gubernatorial amusement, but that a wrestling-mat symbolized something unusual and unheard of and could not be permitted.

The middleweight champion was of course so much better than I was that he could not only take care of himself but of me too and see that I was not hurt — for wrestling is a much more violent amusement than boxing. But after a couple of months he had to go away, and he left as a substitute a

good-humored, stalwart professional oarsman. The oarsman turned out to know very little about wrestling. He could not even take care of himself, not to speak of me. By the end of our second afternoon one of his long ribs had been caved in and two of my short ribs badly damaged, and my left shoulder blade so nearly shoved out of place that it creaked. He was nearly as pleased as I when I told him I thought we would "vote the war a failure" and abandon wrestling. After that I took up boxing again. While President I used to box with some of the aides, as well as play singlestick with General Wood. After a few years I had to abandon boxing as well as wrestling, for in one bout a young captain of artillery cross-countered me on the eye, and the blow smashed the little blood vessels. Fortunately it was my left eye, but the sight has been dim ever since, and if it had been the right eye, I should have been entirely unable to shoot. Accordingly I thought it better to acknowledge that I had become an elderly man and would have to stop boxing. I then took up jiujitsu for a year or two.

I have mentioned all these experiences, and I could mention scores of others, because out of them grew my philosophy — perhaps they were in part caused by my philosophy — of bodily vigor as a method of getting that vigor of soul without which vigor of the body counts for nothing. The dweller in cities has less chance than the dweller in the country to keep his body sound and vigorous. But he can do so, if only he will take the trouble. Any young lawyer, shopkeeper, or clerk, or shop-assistant, can keep himself in good condition if he tries. Some of the best men who have ever served under me in the National Guard and in my regiment were former clerks or floorwalkers.

Why, Johnny Hayes, the Marathon victor, and at one time world champion, one of my valued friends and supporters, was a floorwalker in Bloomingdale's big department store. Surely with Johnny Hayes as an example, any young man in a city can hope to make his body all that a vigorous man's body should be.

I once made a speech to which I gave the title "The Strenuous Life." Afterwards I published a volume of essays with this for a title. There were two translations of it which always especially pleased me. One was by a Japanese soldier who knew English well, and who had carried the essay all through the Manchurian campaign, and later translated it for the benefit of his countrymen. The other was by an Italian lady, whose brother, an officer in the Italian army, who had died on duty in a foreign land, had also greatly liked the article and carried it round with him. In translating the title the lady rendered it in Italian as *Vigor di Vita.* I thought this translation a great improvement on the original, and have always wished that I had myself used "The Vigor of Life" as a heading to indicate what I was trying to preach, instead of the heading I actually did use.

* * * * * * *

There are two kinds of success, or rather two kinds of ability displayed in the achievement of success. There is, first, the success either in big things or small things which comes to the man who has in him the natural power to do what no one else can do, and what no amount of training, no perseverance or will power, will enable any ordinary man to do. This success, of course, like every other kind of success,

may be on a very big scale or on a small scale. The quality which the man possesses may be that which enables him to run a hundred yards in nine and three fifths seconds, or to play ten separate games of chess at the same time blindfolded, or to add five columns of figures at once without effort, or to write the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," or to deliver the Gettysburg speech, or to show the ability of Frederick at Leuthen or Nelson at Trafalgar. No amount of training of body or mind would enable any good ordinary man to perform any one of these feats. Of course the proper performance of each implies much previous study or training, but in no one of them is success to be attained save by the altogether exceptional man who has in him the something additional which the ordinary man does not have.

This is the most striking kind of success, and it can be attained only by the man who has in him the quality which separates him in kind no less than in degree from his fellows. But much the commoner type of success in every walk of life and in every species of effort is that which comes to the man who differs from his fellows not by the kind of quality which he possesses but by the degree of development which he has given that quality. This kind of success is open to a large number of persons, if only they seriously determine to achieve it. * * * It is the only kind of success that is open to most of us. Yet some of the greatest successes in history have been those of this second class — when I call it second class I am not running it down in the least, I am merely pointing out that it differs in kind from the first class. To the average man it is probably more useful to study this second type of success than to study the first. From the study of the first he can learn inspiration, he can get uplift

and lofty enthusiasm. From the study of the second he can, if he chooses, find out how to win a similar success himself.

I need hardly say that all the successes I have ever won have been of the second type. I never won anything without hard labor and the exercise of my best judgment and careful planning and working long in advance. Having been a rather sickly and awkward boy, I was as a young man at first both nervous and distrustful of my own prowess. I had to train myself painfully and laboriously not merely as regards my body but as regards my soul and spirit.

* * * * * * *

When a boy I read a passage in one of Marryat's books which always impressed me. In this passage the captain of some small British man-of-war is explaining to the hero how to acquire the quality of fearlessness. He says that at the outset almost every man is frightened when he goes into action, but that the course to follow is for the man to keep such a grip on himself that he can act just as if he was not frightened. After this is kept up long enough it changes from pretense to reality, and the man does in very fact become fearless by sheer dint of practicing fearlessness when he does not feel it. (I am using my own language, not Marryat's.) This was the theory upon which I went. There were all kinds of things of which I was afraid at first, ranging from grizzly bears to "mean" horses and gun-fighters; but by acting as if I was not afraid I gradually ceased to be afraid. Most men can have the same experience if they choose. They will first learn to bear themselves well in trials which they anticipate and school themselves in advance to meet. After a while the habit will grow on them,

and they will behave well in sudden and unexpected emergencies which come upon them unawares.

It is of course much pleasanter if one is naturally fearless, and I envy and respect the men who are naturally fearless. But it is a good thing to remember that the man who does not enjoy this advantage can nevertheless stand beside the man who does, and can do his duty with the like efficiency, *if he chooses to.* Of course he must not let his desire take the form merely of a daydream. Let him dream about being a fearless man, and the more he dreams the better he will be, always provided he does his best to realize the dream in practice. He can do his part honorably and well, provided only he sets fearlessness before himself as an ideal, schools himself to think of danger merely as something to be faced and overcome, and regards life itself as he should regard it, not as something to be thrown away, but as a pawn to be promptly hazarded whenever the hazard is warranted by the larger interests of the great game in which we are all engaged.

QUESTIONS

1. What was the condition of Roosevelt's health when he was young?
2. How did he fare in contests with other boys?
3. What did he learn to do?
4. What other activities did Roosevelt enjoy?
5. What kind of rifle shot did he become?
6. What are the requisites of a good hunter?
7. What big game did Roosevelt hunt?
8. Describe his experiences while hunting.
9. How did Roosevelt keep himself fit when he was governor?
10. Why did Roosevelt think bodily vigor so important?
11. What lessons can we get from the experiences of a man like Roosevelt?

WELLINGTON AND THE PLOWBOY

LAWTON B. EVANS

Obedience and devotion to duty are among the highest and best characteristics. One who can be counted on to obey orders is valuable in any occupation or station in life. The boy who remains faithful to duty in spite of threats or bribes is one who is of great worth not only to his employer but to himself as well.

MEN who hunt in large groups and on horseback sometimes do great damage to farmers' crops. One day, an English farmer who was at work in his field saw a party of hunters with their dogs coming across one of his meadows. As the grain was just coming up, the farmer did not want to have it trampled on.

Calling one of his plowboys, he told him to run and shut the gate and to be sure that none of the hunters came into the field. The boy ran to the gate and reached the field just in time to shut it as the first huntsman rode up.

"Open the gate at once," ordered the man. "We want to go through this field."

"I can't do it, sir. My master has told me to let no one pass, so I cannot allow you to do so."

By this time others of the party had come up, and one of them threatened to thrash the boy if he did not open the gate. The lad replied that he was obeying his master, and did not intend to obey anyone else.

Another hunter offered to give the boy some money if he would let them pass through. This was very tempting to

the boy, but he remembered his duty, and refused to disobey the orders of his master.

THE BOY BOWED TO THE DUKE.

The hunting party was greatly annoyed by the delay. At last a stately gentleman rode up and said, "My boy, I

am the Duke of Wellington, and am not in the habit of being disobeyed; I command you to open the gate, so that my friends and I may pass."

The boy looked at the great soldier. He had heard of his many victories and was awed by the presence of so great a man. He took off his hat, bowed to the Duke, and replied: "If the Duke of Wellington is as great a man as I have heard he is, he will not wish me to disobey my master's orders. He will understand why I must keep this gate shut, and not allow any one to pass."

The Duke was pleased with the boy's answer, and said, "I honor the boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into disobeying orders. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer the world."

The hunting party no longer tried to pass through the gate, but, turning their horses, rode in another direction.

QUESTIONS

1. Tell what you know about fox-hunting in England.
2. How should one person treat the property of another?
3. What right had the hunters to ride through the farmer's fields?
4. Tell of all the attempts made to have the boy open the gate.
5. Why was Wellington so sure of success when he ordered the gate opened?
6. Put yourself in the boy's place and tell what you think you would have done.
7. Tell something of the fame and accomplishments of the Duke of Wellington which would have influenced you to obey him.
8. What type of courage did this boy have?
9. Read the lines that show the great general's respect for the boy.

THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF

Have you heard the old proverb "Actions speak louder than words"? This story is a striking illustration of its truth. We are not told of a single thing the boy in this story said; but we are impressed by several things he *did*. And he got the job — held it too, we may well believe.

A GENTLEMAN once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number, he in a short time chose one and sent all the others away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great number.

"He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, showing that he was orderly and tidy.

"He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful.

"He took off his cap when he came in and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite.

"He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the others stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing thus that he was careful and orderly. And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding the others aside; showing that he was modest.

"When I talked with him, I noticed that his hair was neatly brushed, his clothes were carefully brushed, and his teeth were white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like those of the handsome little fellow in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call these letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell you about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

QUESTIONS

1. Did the successful applicant bring any written recommendations with him?
2. How did he recommend himself?
3. How did he show that he was orderly? Kind? Polite? Modest? Neat?
4. What kind of office assistant do you think this boy made?
5. What does this story show of the man who hired the boy?
6. Why, in your opinion, may the boy have brought no letters of recommendation?

BOY WANTED *

FRANK CRANE

The daily papers often carry notices with the heading given above. Boys are wanted as messengers, paper carriers, office boys, delivery boys, and for many other positions. These advertisements, however, are necessarily brief, and limited space does not allow the list of qualifications given by Dr. Crane in this selection. Each boy who reads this would do well to adopt it as a standard of character by which to measure himself.

A BOY who stands straight, sits straight, acts straight, and talks straight.

A boy who listens carefully when spoken to, who asks questions when he does not understand, and does not ask questions about things that are none of his business.

A boy whose finger nails are not in mourning, whose ears are clean, whose shoes are polished, whose clothes are brushed, whose hair is combed, and whose teeth are well cared for.

A boy who moves quickly and makes as little noise about it as possible.

A boy who whistles in the street but not where he ought to keep still.

A boy who looks cheerful, has a ready smile for everybody, and never sulks.

A boy who is polite to every man and respectful to every woman and girl.

A boy who does not smoke and has no desire to learn how.

* By permission of the author. (Slightly adapted.)

A boy who never bullies other boys or allows other boys to bully him.

A boy who, when he does not know a thing, says: "I do not know"; and when he has made a mistake, says: "I'm sorry"; and when requested to do anything attacks the job promptly.

A boy who looks you right in the eye and tells the truth every time.

A boy who would rather lose his job or be expelled from school than tell a lie or be a cad.

A boy who is more eager to know how to speak good English than to talk slang.

A boy who does not want to be "smart" nor in any way attract unnecessary attention.

A boy who is eager to read good, wholesome books.

A boy whom other boys like.

A boy who is perfectly at ease in the company of respectable girls.

A boy who is not a goody-goody, a prig, or a little Pharisee, but just healthy, happy, and full of life.

A boy who is not sorry for himself and not forever thinking and talking about himself.

A boy who is friendly with his mother and father and more intimate with them than with anyone else.

A boy who makes you feel good when he is around.

This boy is wanted everywhere. The family wants him, the school wants him, the office wants him, the boys and girls want him, and all creation wants him.

QUESTIONS

1. What difference is there in the meanings of the word "straight" as it is used in the first paragraph?

2. What agreeable characteristics are indicated in the second paragraph?

3. How far should personal appearance count in our estimate of a person?

4. What is slang?

5. Give some reasons why a boy should read good books.

6. What kind of boy do boys like?

7. What is meant by a Pharisee?

8. Do you know a boy who measures up to this standard?

9. If you substitute *girl* for *boy* and *boy* for *girl* in Dr. Crane's list, does most of it seem to apply to girls also?

10. Take a sheet of paper and with this selection before you write two lists; one, "Qualities I Possess," the other, "Qualities I Lack." Keep these lists in your book, check yourself by them, and see how many you can subtract from the second and add to the first in a month.

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A MAN *

THOMAS DREIER

No doubt you have all heard the expression, "A man may be down, but not out." Certainly a man is not "out" as long as he has the will power to think and plan. This story of Jones should inspire us to make greater use of our opportunities.

I SHOULD like to tell you now the story of Jones — the story of one of the biggest men it has been my fortune to know — the story of Milo C. Jones, of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. They tell us of the housemaid who went singing about her work, and when asked why she was so happy replied that she was sweeping the floor to the glory of God. If you asked Jones to tell you why he is a great man, he would grunt a very grunty grunt at you and enter a general denial of the charge. But I, who know him and the work he has done, can tell you that Jones is a great man because he made sausage for his neighbors to the glory of God, and has always used what he had to get what he needed in order that he might express himself in greater service to his fellows.

Thirty years ago Jones was a physical giant, able to hold his own in any test where agility and strength were needed. He could run, jump, play baseball, thump a piano, and was able to pass with high honors the entrance examinations for West Point. He wanted to become an engineer. So, just to pass the waiting months away and keep his mind fitted with a razor edge, he took special work in the local school, met THE girl, who was a teacher there, married her the following year — and the West Point dream slipped away into the land of unborn things. And Jones, in addition to his farm work, did surveying for the neighbors.

* By permission of the *Outlook*.

One day, when ten miles from home, he waded in an icy stream, neglected to change his socks — and the next morning his toes tingled. The morning after his limbs were stiff. On the third Jones was flat on his back — and he remained there for nearly seven years.

His life was changed. His strength was gone. He could do none of the work for which he had been trained. Like Robinson Crusoe, he was on a desert island. And he, like Robinson, used what he had to get what he needed. His body was tortured and twisted by rheumatism. But his brain was active. They say that a man is worth a dollar and a half from his neck down, but that he may be worth any amount from his neck upward. Jones had and has a million-dollar brain. The first thing he did was to discover his resources. His family needed to live. Money was wanted. "To get money or anything else," said Jones, "we must supply some great human need, and fill that need better than anyone else." His parents had made sausage after a special recipe for themselves. The neighbors, to whom the Joneses had given generously, also liked it. "Let us make sausage," said Jones, "make it for our neighbors, but sell it instead of giving it away." And they did. And now Jones finds his neighbors scattered all over the country, and his output is away over five hundred thousand dollars a season. Success came to Jones because he was a man of brains, with grit, with determination, and because he used what he had to render satisfactory service to his neighbors.

QUESTIONS

1. What incident completely changed Jones's manner of living?
2. On what idea did he build his plans for a livelihood?
3. Tell why Jones won success.
4. Would that theory apply to others as well as to Jones?

"MIDSHIPMAN EASY"

SYLVIA CHATFIELD BATES

Milton, the poet, writing on his blindness used these words, "They also serve who only stand and wait." Often it is more difficult to serve by inaction than by action. The little boy in the story you are about to read longed to do some brave deed and thereby show himself worthy of his father whom he loved devotedly. The opportunity came under unexpected and most trying circumstances.

HIS name was Eliphalet Z. Todd, Jr.; he was eight years old and grown up for his age. Now Eliphalet is a long name for a baby, and his father was called 'Liph Todd. So the little boy became — as a joke at first — E. Z. Then, since his father was Lieutenant Todd of the United States Navy, it befell quite naturally that he was called Midshipman E. Z. — or Easy. There you have it — "Midshipman Easy!"

His mother was known as Commander Mary, the ranking officer, it may be observed, of the family.

Midshipman Easy had been brought up according to the best traditions of the Service and the sea. "Women and children first" — it might be said that he knew that law in his cradle; and also various other rules, laid down so that he might grow up to be an officer and a gentleman. Not to cry when you get hurt; to be kind to those who work for you; to keep a secret; to assume responsibility; always to be "on honor"; and to take care of your mother. These were a few of the things that he had been taught.

He had opportunity to put these rules into practice because he was left alone with his mother so much while his father had to be away at sea. The story he loved best to have his mother tell him during those absences was the one about how his father came home from a long, long voyage and

found his little son, whom he had never seen, *one year old!* He adored his mother, his lovely auburn-haired Commander Mary, but his love for the tall father who came so seldom, and when he came drew him so close and told him about everything in the whole world and explained it, and knew everything, including the finest games, was like the love of a childlike man for his God. It was his greatest wish to be like his father, and next to that — for he considered that impossible — to do something while his father was away to make him proud of his son.

It almost seemed as if he might have an opportunity to do something big this time for Commander Mary, and so for his father; the question was -- What? This time his father's going away was different from all the other times since Midshipman Easy could remember. And he knew why. He understood about the Great War, and he knew about submarines. (He despised an enemy that lurked unseen, striking from behind, and wished with all his gallantry that no one had invented such a mean weapon.) When his father had brought them to the little red brick house in this strange new town and left them there, Commander Mary had been put especially in his care, with a most solemn explanation for his responsibility. Then, there in the small parlor, newly settled, they had said good-by to his father, without anyone's crying, but with as many as three jokes, and had stood in the doorway to watch him down the street. Midshipman Easy had run to the gate and waved his hand and shouted until the tall blue figure was out of sight. Then he had returned to the parlor and told Commander Mary that she was very pretty, and she had clung to him hard.

That was as much as a month ago, before this story opens, and now it looked as if Midshipman Easy's wish would come true. There was something big to be done for — his father! . . . His father! . . . But he had never dreamed that it would be like this.

He sat on the front steps of the little red brick house and thought about it. . . . It has not been mentioned that Midshipman Easy was not beautiful to behold. He and his father — they had agreed to it — had left all the beautifying of the family to Commander Mary — and the Little Sister, if she ever came. Midshipman Easy had a great deal of very red hair, and he had golden-brown freckles. His nose was stubby and his chin was pushed forward beyond his upper lip. He had steady gray eyes. Except for his hair he looked exactly like his father. He was glad the Lord had done that much! . . . As he sat with his hands clasped about his knees, thinking, his steady eyes looking down the street, where his father had disappeared from sight around the corner a month ago, he felt a sick weight in his stomach just as if he had swallowed a flatiron whole. He was thinking about Commander Mary, upstairs with — Bo Peep; and about something else that filled his heart with heavy foreboding, something in the newspaper.

For the Little Sister had really come; she had been here five days. And Commander Mary was very, very sick. And he understood that, even yet, if he were not very quiet and if anything happened to worry her or make her sorry, she might go away and leave him — go around another Corner, and never come back. The strange doctor, who had hastily been called to take the place of the doctor that was his father's friend and had, too, been called away, had

told him so. He had not made any noise at all, or done anything to worry his mother, but — the strange doctor and the nurse did not know what he knew. Neither did Commander Mary, who could not read the papers now. Neither did anyone, for they were strangers in this big new town.

What they did not know was that the United States destroyer which, the very night Bo Peep was born, had been torpedoed and sunk in mid-ocean, with very few survivors, was his father's ship. His father's name was not among those survivors.

Midshipman Easy, with that terrible weight in his stomach, sat upon the steps and thought about his father. . . . There were four boys just down the street playing marbles on the sidewalk. He wondered where their fathers were, in what service, and if they were big and jolly, and how often they came home. Shrill laughter floated on the summer breeze, and he stirred impatiently; if it were any louder he would have to go and tell them how it was about his mother. . . . He remembered how he had come and helped his father pick out this house and how, in his own little room overlooking the apple tree, his father had suddenly sat down on the window sill and drawn him close beside him and they had talked together.

"You're going to learn to take my place, you know, son," his father had said, "because I may be gone — a long time. And I want you to understand some things. Now, what's the first rule of the sea?"

"Women and childurn first, sir," he had answered.

"Right. And that means a lot, Easy, ashore as well as afloat. It's not just allowing 'em the lifeboats — that's

not difficult; it's always giving 'em the best of yourself and the best of what you've got; and standing by in trouble; and keeping things from 'em it's best they shouldn't know — and all that. More especially your mother and little sister, if you should have one. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," he had said, with nautical brevity.

"And there's something else," his father went on. "When you grow up you'll enter the Service, but I want you to realize that *you're in it now*, all the time. By being the kind of boy we want you to be you serve the United States! Well, always serve her.

"Easy," his father had then continued in a low, different, almost embarrassed voice, "if I should, maybe, be gone — a long time — I hope you won't forget me! I should like to think you wouldn't ever forget me, and that you'd grow up to be a fine man — an officer and a gentleman."

He had snuggled closer under his father's arm.

"I'm going to," he told him.

"On honor?"

"On honor. And" — he had looked up shyly — "*I'll remember.*"

Then his father did what he had not often done since Midshipman Easy was six. He took him in his arms and kissed him. . . .

He felt a lump swelling in his throat now at the thought, but swallowed it somehow. And then around the corner came an undersized youth in blue clothes, who stopped and exchanged sarcastic remarks with the boys playing marbles, and walked on down the street in a casual manner, turning in at the gate of the little red brick house where Midshipman Easy sat on the top step.

"Mrs. Eliphalet Z. Todd," remarked the messenger, glancing over his shoulder at the marble players.

"Yes," said Easy, rising, "she's upstairs. I'll take it to her."

"Sign here," replied the undersized youth, with an even more bored look, and Easy signed with the stump of a pencil.

"Please don't make any noise with those boys," he said breathlessly; "my mother is sick."

"Oh, all right," agreed the messenger, and went on down the sunny street.

Midshipman Easy then opened the yellow envelope and read what the telegram said:

"The Navy Department regrets to report —"

The street began to behave queerly and the marble players disappeared in a gray cloud in which were mixed whirling fences and trees and houses and things, so that he had to hold on to the top step. But after a long time everything settled back again and he knew where he was and who he was — a very small boy huddled there with icy hands and feet and burning eyes and flatirons on his heart. His face was all wet and his mouth tasted of salt, but he was not crying!

Then, after another time, when his legs were stronger, Midshipman Easy stood up. He felt as if he were talking to his father.

"Women and childurn first," he said.

He had remembered Bo Peep and Commander Mary. . . .

That afternoon he took the telegram from the Navy Department down by the back fence. He had decided what to do. He could not tell Commander Mary — until she was all well and downstairs with the tiny Bo Peep —

that his father would not come back around the Corner. And to make things doubly safe he would not tell anybody. If the doctor knew, or suspected anything from the papers, he had said nothing about it, though Midshipman Easy

HE TOOK IT DOWN BY THE BACK FENCE AND BURIED IT.

thought that he looked at him strangely, and the Irish woman in the kitchen cried a good deal into her tea. The nurse had once patted him on the hair as she flew past him. But no one knew anything about the telegram, and no one should until his mother was well. He had decided what to do with it.

He took it down by the back fence, put it into his best

pencil box — the metal one — and buried it, stamping down the earth and carefully marking the spot.

For he knew now what it was that he could do for his father. He screwed his hands into his pockets at that name and held up his head. How proud he was of his father! How proud Bo Peep would be!

* * * * * * *

Four days later, days in which Midshipman Easy's unbeautiful face grew thin, and his freckles stood out, and his jaw shot forward with despairing grimness, he was allowed to go upstairs into the room he and his father had chosen for her, and to see his mother.

They let him go into the shaded room and stand by the bed where she lay with her auburn hair in two braids beside her white face. He kissed her between the eyes.

"Have you seen Bo Peep?" she asked.

"Yes, Mother."

"She's a darling. . . . Won't Father be glad?"

"Yes — Mother."

"Have we heard from him? I forget so. . . ."

"There — hasn't been time," said Midshipman Easy.

"Of course — I'm a little confused, dear."

And then she dropped asleep.

As the days passed and she grew no worse but stronger all the time, Easy knew that the time was coming when he would have to tell her. For he meant to tell her himself — his father would want it so. He saw her a little longer each day and always she spoke of his father happily.

"Oh, Easy, darling," Commander Mary said to him one day when she was holding the baby, "I am glad she is a little

girl, because she won't ever have to go to sea. I shall keep her safe with me always. Do you think it's time we heard from him?"

"Not yet, Mother," he answered.

There came a day when the doctor told him she was out of danger.

"Any time up until now," said the doctor strangely, half to himself and half to the little red-haired boy, "a shock would have killed her. She's strong enough now — for anything." They could hear her laughing with Bo Peep upstairs. "You don't look overstrong yourself, son. Feeling all right?"

"If you please," said Midshipman Easy, stiffly, "I'd rather you didn't call me that. My father calls me that." And he wondered why the doctor left so quickly. Standing on the steps he watched him rather slam things about as he started his automobile. He looked suddenly cross, Easy thought.

For a couple of days he said he would tell her to-morrow, and then came a morning when he knew it must be to-day. The flatiron had grown heavier and heavier lately. He was often sick at his stomach and sometimes dizzy, and he could not stop looking down the street for his father — though he knew he would never come — and that made his eyes ache. But in spite of everything, somewhere inside him he was happy. He had done something for his father, as well as for Commander Mary. Because he had kept his terrible secret wasn't she getting well? He had remembered the law of the sea, his father's law: women and children first. He had served the United States!

He was sitting on that same top step deciding. Again

the sun shone warmly on the shady side street. Half a block away four boys — the same four, whose fathers, he had discovered, were not any of them in the Service! — were shooting marbles on the sidewalk. He got up finally and dragged his heavy feet out into the back yard to the fence. There he set to work digging until he unearthed his metal pencil box. Coming back through the side yard he heard, from his mother's open window above, soft murmurings like pigeons in a belfry. Bo Peep was talking to her mother and being answered. With a last despairing look down the street he entered the front door.

In the cool hall he sat down a minute on the bottom step of the stairs and shut his eyes. He wanted his father. . . . Once when he had been sick (he was a little boy *then*) and had felt bad like this, his father had held both his hands and said, "Steady, son." He could almost hear his voice saying it. Only now it was far away, something like a bell, in the evening. If he had not felt sick he would never have thought of what he did next — icily. He thought of the ocean as he had once seen it from the stern of a big ship — gray, and deep, and cold —

He opened his eyes and there in the doorway stood a boy, who had left his bicycle leaning against the front gate. He was looking curiously in at Midshipman Easy on the bottom step.

"Say, kid," said the boy, "I got a tellygram fer yer ma, er somebody. Does Mrs. E. Z. Todd live here?"

"Yes," he breathed from the stairs.

"Well — want me to bring it in, do yer? Sign here."

But this time Midshipman Easy opened the envelope first.

"Steady, son," the voice was saying — "Serve the United States!" He heard Bo Peep upstairs; he heard the boys playing down the street; he heard the whistle of the noon train and the clatter of his metal pencil box as it fell on to the bare floor of the hall. Everything sounded very loud, especially the tearing of the yellow envelope.

The paper inside the envelope was not a telegram, but a cable. . . . And it said, in little dancing letters:

"Safe and well. Love to Bo Peep, if she's there, from Father. E. Z. Todd."

He went running up the stairs, and into Commander Mary's room, where she sat in a rocking chair holding the baby.

"Mother — Mother — *Mother!*" he sobbed, and flung himself into her arms.

She held him, too, like a baby, looking frightened.

"It's not — oh, darling — it's not —?"

The nurse snatched the cable and began to cry, too, strangely.

"He's safe, he's safe!" she exclaimed, and rushed from the room.

"Why, of course he's safe; it says so," said Commander Mary. "Don't cry, darling, Mother's first baby. We never thought he wasn't safe! Why, what's the matter with my little son?"

Then the doctor came running in with an extra, and Commander Mary was told everything — though Easy would have preferred even then not to have her know about the terrible mistake, especially about the pencil box. The

doctor had thought to tell her something quite different to-day! So the doctor had known all the time — from the papers!

Commander Mary sat in her chair with her hand in Midshipman Easy's and looked pale and proud, oh, so proud! It was just like Father, thought Midshipman Easy, to stay alive all the time, even when the Navy Department had given him up for lost, and to find a way somehow to get word to them, including Bo Peep.

When the doctor had gone and the nurse had taken the baby, Commander Mary put her arms around Midshipman Easy once more and laid his head on her shoulder.

"You're worthy of him," she said quietly. "You're just like him, Eliphalet."

"Oh, Gee, do you think I could be, Mother?" asked Easy, bobbing up his head. "If I remember the rule of the sea — and — and — to serve the United States?"

QUESTIONS

1. Why was Easy given the nickname which is used as a title for this story?
2. What training had been given Midshipman Easy?
3. Mention some of the rules laid down for him.
4. What responsibility did his father place on Easy?
5. Why did his father emphasize the probability that his absence would be unusually long?
6. What was the big thing Easy had to do for his father?
7. Do you think the boy was the only one who had heard the news about his father? Give reasons for your answer.
8. What was Easy's attitude toward the boys whose fathers were not "in the Service"?

THE THINKER *

BERTON BRALEY

Every invention, every structure, every enterprise was first in the mind of the man who thought it out, before it was made by those who wrought it out. Brains are needed to plan and prepare the work that hands are to do. Otherwise there is waste of time and material, and confusion is the result.

BACK of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the thought;
The thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker,
Or labor with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole
Must go the brains of labor
Which gives the work a soul!

Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,

* From *Songs of a Workaday World*. Copyright, 1916. By permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran and Company.

There is the eye which scans them,
  Watching through stress and strain,
There is the mind which plans them —
  Back of the brawn, the brain!

BACK OF THE JOB — THE DREAMER,
WHO'S MAKING THE DREAM COME TRUE!

Might of the roaring boiler,
  Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
  Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the schemer,
  The thinker who drives things through;
Back of the job — the dreamer,
  Who's making the dream come true!

QUESTIONS

1. Why do people often speak slightingly of dreamers?
2. Some men are visionary; others are men of vision. Explain the difference.
3. Why is the brain worker usually more highly paid than the manual laborer?
4. Are both important? Why?
5. Have you ever dreamed of something you would like to make?
6. What have you done to make your dream come true?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In telling what you would do, in connection with these exercises, select the numbered statement that seems to you the best, and give orally or write (as your teacher may direct) a brief statement explaining why you think it is best. Remember that "circumstances alter cases" and that there might be occasions when none of the solutions suggested here would be the best and when either of two might be equally good. Your statement will be rated upon the good judgment it displays and upon the ability you show to see a situation from the other fellow's point of view rather than upon your selection of a particular number as the right one.

I. You have accidentally come into possession of a secret that you know the person involved would not like you to tell. He does not know that you know it. What will you do?

1. Tell it to some one else?
2. Let the person interested know that you know his secret, but explain to him that you will not tell it?
3. Keep the matter to yourself and never mention it to any one?

II. You have decided to improve in promptness and have set your alarm clock to ring at seven. What will you do when it rings?

1. Rest for a few minutes before getting up?
2. Jump up at once and dress rapidly?
3. Go back to sleep for another half hour?

III. While your teacher was absent from the room, some of your classmates became disorderly and disturbed those who wanted to study. You were among the disorderly ones and one of your companions, on being questioned by the teacher, reported your name. What will you do?

1. Consider the matter as a personal grievance and express your anger to your companion?
2. Assume that he was obliged to tell the truth in the matter and continue your friendship with him as though nothing had happened?
3. Say nothing, but resolve to get even with him for telling on you?

IV. If your father gave you a weekly allowance to do with as you chose and you were planning how you would regularly dispose of it, in which of these ways would you plan to divide it?

1. Spend some — save some — give some away?
2. Spend some and save some?
3. Spend it all?

V. If your father gives you regularly an allowance which is as much as he can afford to let you have and you find that you want something very much which is more expensive than your allowance will permit you to buy, will you

1. Give up the idea of having the thing you wish?
2. Wheedle your father into giving you the additional money?
3. Ask him to make an advance on your allowance so that you can purchase the desired article?

VI. One of your friends is always polite and considerate in his attitude toward every one with whom he associates. You are discussing with some of your other friends the probable reasons for his politeness. The following reasons are mentioned. Which would you consider the best reason for being polite?

1. He is polite in order to please his family and his friends.
2. He is polite because he can usually get what he wants from people because of his courtesy.
3. He is polite because he wants to make a favorable impression and wants people to admire him.
4. He is polite because he respects himself and wishes to show proper respect and consideration for other people.

VII. Some friends want you to go with them to rob a melon patch. You do not want to do this, but you are a little afraid that the crowd will think you are not a good sport if you do not go. Will you

1. Refuse to go with them and attempt to convince them that they are not wise in what they plan to do?
2. Go with them and do as they do?
3. Tell them that you do not feel well and, therefore, cannot go?

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work
And tools to work withal for those who will,
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set
And waits occasion to tell him what to do,
And he who waits to have his task marked out
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

— James Russell Lowell.

A CRIPPLED CONQUEROR*

Edmund Vance Cooke

The courage sometimes displayed by people with physical handicaps is so striking that it should make the rest of us feel ashamed to complain about our own difficulties. It is remarkable that, in spite of their handicaps, these unfortunates often accomplish what seems impossible, preserving an atmosphere of cheerfulness under the most trying circumstances. As this author says,

> "It isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
> But only, How did you take it?"

He came into the car at Pocatello and sat down beside me; without hands, but not without hope; blinded, but unbeaten; crippled, but courageous.

I removed his overcoat for him and he accepted the small attention courteously, but cheerfully; not at all in the manner of a man hopelessly dependent upon others.

On the way to Blackfoot he told me about himself, quietly, modestly, and with no bid for sympathy. With a flash of "the literary instinct" I said to myself, "I will make a story of this man's experience." Then the experience itself mocked back at me, "What flimsy of fiction can you add to these facts?" Again I said, "I will make an inspiring poem around this man!" but there sat the man himself. What possible inspiration could a poem add to him?

And so I am setting down here his simple story, in as few words as possible, fearing to spoil it by any attempt at adornment. If it does not make you ashamed of any whine you may have at life, if it does not give you a thrill of courage to

* By permission of the author.

meet any difficulty which may confront you, the fault is in my telling.

His name is Hanks, N. C. Hanks. At twenty-one he and his partner leased a claim near Nephi, Utah, and prospected for ore. They had one of the richest lead mines in the West, as was subsequently proved, but they never found it out.

One noon they had been working near their cabin and were cleaning up preparatory to their midday meal. Hanks was feeling as fine as a young man should who is overflowing with life, is working a good claim, has a keen appetite for approaching dinner, and has a letter from his sweetheart in his pocket. Some one had brought the letter up the hard trail to their lonely cabin. It was the last thing N. C. Hanks was ever to read with his own eyes.

Hanks' partner had washed and was ready to go to the cabin, for it was his turn to prepare the meal. A box of dynamite caps lay in the sun near his jumper. He picked up his jumper and reached for the box, but saw his gloves lying a few paces away. He stepped over to get them first, paused to stuff them into his pocket, and then turned back to the box.

As his partner turned, Hanks called to him, "You go on to the cabin and hurry that grub. I'll attend to the caps."

In another moment he had picked up the box, which had lain in the sun until overheated. The slight jar did the rest. Every cap in that box was made to overcome a resistance of three hundred pounds. By a miracle Hanks was not torn to shreds, but he was hurled ten feet. Within a minute he arose, blinded, bleeding, but calm. The mountains and the sky had vanished. Where his hands had been were bleeding stumps, and with his hands had gone all means of livelihood.

His partner, crying like a child, gazed upon him. Recovering, he helped Hanks to the cabin, bound his arms above the elbows with handkerchiefs, and started for help. They were six miles from a telephone or a neighbor, and much farther from a town or a doctor.

All that afternoon Hanks lay alone, save for the companionship of a small dog, which cried piteously all the day. Mercifully, Hanks suffered no pain except for the bandages which with the passing of the hours tortured him excruciatingly, as his arms swelled. He tried to gnaw the bandages off, knowing that death would ensue, but seeing nothing better than death in life.

Finally, help came. Hanks was taken to Provo, to a hospital, the mere wreck of a human being. The doctors patched him up, but, as he lay there thinking, life looked black indeed. His sweetheart came to see him, and he broke their engagement. Then he felt better. It was the one duty left in life and he had done it.

Several months later Hanks was out of the hospital, but of what avail was that? What may a man see to do without eyes? What may a man get without hands?

It was at this time that there came to Provo, Byron King of Pittsburgh, a lecturer, a teacher. King's daughter had married a relative of Hanks. Hanks went to King to study! And along with literature King taught Hanks life. Drawing expression out of him, he put hope into him.

For years now N. C. Hanks has been lecturing and giving critical interpretations of Shakespeare and modern authors. He goes back to the same audiences repeatedly, a feat that is usually considered the test of success. Think of it a moment! a man choosing as his life work the interpretation

of Shakespeare and lighter literature, without the aid of eye or hand as avenues of expression, traveling alone in strange cities, over unfamiliar routes, depending upon the nearest man at hand for the thousand and one little uses for hands and eyes we find every hour of our lives. And through it all keeping sweet, cheerful, serene; convinced and rejoiced that he is helping a little in life. The dauntlessness of it should hearten any one.

I do not want to drag myself into this story, but Hanks dragged me into it the least bit; and, as a result, I was able to pay him, and the spirit of him, the tribute I was aching to express without awkwardness.

Having told me of himself, he wanted to know of me. I told him my name, which he had evidently never heard. "What's your line, friend?" he persisted. I told him that I, too, was upon the platform, giving readings, lecture-programs, whatever one wished to call them. Naturally he was pleased to come into contact with a fellow worker, and plied me with questions. "What readings do you give? Whose writings?"

"My own."

"I wonder whether I know any of them?" I recalled that his teacher sometimes used some of my verses. "Did you ever hear Byron King read 'How Did You Die?'" "No," he said, "but," with eagerness, "that was the first thing they read to me in the hospital, when I came back to life. They keep it there to read to the poor down-and-outers." And he quoted:

> Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
> With a resolute heart and cheerful?
> Or hide your face from the light of day
> With a craven soul and fearful?

Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only, How did you take it?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl, or he comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only, How did you die?

He gave the poem such praise as a man might who had heard it under his circumstances.

"Thank you," I said. "Yes, I wrote the verses, which was a small thing to do. I wrote the verses, but without any oath or byword, N. C. Hanks, *you* are the *poem!*"

QUESTIONS

1. How does the author describe the hero of this story?
2. What is said of his manner?
3. Why did the poet abandon the idea of writing a story or poem about his companion?
4. Tell how Hanks lost his eyesight and became a cripple.
5. Contrast his condition before and after the accident.
6. To what interest did the blind man turn?
7. What thought kept him cheerful and serene?
8. To what extent do you think Cooke's poem may have influenced the crippled man's life?
9. What did Cooke mean when he said "Hanks, *you* are the *poem*"?
10. Do you think "A Crippled Conqueror" is a good title for this story? Can you suggest a better?

WHAT WILL POWER DID FOR ME*

ANONYMOUS

In a book of rules which General "Stonewall" Jackson wrote for himself there is this maxim: "You may be whatsoever you resolve to be." This is the statement of a great truth. Circumstances and environment are but partially responsible for the successes and failures in life. The real responsibility rests with the individual himself.

I DO not remember my father and mother. My earliest recollection is that I was one of a number of children in the care of an old woman who, I learned later on, was half-witted. We were dirty, ragged, and poorly fed. As I grew older I learned that I was a pauper in the county poorhouse, and that my parents were dead. This is all I ever knew about them.

We were huddled together — children and mumbling old men and women, many of them crippled, blind, and weak-brained. To the few who were passably intelligent was given the care of the others. Those who were able to do a little work, including the children, were compelled to cultivate the farm for the benefit of the overseer. I think I could not have been more than four years old when I was put to work picking up chips in the woodyard. As I grew older I was set to other tasks, and many a beating I got when my work did not satisfy the overseer. This life went on until I was about thirteen.

One evening, just as I had finished milking, a cow kicked over the bucket, and half of the milk was lost. I told the overseer, and he gave me the worst beating I had ever received and sent me to bed without supper. That night,

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when all the others were sleeping, I left the house and made my way to the railroad. A freight train was standing there, and I crept into an empty box-car and went to sleep.

I was awakened in the morning by a trainman shouting, "Out of that, you little bum!" The train had stopped to put off supplies for a gang of men who were doing the grading for a new railroad that was to cross the one I was on. The gang were working near by. Child-curious, I walked over to look around.

As I got up close one of the men yelled, "Where's that water boy? We can't dig without drinking!"

"I'll get you water. Where do I get it?" I said, stepping forward. He told me, and I soon had the gang drinking like camels. When I was dispensing the second bucket a big, rough-looking man came up, and after looking me over, asked, "Who are you?"

"I am the water boy," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Who put you on the job?"

"No one, sir, I put myself on."

"Where is that water boy who was here yesterday?"

"Left last night," put in one of the men.

At noon when they knocked off for dinner I was about used up. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours and was getting faint. As I sat on the bank while the men were eating, one of them, called Tom, said to me, "It's lunch time, kid." I did not answer.

"Where is your lunch, kid?"

"Left it behind," I said.

"Left it where?"

"About a hundred miles back, I guess."

He looked at me sharply. "Come here, kid," he said kindly. "What's this you are giving us?"

I SOON HAD THE GANG DRINKING LIKE CAMELS.

So I told them all about myself, showed them my body, which was covered with black and blue marks, and added, "Those bruises are why I ran away."

"Good boy," said one of the men; "you will do." These were the first kind words I remember as ever having been

spoken to me; they helped me a lot. The men shared their dinner with me. It was the best meal I had ever eaten.

When the gang quit work for the day, Tom said, "Come with me, kid!" He took me to the wooden shack where the gang slept and had their breakfast and supper. A German boarded them by the week.

After supper Tom took me to the cook. "Mike," he said (and I thought this was an odd name for a German), "here is a kid who is down and out. He is our new water boy. Don't you think that he could help you enough morning and night to pay for his grub?"

"How vos you down and outs, son?" asked the cook.

I told my story over again and showed him my bruised body.

"Dot oferseer vos a devil — a devil!" he said. "Now you vill get up at four o'clock and help me mit the breakfast and at night help me to vash de dishes and clean tings up, and vot you eats you vill enough haf paid for."

I was given a bunk, a straw tick, and a blanket, and before turning in Mike gave me a hot-water bath and rubbed me all over with arnica. When I got into my bunk I dare say there was never a happier boy in the world.

When I was in the poorhouse I was called George Black; whether it was my right name I never knew. One evening I was sitting, thinking over my past, when this good German, the best friend I ever had, put his hand on my head. "Son," he said, "it vos not goot to look at dot blackness. Put him behind you, and look at dot brightness in front of you; it vos better always so!"

This struck me as good advice, and the first thing I did was to drop George Black for the cheerier name I bear to-day.

Regular hours and plenty of wholesome food soon made a big change in me. I had always been strong for my age, and in a short time I was able to carry two buckets of water at a time.

While in the poorhouse I had been taught my letters by a man who had lost both legs, and for whom I often did little favors. When I ran away I could read a little and write my name.

I had often wondered why it was that some men were better off than others. I had not been a water boy long before my association with men broadened my observation, and these childish thoughts came back with renewed force. *Why is it*, I wondered, *that Mr. Mullen is a boss, instead of working in the gang?* My solution was: He *knows* more than they do, and when the contractor gives orders to the boss it is because he knows still more; and so I found it to be all the way up the line. "I will some day be a boss!" I assured myself.

We were paid twice a month. The evening of the day that I received my first pay I went to a little town two miles away and bought a pair of shoes, the first new pair I had ever had. I told the storekeeper that I wanted some books for a beginner. He questioned me, and selected an elementary arithmetic, a spelling book, a geography, and a copy book.

When I asked if I ought not to have a reader, he said, "No! Let your reader be the newspaper! Here, I will give you something better to start with!" and he gave me a dozen illustrated books. He also gave me a small dictionary and showed me how to use it. From that time every spare moment at my command was given over to mastering the contents of these, my first books.

In a town some fifty miles away, Mike, our cook, kept a workingmen's boarding house, which his wife looked after during the summer while he was running the shack for the railroad gang. When cold weather and snow tied up work on the road until the following spring, he went home and carried me with him. His wife took me right to her heart. They called me "son." At the shack I had just been "kid." Had I indeed been the son of this dear German couple I do not think they could have shown me more kindness and affection. They insisted that I spend not less than four hours a day with my lessons and they heard me recite.

I soon mastered my elementary books and got more advanced ones. Grammar and history were added to the list, and I spent much time improving my penmanship. One day I said I wished I could speak German, and straightway they commenced to teach me. By spring I had a good understanding of that language, and a fair ability to express myself in it.

After the snow was off the ground we went back to the railroad. The new gang was much larger than the old one, and my German friend had to have a steady helper. I gave up the job of water boy to become his assistant. He paid me five dollars a week.

I found more or less time each day to study, and at night I went on with my German, reading and talking with Mike. About the middle of October I happened to see in a newspaper that in November the night schools in a city about two hundred miles away would be open for the winter. At once, I made up my mind that I would enter those schools. How I would live during the winter did not trouble me. I knew

that I would make out somehow; my wants consisted only of plenty of plain food and a dry place in which to sleep.

When I told my plan to the boss he heartily approved of it, and gave me a good letter of recommendation. The gang made up a small purse for me, which with my wages, the most of which I had saved, gave me a feeling of real independence.

I reached the city about six o'clock in the morning and was quite dumbfounded when I saw the crowds of people going in all directions to their work. I had not supposed there were so many people in the world. I do not know how long I had been standing on the corner watching the people, when a policeman came up and asked me if I was looking for anyone. I told him that I had never been in a city before and everything was very strange to me, and asked him where I could get breakfast.

"Have you any money?" he asked. I told him that I had seventy-eight dollars.

This statement and my shabby clothes seemed to make him a little suspicious, so I told him all about myself and let him read my letter of recommendation.

"That's a good letter," he said. "Come with me, and I will take you to a reasonable restaurant."

I got a very good meal for twenty-five cents, which I thought was a terribly high price to pay for just something to eat. It was the first meal I had ever bought.

Before leaving me, the policeman asked me what I intended to do, and I replied, "Look for a job at once."

"What kind of a job do you want?"

"Anything," I said, "will do for a starter."

He pointed to my shabby clothes, and remarked that my

appearance would be against me. He offered to go with me to a second-hand store where I could get a good suit. The suit, with shirt, shoes, and hat, cost nine dollars.

After telling me how to find a lodging house where I could get a good clean bed for twenty cents a night, the officer shook hands with me and wished me good luck. Let me say in passing that until his death, many years later, we remained very close friends. It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life that I was able later to have him placed in a much better position.

I do not know how many times I was refused employment that day. The nearest I came to landing a job was as a messenger for the telegraph company, but my ignorance of the city's streets was against me. Toward evening I wandered over to the station. Trains were more familiar to me than anything else in this big city. The station was at the foot of a steep hill on the top of which ran horse-cars. Soon a train came in. A gang of rough-looking, shabby boys, whom I had noticed loafing around, made a rush for the passengers' bags.

It struck me that right here was a chance for me to earn enough to pay for my night's lodging. I went up to a lady who had a large carpetbag, and, lifting my hat, asked to carry her bag. Among other things taught me by my German friends is that politeness costs nothing and is often very valuable. When I had placed her bag on the car at the top of the hill she gave me a quarter. Ten cents was as much as I had hoped for. I returned to the station, and soon after another train came in. Two men who were together handed me their luggage to carry, and one of them gave me twenty-five cents to pay for both. I had now more than enough to pay for my bed and supper.

The next morning I went back to the station, and by evening had made ninety cents. The following day the hoodlums tried to drive me away from the station, but the station policeman threatened to arrest them if they interfered with me again. He was much interested in my story and in my determination to get an education. Through his influence the station agent let me sit in the waiting-room, where it was warm, a privilege not granted to any of the other boys.

About two weeks before the night schools were to open, the officer I had met the morning I arrived in the city advised me to go and see the superintendent of education. The superintendent gave me some good advice and a note to the principal of one of the schools. I called on him a day or two later.

About two weeks after school opened my hair needed cutting. I went across the street from the station to a barber shop. The barber was a German, who was greatly pleased when I spoke to him in that language. I told him about myself; some three or four weeks later he sent word he would like to see me. I went over.

"Would you like to earn some money between trains? Are you too proud to polish shoes?" he asked. I smiled at the idea that I was proud. Inside of an hour, I went to work polishing and I seldom made less than seventy-five cents a day.

Aside from buying a little new clothing my expenses mainly were for food, lodging, and laundry. I had found a place where very good table board was twenty cents a meal. A young man whom I met at the barber's went halves with me in renting a small furnished room at two dollars a week.

My earnings now were considerably more than my expenses. Soon I found that I had nearly one hundred dollars. I spoke to the barber about this one day, and he advised me to put the money in a savings bank. One remark that he made greatly impressed me — that it would be working for me day and night.

One day while walking through the better part of the city I saw a man trying to put a box of ashes out of a cellar window. He was having trouble, and I pulled it out for him. He came out to thank me. He told me that he attended to the heaters in fourteen houses during the winter at one dollar a week for each heater.

"I wish that I had a job like yours," I said.

"Well," he replied, "there were two places offered to me a few days ago which I had to turn down. Meet me at the engine house in an hour and I'll go with you and vouch for you." I got these jobs. By the end of the week, with his help, I had nine places, the work requiring about four hours a day.

Having now an assured income for the winter, I gave up luggage carrying and shoe polishing. On the advice of the barber I went to a workingmen's boarding house, securing there a small room to myself with board and washing at four dollars and a half a week. My new employment gave me several hours a day for study, and on the advice of my night-school teacher I began to learn stenography. I took six lessons, and then I saw that I did not need him any more; all I needed was practice. In a year I had no trouble in taking down ordinary conversation; at the end of the second year I could rapidly and correctly report lectures and political speeches.

The night schools closed at the end of March, but I kept up my studies under the guidance of my teacher, who kindly allowed me to come to her twice a week to recite. Here was another instance of kindness which I was later able to repay. Many years afterward, when, on account of advanced age and ill-health, she could no longer teach, I was able to give her an annuity, without which she would have been dependent on relatives who were not able to care for her.

I was born with a mathematical turn of mind. In arithmetic, my favorite study, I soon outstripped the rest of the class. My teacher advised me to take up algebra. This opened a new world for me — one that I fear I pursued at times to the neglect of my other studies.

When the night schools opened again, I was placed in a class under a man teacher. When the term was about half over, he advised me to take up the study of geometry, and I learned quickly under his guidance. A few days after the schools had closed he sent for me.

"How old are you?" he asked.

I said that I thought I must be about seventeen years old.

"I have heard you say several times," he went on, "that you want a college education. There is a small college in a town about one hundred and fifty miles from here. The president is an old friend of mine. The requirements for entrance are not severe, and your acquaintance with mathematics and history exceeds the requirements in those branches. You will have six months in which to get ready for your examination in two or three other requirements. I will help you. How much money have you?"

"About one hundred dollars in the savings bank," I replied.

"That is more than enough for your first year," he said.

I broke in to tell him I did not intend to touch a dollar of it except for actual necessities. "I have more than earned my way here for the past two years," I explained, "and I shall be much mistaken if I can't find something to do in college, at least partly to pay my way."

The college was then in session and would remain so until the middle of June. I concluded that I had better not wait until the fall term opened before looking over the ground. I was most kindly received by the president, who advised me about my preparations for entrance. I stayed in the town a week and got acquainted with most of the professors and many of the students. Some two hundred of them boarded in common, paying a flat rate per week to a man who was under contract. He told me that when the fall term opened if I would help wait on the table he would give me my board. I jumped at the offer.

About a week before the fall term opened, I left for the college. The day after my arrival the president sent for me and told me that if I would sweep out the halls once a day, the chapel, and classrooms, and attend to the fires in the classrooms during the winter, that service would be considered full payment for my tuition. This meant that my college expenses would be very little. I passed my entrance examination with a percentage of 92; there were only two students who exceeded this mark.

Up to this time I had never decided what I would like to be after I was graduated. One day I read in a magazine an article on great civil engineering feats and the men who had accomplished them. That article decided me to become a civil engineer. When I told the president of my determi-

nation, he approved heartily and gave me two or three elementary books on engineering. I studied these at leisure moments.

Shortly before the summer vacation I learned of a survey that was being made for a new railroad about seventy miles away. I wrote to the engineer in charge, and the president inclosed a letter of recommendation. An answer came in a few days to report at the close of the term. This I did, my first job being that of chain bearer.

Two weeks later, in the course of a conversation, the engineer learned something of my mathematical attainments; whereupon he took me into his office as an assistant to figure up results of surveys. Once in his office he gave me many opportunities to learn surveying and a great deal of valuable information on different phases of the business. By the time the fall term opened I had acquired much useful knowledge.

Before the close of my second year in college I had made up my mind that I had received all the help it had to give me, and at the end of the college year I went back to the engineer for whom I had worked the summer before. I stayed with him until late in the fall, when the snow in the mountains forced us to stop work until the following spring. My employer took me into his office during the winter and gave me great help in mastering many of the details of his profession.

In the spring operations were resumed on the road, which we completed by fall. Before this, however, he had advised me to take a three-year course in a celebrated school of technology. I applied for admission, and after an examination was enrolled. It was now that my skill in stenogra-

phy gave me the means of almost entirely paying my way. With a letter of introduction from the engineer to the editor of a large daily newspaper, I was, after he had tested my stenography, promised assignments when extra help was needed to report lectures, sermons, and political speeches. The work that I turned in for my first assignment was so satisfactory that I was employed at least four evenings a week and sometimes every evening.

My three summer vacations were spent in the employ of my friend the engineer, who during this time was engaged on a harbor improvement. Shortly after my graduation he sent for me and told me he was about to make the survey for a railroad in Chile. He offered to take me with him, and I accepted at once.

While at the school I had become chummy with a young Spanish student, and at the end of my three years course I could speak Spanish almost as well as English. This facility helped me in Chile. We remained there three years, and then went to Brazil, where we stayed two years more.

Thus it was I went from place to place, and from job to job, always determined to make the most of every chance, and to match my will against any and all difficulties. In the end I found it a real joy to try my strength against the things that were hard, just to see whether I could or could not. And now the harder the job, the harder I try. And to that I owe my final success.

QUESTIONS

1. Tell something of the surroundings of the writer during his childhood.
2. What caused him to run away?

3. How did he show his willingness to work?
4. What did he observe with regard to the positions held by the men with whom he worked?
5. What influence did this observation have on him?
6. Tell how the policeman befriended him.
7. How did he first earn money when he reached the city?
8. Mention the various jobs he held while going to night school.
9. How was he enabled to go to college?
10. Tell how he advanced in his chosen vocation.
11. What is the secret of this man's success?
12. Was it worth all he put into it? Why?

A LITTLE SONG OF LIFE*

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Glad that I live am I;
That the sky is blue;
Glad for the country lanes,
And the fall of dew.

After the sun the rain,
After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done.

All that we need to do,
Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow
Nearer the sky.

QUESTION

Can you find something in this little poem that recalls the story you have just read?

* By permission of the author and of the publisher, Thomas Bird Mosher.

HOW I CONQUERED MYSELF *

LEW SARRETT

We are born with many traits of character, some of which should be encouraged, while others should be overcome. Any one who wishes to succeed must master and control himself so that he may get rid of undesirable traits and strengthen those that are valuable. This is by no means easy but that it is possible is shown in this interesting account of how one man mastered fear which threatened to handicap his whole life.

"WHEN I was eighteen I went from Benton Harbor to Chicago to work as a saver for the South Park Board 'on the wall' at municipal bathing pools. My business was to jump in and save anybody who needed help or was drowning. Lord, but I was scared a dozen times when I saw big men drowning, bigger than I by a good deal — stock-yard laborers and others — but I jumped every time and managed to get them out!

"Tim Fahey, a six-foot-six Irishman who, later, was a member of the Chicago police force, was on the wall with me part of the time, and thought so much of what he called my nerve that he kept urging me to train and become a professional prize fighter. Me a prize fighter! With the heart of a coward! I laughed.

"One day when I was 'on the wall' at the pool in Mark White Square, four big bruisers came to swim. They belonged to a gang of hoodlums, the 'Dash Shielders,' that in those days produced many rowdies, pickpockets, and hard characters who gave the police trouble. Part of my work was to maintain order in the pool. These four were bad

* Used by permission of the author and the *American Magazine*.

actors. They pushed off into deep water several youngsters who could hardly swim; so, though I was afraid of them, and had reason to be, I put them out of the pool.

"My quitting time was nine o'clock in the evening. Just before I left that night a man told me the four were lying in wait for me near the gate which I always used on my way to my lodgings. I knew if they got me I was in for a terrible beating. I hadn't a chance against them. Naturally, I was scared.

"I thought of leaving by another gate and taking a different way home. But I decided against that. I had determined, when I set out to discipline myself, never to dodge a danger, a risk, pain, failure, or defeat, if it came to me in the ordinary run of events and the natural thing would be to face it. The easiest way home was through the gate past the hoodlums; it was my habit to go that way; if I took another way I'd know myself for a coward, and that would hurt.

"For a moment I thought of asking the park cop to accompany me, but rejected that idea for the same reason. I also thought of borrowing a gun, but rejected that too, for I knew if the hoodlums drove me desperate, I'd shoot . . . not from courage or nerve, but in desperation.

"Well, I put on my hat and coat, opened the door, gathered my breath and nerve, and walked out into the dark. There they were, the four, near the bushes. My knees shook! But I walked straight ahead. One of them called me a nasty name. I said nothing. He shot out his fist and fetched me a terrible blow in the face. It hurt; nearly blinded me. I knew then the time had come when the least anybody, calling himself a man, could do was to fight. I fought.

"I went after that bruiser with fury raging inside me, and for a few seconds it was a good fight. I gave him one on the jaw and another under the ribs that knocked the wind out of him. But after that the other three landed on me like a pack of wolves. I went down. They kicked me, beat me, punched me. I was a wreck when they got through. They ran off, and I managed to get up and get home.

"My eyes were black, lips cut, ribs raw; but I was not beaten *inside*. They hadn't broken the spirit inside. I had made myself go out and meet them by the path I always took, without help or other protection than my two fists. The memory of that, I tell you, was sweet. My eyes and lips got well. The flesh healed. But if I had run away, dodged, the wound of that never would have healed. The fire in a man's soul, the spirit under his ribs; these are infinitely more precious than a safe skin and whole bones.

"So I went on, learning about fear and about life. When I was nineteen I got a job in the North Woods in a summer camp, coaching, swimming, life-saving, canoeing; and later, as a woodsman and guide, I had charge of long canoe cruises. Because of the program I had set myself, and tried to live up to, people thought I was reckless and unafraid! How ironical! I paid dearly sometimes for the reputation.

"One day in the Quetico Forest in Canada, we made camp at the head of a bad rapid, where the water boiled white over great granite boulders and swirled in dangerous whirlpools. One of the men dared me to swim it. I was afraid! Any man with half a brain would have been; but rather than let on, I dove into the current. I was caught up in a flash; went over a six-foot waterfall; sank in the pool below and

was sucked under for what seemed a long time. My wind was nearly gone, and I had been fearfully battered when I finally came to the surface a few rods below the pool — nearly done for, but still kicking. I dragged myself out on the rocks, grinned with as much nonchalance as I could muster, and said, 'When do we eat?'

"I didn't fool them, though. They knew I had almost checked out. I know now it was a fool stunt, wholly uncalled for. I wouldn't do it again under the circumstances. I don't believe in taking unnecessary chances unless there is something worth fighting for, *unless there is an issue.* But I'd jump into those boiling rapids to-day, even quicker than then, if it were for a conviction, if my job lay there, if I had to do it to be true to myself.

"I was in the woods during summers, and college during winters. I used to wrestle, and won my way to the finals in the light heavy-weight class in a college contest. During the last bout my opponent threw me to the mat in such fashion that my left arm went out of the socket. I had injured it before — I'll tell you how in another minute — and every time it went out it seemed to deaden a certain nerve and I lost use of the arm completely for an hour or so.

"As soon as Dana Evans, the athletic director, saw what had happened he wanted to call off the bout, figuring I had no chance. I begged to go on, felt I should, believed I could throw my man. So they slipped the arm into place, where it merely hurt and hung lifeless.

"I went for my opponent, hit him with a rush, and took away his breath. With my good right arm I got a crotch hold, tripped him with my heel, and was on top of him before he gathered his wits. Again with my right arm, I

slipped a far half-nelson on him, rolled him into a scissors with my legs around his waist (a punishing hold!), and bit by bit twisted him, and finally pinned his shoulders to the mat.

"It would have been easy enough to quit that time, with only one arm to go on with, and nobody would have thought worse of me — or, would it have been easy? I should always have remembered that I quit before I tried my last ounce of energy. That thought would not have been easy to live with.

"About that arm! There's a story there, too. When I was perhaps seventeen, and we were living in Michigan, I was swimming in the St. Joe River one Sunday, and climbed up the rigging of a boat to make the highest dive I had ever tried. It must have been forty or fifty feet to the water, and when I looked down I was frightened nearly to death, and hung on in terror. There were tourists on the bank, watching, and they began to laugh at me for waiting so long; so at last, blindly, I jumped. It was not a dive. I had lost my nerve, and couldn't force myself to go head first into that fearsome distance. I jumped.

"You can imagine! Sprawling through the air, I struck the water like a ton of brick. My back stung as if it were broken; and my left arm went out of place then for the first time. It was a terrible pain. I couldn't move the arm; it was useless to me. However, I turned on my back and side, and swam to shore; and the tourists were still laughing at me!

"Furious, I was. At them, for laughing; at myself, for losing my nerve. I got another boy to pull my arm and slip it into place, but it remained without feeling and tempo-

rarily paralyzed, so I couldn't lift it an inch. Frightened as I still was — literally white with fear inside — I went back, climbed the rigging, and without a moment's hesitation, with the bad arm hanging limp before me, *dived*. I suppose not one of those who saw the incident imagined a fraction of the torture it had been, physically and mentally. But there was a reward too. I had conquered myself again.

"I don't know how all this strikes you. I wish I could make the battle mean to others what it has meant to me. Fear, fear, waiting at every turn, and at every turn a battle against it; the difference, each time, between giving in and going on. Oh, it would have been so easy hundreds — no, thousands — of times to compromise just a little and salve my conscience some way, to rationalize the compromise; but I felt then, and know now, that that is not the way a man grows, not the way fear is overcome, not the way to govern one's self, instead of being governed.

"Hundreds of times on the platform, lecturing on animals, Indians, wild life, I was afraid to go before audiences; hurt if one man walked out; afraid of a lapse of memory; afraid of any slight adverse comment; and every time I would much rather have stayed at home, gone to the woods, written a poem, gone trout fishing.

"But I made myself keep on, sometimes at a terrific cost to my nervous system, and it has given me something inside that nobody could make me part with. I still have those struggles; but I have come through so often that now I approach the crises with more poise, more confidence, more courage, more will.

"Working as a ranger, too, I had my struggles with fear times beyond number; when I was afraid to climb a dangerous trail up in the peaks, but climbed it; when I'd deliberately take a chance on falling off a cliff; when my horse would slip on a treacherous, narrow trail on a canyon rim, and as a matter of principle I'd go ahead rather than turn back; when I made arrests of occasional hard-boiled characters; when I could ford a threatening rapid rather than go around at a considerable waste of time and trouble. Many a time I took chances with my life rather than yield to fear, and it's a wonder I survived some of them.

"But I ask again, which is better: a whole skin, or the soul's integrity, the inside spirit? I know the answer. I know the slow, beautiful development of courage, of desperate confidence. I know the inner satisfaction of earned poise. I know the glory of the consciousness that you are master of your soul, true to yourself, at least half a man."

QUESTIONS

1. Why did this young man deliberately walk into danger?
2. Tell of the treatment he received at the hands of the ruffians. What is your opinion of them?
3. Why did Sarrett swim the rapids?
4. Is it always cowardly to refuse to take a dare? Explain.
5. Tell the story of the injury to his arm. How great a hindrance did this prove?
6. What fear did he have in addition to physical fear? Which do you think is harder to overcome?
7. Of what value to a man is such mastery of himself?

"LOOK AGAIN AND AGAIN"

LAWTON B. EVANS

Many wonderful things in the world are not noticed by hundreds of people because they have not trained their eyes to see what they are looking at. They do not look long enough. We must keep on looking and thinking if we wish to see all the details of anything. This is the story of a student who learned to use his eyes and his brain in examining a single specimen.

LOUIS AGASSIZ was a great teacher as well as a great scientist. Upon one occasion a student came to his laboratory and told him he wished to enroll as a member of the class in natural history.

Agassiz asked him a few questions about why he wished to study natural history, what he expected to do with his knowledge after he had acquired it, what was his preparation for the study, and if he wished to study any particular branch of the subject.

"I wish to know a great deal about zoölogy in general," replied the student, "but wish to study insects more particularly."

"Very well, and when do you wish to begin your studies?" asked the scientist.

"I may as well begin now," was the reply.

"That is a brave way to talk," said Agassiz, much pleased with the readiness of the student to undertake his studies. Then turning to a jar of alcohol that contained a specimen of a kind of fish, he continued,

"Here is a fish. I will not give you its name, but I want you to examine it closely. By and by you may come back

and tell me what you have seen. I will see whether you know how to use your eyes."

The student took the jar in his hands and retired to one side to begin his work. Pretty soon the naturalist came to him and gave explicit directions how to handle the specimen so as not to damage it. Said he, "No man can ever be a naturalist unless he first knows how to handle specimens without hurting them. It took me a long time to get that fish and preserve it. You could ruin it in one minute."

The fish was carefully laid out upon a tray. Every now and then a little alcohol from the jar was to be poured on it to keep it from drying out. The alcohol jar was to be kept tightly closed. The fish was to be handled very carefully, and turned over with instruments. The student was to take plenty of time, and write down what he saw. When he had finished, he was to bring his notes to Agassiz.

The scientist went back to his own work, and the student began his career as a naturalist.

The fish was like any other fish. It had a tail and a head, and fins and gills, and was by no means a peculiar specimen. The student was puzzled to find anything different from the fish he had seen, or discover anything to write that was not ordinary and commonplace.

In ten minutes he had seen all he could see, and went with his notes to find his teacher, but Agassiz had left the museum for the afternoon. The student waited around for him to return and amused himself by looking at other jars and other specimens on the shelves of the laboratory.

Agassiz did not return, and the student put the fish care-

fully in the jar, returned it to the shelf, and took himself off for a while.

But the picture of that fish was now in his mind. He began to think of something he might have seen, and after an hour went back to the laboratory and began to study his fish a little more closely.

"I think I will draw this fish and perhaps that will help me to see things better," said he to himself, and began with pencil and paper to draw a picture of the specimen.

The more he drew the more he saw. He counted the scales, saw the way they lay, their shape and size. He studied the gills and fins and tail. He drew the head, and mouth, and eyes. He became much interested as his work progressed.

Finally Agassiz returned and seeing the student at work said to him, "That is excellent. A pencil is a great help to the eyes. You cannot draw accurately without looking closely. Keep it up, and let me know what you find out that you did not know before."

The student finished for the day, and the next morning went to report to the scientist. He recounted the facts he had learned by eyes and pencil, and expected an approval of his work.

"You have not seen enough, my boy, not near enough. Look again and again. Go back to your work."

The student went back to the fish. By this time he was very tired of looking at the sloppy specimen, and heartily wished he was rid of the whole business. He was almost ready to drop his study, but he braced himself up and said,

"I must learn to see what others do not see if I ever expect to be a naturalist, or anything else for that matter."

So he kept on and on. Every now and then he would go to Agassiz and report on his work. He showed him the drawings he had made, the parts he had enlarged, the observations he had taken.

"Not yet, not yet," complained the teacher. "You have not seen it all. There is a great deal more yet for you to see. Look again and still again. Keep your eyes open and your mind behind them."

"But, Mr. Agassiz, what is there more to see? I have studied that fish from every possible side, and I cannot see anything else."

"How many hours have you spent looking at that fish?"

The student counted up the time and guessed he had spent at least twelve hours.

"Is that all?" said Agassiz. "That is nothing. You could spend a lifetime on that one fish and then not see it all. The more you look the more wonderful it will become. Look again and again. You have hardly begun. Keep on looking."

For three days the student worked over that one fish. He became interested in his drawing, in his enlargements, in his details. He noticed that the fish had symmetrical sides, and paired organs. He took a microscope and saw many wonderful things that were beyond his eyes. He looked and looked.

He went to Agassiz again from time to time, and made his reports. "Good, very good!" exclaimed the scientist.

"You are beginning to use your eyes and your head too. Keep them both going."

At the end of three days the fish-seeing lesson was complete and the student brought in his report. It was long and interesting. The drawings were well made, the observations accurate. He had seen and recorded hundreds of things he had not known before, all because he had observed closely and continuously.

"Remember," said Agassiz, "it takes a long time to see anything well. A few glances will never suffice. You must bore deep if you ever expect to learn the secrets of nature. They do not lie on the surface." And the student went away with the lesson of the fish well learned.

He himself became an eminent naturalist, and in after years told the story of how the great Agassiz had started him in the right path. "You must never get tired of looking, and be sure you have seen it all," is still good advice to all students who use their eyes and minds in studying the phenomena of life.

QUESTIONS

1. Who was Professor Agassiz?
2. What characteristic did the young man possess which enabled him to continue to study the fish?
3. What did you see on your way to school this morning that is worth telling the class about?
4. You have often seen spiders; what have you found interesting about them?
5. Is there anything out of doors, which you often see, about which you have learned something that you think interesting? Tell the class what it is.

GOING AFTER A JOB*

GARDNER HUNTING

Often criticism is like a tonic — it is bitter at first, but it contains much that is helpful if it is given in the right spirit. Your attitude toward criticism largely determines your future success, for it is only by realizing our shortcomings that we overcome them. The young man in this story had a rather rude awakening to his faults, but he showed his mettle by his determination to overcome them.

"YOU don't *deserve* a job!"

The tall young man who had stood beside Billy Lanford in the office of the Carrigan Construction Company had followed him out and now stood at his elbow, apparently with the sole purpose of delivering his decidedly personal comment.

Billy had just failed to secure the place of timekeeper for which he had applied. He had wanted the place very much indeed; he had made up his mind to earn money this summer, and the timekeeper at Carrigan's received ten dollars a week for what Billy had understood was only very moderate exertion. Now the sudden sharp criticism from a stranger sounded like an insult. Billy flared.

"Well, say!" he began.

"Don't get angry now," interrupted the other, his bright brown eyes holding Billy's steadily. "You thought you could get that job when you went in there, didn't you?"

Billy wanted to answer sharply and escape. But the very unusualness of the attack aroused his curiosity.

"Of course I thought I could get it," he answered.

"Why?"

* By permission of the *Youth's Companion*.

Billy found himself at a momentary loss for an answer.

"You told Andy Jaynes, the manager, that you'd had no experience, didn't you?"

"Yes, but ——"

"You didn't like the idea of getting to the gate at seven-thirty in the morning, did you?"

"I didn't say any such ——"

"No; you only looked it. You were surprised that you would have to stay till six-thirty at night, weren't you?"

Billy stopped answering. He was angry; but he felt the blood rise slowly in a hot wave over his cheeks and neck, and he found it hard to continue looking resentfully into the brown eyes.

"And you resented the idea that the timekeeper had to help in the shipping-room when he was not needed at the gate, didn't you?"

Billy backed away against the fence. He wanted to shout aloud a denial of these charges; but he could not say a word. He knew that there was truth in every one of them.

"Jaynes knew how you felt," went on his new acquaintance. "Both he and I saw you were trying to cheat him."

"Cheat him!"

"Certainly. You had nothing to sell, had you? Neither experience, nor knowledge, nor willingness to work. All you wanted was to get the ten dollars a week and get it easy; you had no notion of being *worth* ten dollars a week, had you?"

The young man stood silent a moment, waiting. Billy Lanford was raging. He was angry enough to strike; but

he knew that what had been said was true, and that fact held his tongue and hand.

"Do you know what you have done this morning?" asked his accuser. "You've started a reputation!"

Then the man turned away. Billy was left alone, standing with his back to the fence, his hands gripping the pickets behind him, his face and his heart burning as he had never known them to burn before.

A rebuke from an utter stranger! It was some minutes before Billy turned and walked slowly away down the street, hardly knowing where he meant to go. To think of going home and reporting his failure had been bad enough. Now, he felt as if he had been whipped, and for something too downright disgraceful to report at all.

Who the man might be, or how he had happened to see and hear the application to Mr. Jaynes, Billy did not know. Strange that he should have gone out of his way to denounce an action that did not concern him! It was certainly very officious of him.

The town in which Billy lived was a large one. It seemed improbable that he would ever meet the stranger again. He would be very unlikely ever again to see Mr. Jaynes of the Carrigan Construction Company. Billy had heard of the vacant position through a man his father knew in the Carrigan office. That man need hear only that Billy had not secured the place. What did the fellow mean when he said, "You've started a reputation!"?

"A reputation as a cheat!" Billy said half aloud involuntarily. "It's so. They saw; both of them saw through me.

I'm a cheap little shirk, and I'm not worth anyone's ten dollars a week. And they both know it."

The boy was stung to the quick. His conscience was stirred.

"I must go and get a place to work somewhere, now," he thought. "I must! I've got to *prove* that chap wrong."

He hurried on, thinking, planning, squirming under the memory of the rebuke he had received. Then came the thought that the criticism, if not merely an ill-natured affront, must have been due to a friendly impulse.

"He told me where my mistake was," he said to himself. "What did he do it for?"

As he remembered now, there appeared to have been no contempt in the young man's tone. There had been only a sharp insistence and an earnest effort to convince.

Billy's ideas grew clearer. That last phrase about reputation — he must go back and try to change the impression he had created at Carrigan's.

He was two miles from the construction company's offices when he reached this conclusion. He remembered Andrew Jaynes's shrewd gaze, and shrank from the prospect of facing it again.

But an hour and a half after the talk at the picket fence Billy Lanford stood again at the railing beside Mr. Jaynes's desk.

"I came back, Mr. Jaynes," he said.

The manager's gray eyes narrowed in puzzled fashion for an instant; then he asked:

"What for?"

"Because I — I'm ashamed of having applied as I did —

of thinking only about the salary, and not about the work. I — a man who heard me talk to you — told me I showed what I was thinking of, by that. And I came back to square myself."

Mr. Jaynes leaned back in his chair. "And you came back here to tell me this?"

"Yes, sir." Billy flushed.

"The timekeeper's job was filled this morning."

"I suppose so."

"Then why do you suppose I care anything about you or your application?"

Billy felt rebuffed. "I haven't any idea you do," he answered. "But I'd like you to know that I did have a decent idea of earning the money I want to get."

Mr. Jaynes wrote a few words on a slip of paper and then pointed to a glass door across the office.

"Take this to Mr. Walter Carrigan, in that room," he said.

Billy took the slip and obeyed the direction. He knocked at the glass door and opened it. Then he stood still with amazement. The man standing by a window was the man who had talked to him in the street.

"Are you — are you Mr. Carrigan?" stammered Billy.

"I'm Mr. Carrigan, junior," replied the young man.

"I've come back," said Billy.

"I knew you would if you had any self-respect. That's why I said what I did to you. I thought you looked like a boy who only needed waking up."

Billy stood silent a moment. Then he said, "Mr. Carrigan, I know the timekeeper's job is filled, but I want a chance to — to show you ——"

Mr. Carrigan smiled, as Billy hesitated and stopped. "I am quite sure you do," he answered. "That's why you came back. And I think I can find a place for a boy who feels that way."

QUESTIONS

1. What were Carrigan's criticisms of Billy?
2. How did Billy take the man's accusations at first?
3. What conclusions did Billy reach after thinking the matter over?
4. How did he set about proving that he was not a cheat?
5. How was he then received by Mr. Carrigan?
6. What did Carrigan mean by his words "You've started a reputation!"?
7. Do you think he was too hard on Billy?
8. What kind of reputation have you started?
9. How do you accept criticism? Explain.
10. Can we always expect, when we try to correct our mistakes, to be rewarded as Billy was?

WORK *

HENRY VAN DYKE

Some people, especially young people, often complain because they have tasks to do. They do not like to work. They say every task is too hard. They do not realize that work may be the greatest of all blessings. No one can be truly happy who does not feel the urge of some task. An idler never experiences the keen joy which comes from success, because he never works hard and so accomplishes little.

LET me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

QUESTIONS

1. What reward comes from doing one's task cheerfully?
2. Should we try to find work for which we are suited? Why?

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JIMMY QUIGG*

HAROLD S. LATHAM

Any firm is glad to add to its pay roll the name of an individual who bids fair to prove an asset rather than a liability. Too many people want easy, well-paying jobs without thinking of what their services are worth to the firm. This is the story of a boy who went after a job, and who had something to offer to the manager. He did not go empty-headed.

JIMMY QUIGG was in search of a job — it was to be his first job. To be sure he had worked during school vacations, and one year he had even "clerked" — to use a dignified word that hardly fitted the task of general helper in the corner grocery — after school hours and Saturdays. Employment such as this, however, did not really count; he was now seeking a regular job, all the day and the year round.

Jimmy was fourteen, but he might have been, so far as appearances went, sixteen. He was tall, slight, and dark of complexion, and his long face was topped by a bushy head of black hair. It was Jimmy's eyes, however, that one noticed first. They always seemed to be laughing with you or at you, more frequently the latter, perhaps, than the former. Jimmy in all his days had never seen anything that had changed him from the conviction that life and fun were synonymous — and this despite the fact that money was scarce in the Quigg household and hardships better known there than comforts. Somehow he had the faculty, not of courting adversity but of making the best of it when it came along. And so it was on this particular June morning when he set

* From *Jimmy Quigg, Office Boy*. Copyright, 1920. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

out from his home, a crowded four-room flat buried in the middle of a dingy tenement in the neighborhood of Washington Square, and proceeded up Fifth Avenue on a journey that, in the eyes of youth, ends at the foot of the rainbow and the pot of gold.

Jimmy's mother had objected strenuously to his going to work; she had wanted him to have a good education. Her wishes had been respected until the home situation had become critical. The little life insurance which Mr. Quigg had left at his death some years before was used up, and the money which she was able to earn as a seamstress was barely enough to buy food. Came a day when she had to dispose, at a loss, of her one tiny Liberty Bond to pay the landlord. That was too much for Jimmy. He insisted that it was his duty to get a job and to take care of her, and she had finally wearily consented to his leaving school.

"But what are you going to do?" she had asked a dozen times since that morning now several weeks past, and "What are you going to do?" she had asked again that very day.

"I haven't decided yet," he had answered. "All the big financiers are waiting for me to call on them. I'll take up with the best of them"; with that he had left her.

But her question rang in his ears all the way up the avenue. What *was* he going to do? He hadn't the remotest idea. He knew that in this big, teeming metropolis there must be work for him, work that would pay good money, and he would find it. It had been his thought to obtain employment within walking distance of his home and thereby save car fares, so almost at once he began to scrutinize each of the office buildings that he came to with a view of determining its "job" possibilities. He hated to make the break.

He did not know that in almost any one of them he would have found a welcome, for just then boys were a scarcity in the business world.

His eyes were finally caught and held by two large plate-glass windows, behind which were displayed books, and above which gold letters, running across the front of the building, proclaimed that "The Berrington Publishing Company" was housed there.

Why not try here? A book house wouldn't be at all bad. He studied the window. If he could only show a knowledge of the business he would certainly land a job. Armed with a suggestion as to what he could do the chances would be very much better for him, he reasoned, than they would be if he applied for that great general thing — work.

But he hadn't an idea; he didn't know how books were made or sold! He was just about to turn away, lacking the courage to enter the fearsome-looking building, when he noticed the pattern which his fingers had absent-mindedly traced on the dirty window glass.

"It's a wonder they wouldn't wash their windows once in a while," he muttered — and then he knew what he could do.

Bravely he opened the door and walked in.

"I'd like to see the manager," he said to the advancing clerk, a boy hardly older than himself.

"What do you want, a job?" the clerk responded. Jimmy nodded.

"Ask for Mr. Owens, sixth floor. I don't know whether he's got anything or not," the clerk looked important, "but he'll probably see you. Ever been in the publishing business before?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"Bet it's your first job," Jimmy's inquisitor continued, "is it?" Jimmy agreed that it was.

"Can always tell 'em. Well, you've got to begin some time, I suppose."

Jimmy turned to the elevator and a moment later was stepping off into a reception room which, in his mental confusion, seemed filled with girls whose chatter mingled strangely with the click of typewriters.

One of these girls got up and came toward him.

Jimmy couldn't have told you a thing about her five minutes later except that she had smiled and had ushered him to a seat and had told him to wait until she found the manager. But there was something about her that had left a decidedly pleasant impression, and that had put him more at ease than he had been since his talk with the lad below.

In a quarter of an hour, though it seemed much longer than that to Jimmy, Mr. Owens appeared. He sat down at Jimmy's side and leaned toward him confidentially.

"Want a job, boy? What can you do? What kind of a job do you want? How old are you? Where have you worked before? How much did you get? Why did you leave?"

Jimmy gulped and decided that the damaging truth might as well be known at once. "I've — I've never worked before; I'm just beginning."

"Oh, ho!" Mr. Owens looked more interested and his eyes rapidly ran over the trim figure. "Never worked, eh? That's good! And what makes you think you'd like to take up the publishing business? How did you happen to come in here? What do you think you can do for us?"

"I think I could wash your windows and dust off the books displayed in 'em."

"What?" Mr. Owens snapped.

"I DON'T THINK YOUR STORE WINDOW LOOKS VERY NICE."

Jimmy continued bravely: "I don't think your store window looks very nice. I'm sure I could clean it up a lot and keep it clean and do other things besides."

"Well, I never!" Mr. Owens ejaculated. "You don't

like our windows and think you could improve them. Humph! You'll do, boy, you'll do."

"You mean you'll take me?"

"Yes."

"When do I begin?"

"At once."

"All — all right." Jimmy rose somewhat uncertainly. "Shall I start in on the windows?"

"No, we'll get the cleaners after that." Mr. Owens made a mental note to speak to the store manager about his careless window dressing.

"Please, one more thing," with evident embarrassment; "how much do I get?"

"How much do you think you're worth?"

Jimmy's buoyancy was coming back. "I think I'm worth about twenty dollars a week, but if I get half of it I might be able to get along."

"Ten dollars it is, then."

"All right," Jimmy assented. "And — what do you call my job?"

"Call it? Why, office boy, I guess."

QUESTIONS

1. Describe Jimmy.
2. What was his most noticeable feature?
3. What circumstances led to his leaving school to go to work?
4. What gave Jimmy confidence as he set forth to find a job?
5. Why did he finally apply at the publishing house?
6. What is your opinion of the clerk who met Jimmy? Of the girl in the reception room?
7. What induced the manager to give Jimmy employment?

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE *

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

Great inventions which now bring us pleasure and comfort were in the beginning very crude and incomplete affairs. A master mind constructs some new device and, as time passes, the invention, at first very imperfect, reaches a state of comparative perfection. Think of the history of the telephone, the automobile, the airplane, etc., and you will see a vast difference in to-day's utilities and those of twenty-five years ago.

Darius Green wasn't such a clown as he appears, for no doubt the Wright brothers had just such ideas as his when they were boys, only they didn't stop in the barnyard — they kept on until they created a machine that would actually fly.

AN aspiring genius was D. Green:
The son of a farmer, age fourteen;
His body was long and lank and lean —
Just right for flying, as will be seen;
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
And a freckled nose that grew between,
A little awry — for I must mention
That he had riveted his attention
Upon his wonderful invention,
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,
And working his face as he worked the wings,
And with every turn of gimlet and screw
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
    Till his nose seemed bent
    To catch the scent,
Around some corner, of new-baked pies

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And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
That made him look very droll in the face,
    And also very wise.
And wise he must have been, to do more
Than ever a genius did before.

So he kept his secret from all the rest,
Safely buttoned within his vest;
And in the loft above the shed
Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
And all such things as geniuses use —
Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
Some wire and several old umbrellas;
A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
    And a big strong box,
    In which he locks
These and a hundred other things.
    'Twas the Fourth of July,
    And the weather was dry,
And not a cloud was on all the sky,
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
    Half mist, half air,
Like foam on the ocean went floating by —
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
For a nice little trip in a flying machine.

Thought cunning Darius: "Now I shan't go
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show.
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
I'll hev full swing fur to try the thing,
An' practise a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!
I've got sich a cold — a toothache — I —
My gracious! feel's though I should fly!"
Said Jotham, "'Sho!
Guess ye better go."
But Darius said, "No!
Shouldn't wonder 'f you might see me, though,
'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain'n my head."
For all the while to himself he said: —
"I tell ye what!
I'll fly a few times around the lot,
To see how't seems, then soon's I've got
The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
I'll astonish the nation,
An' all creation,
By flyin' over the celebration!
Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea gull;
I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stand on the steeple;
I'll flop up to winders an scare the people!
I'll light on the liberty-pole, an' crow;

An' I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
'What world's this 'ere
That I've come near?'
Fur I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon!"
As knights of old put on their mail —
From head to foot an iron suit,
Iron jacket and iron boot,
Iron breeches, and on the head
No hat, but an iron pot instead,
And under the chin the bail,
(I believe they called the thing a helm,)
Then sallied forth to overwhelm
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm —
So this *modern* knight
Prepared for flight,
Put on his wings and strapped them tight;
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light —
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip;
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
And a helm had he, but that he wore,
Not on his head, like those of yore,
But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said,
"He's up in the shed!
He's opened the winder — I see his head!
He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
An' nobody near; —
Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!

He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
He's a climbin' out now — Of all the things!
What's he got on? I vum, it's wings!
An' that 'tother thing? I vum, it's a tail!
An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
Steppin' careful, he travels the length
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
Peeks over his shoulder; this way an' that,
Fur to see 'f the' 's anyone passin' by;
But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
To see — The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
Flop — flop — an' plump
To the ground with a thump!
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere —
Heels over head, and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels —
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barnyard he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars, and various things;
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.

SO FELL DARIUS.

Away with a bellow fled the calf,
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
"Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"
Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he staunched his sorrowful nose with his cuff.
"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the moral here:
And this is the moral — Stick to your sphere.
Or if you insist, as you have a right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is — Take care how you light.

QUESTIONS

1. Describe Darius Green.
2. Was he really a clever lad?
3. Have you ever seen just such a boy?
4. What did he plan to do?
5. What material did he collect?
6. When and where was the trial trip to be made?
7. How did it turn out?
8. Who were spectators at the trial?
9. How did Darius accept the outcome of his invention?
10. Whom do you admire more, Darius or his brothers?
11. Describe the flying machines of the present day.
12. What moral does the poet offer in the last line?

OPPORTUNITY *

BERTON BRALEY

One can always add to the store of the world's wealth or knowledge or happiness. Whatever one man has done, another man can also do. What we need to do is to look around us and see what is to be done, and what we can do, and start right at it with all our might.

WITH doubt and dismay you are smitten,
You think there's no chance for you, son?
Why, the best books haven't been written,
The best race hasn't been run,
The best score hasn't been made yet,
The best song hasn't been sung,
The best tune hasn't been played yet,
Cheer up, for the world is young!

No chance? Why the world is just eager
For things that you ought to create;
Its store of true wealth is still meagre,
Its needs are incessant and great,
It yearns for more power and beauty,
More laughter and love and romance,
More loyalty, labor and duty,
No chance — why there's nothing but chance!

For the best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned,

* From *A Banjo at Armageddon.* Copyright, 1917. By permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran and Company.

Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,
The chances have just begun,
For the best jobs haven't been started,
The best work hasn't been done.

QUESTIONS

1. Should we be discouraged because some one else has already done the thing we long to do?

2. Can we not improve on what some one else has done? Give examples of people who have done this.

3. Is there not always a better way of doing things, and should we not try to find out what that way is?

4. Can you think of some things that have not been done that you would like to do?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In telling what you would do, in connection with these exercises, select the numbered statement that seems to you the best, and give orally or write (as your teacher may direct) a brief statement explaining why you think it is best. Remember that "circumstances alter cases," and that there might be occasions when none of the solutions suggested here would be the best and when either of two might be equally good. Your statement will be rated upon the good judgment it displays and upon the ability you show to see a situation from the other fellow's point of view rather than upon your selection of a particular number as the right one.

I. Peter fell into the fire when he was a child, and his face was seriously burned. He bears an ugly scar that is embarrassing to him and in regard to which he is very sensitive. If anyone looks at it curiously, he is very much disturbed. Should Peter

1. Keep away from people as much as possible?
2. Talk freely about the scar and explain its source to people when he meets them?
3. Act as though the scar did not exist and not discuss it unless absolutely required to do so, assuming that his friends will forget about it?
4. Make jokes about his misfortune?

II. Margaret is the most timid girl in her class. She never speaks unless she is spoken to, never takes part in any social occasions unless very strongly urged, and rarely offers to assist in any class activities for fear of being refused. Should the president of the class

1. Leave Margaret alone and not try to help her?
2. Discuss her situation with some sympathetic girls in the class and try to get them to help her encourage Margaret to be more active?
3. Talk with Margaret privately and comment upon her timidity?
4. Call upon her in class meetings and insist that she come forward and take part?

III. Suppose you find it very hard to get to school on time in the morning. Should you

1. Start without eating breakfast to save time?
2. Go to bed earlier and get up earlier so as to get an earlier start?
3. Eat breakfast and run all the way to school?

IV. Suppose a certain boy is so afraid of making a mistake in class that he often fails to recite when he could do so very well. Should his friends

1. Tell him not to be a baby?
2. Tell him he had better leave school?
3. Urge him to recite when the topic is an easy one for him so that he will gain courage in reciting?
4. Praise him for the things he can do well and thus encourage him to do more?

V. Suppose a teacher whom you admire reads to your class a piece of literature which she likes. You do not understand it very well and do not find it in the least interesting. When she has finished, the teacher asks the class if they enjoyed the selection, and all the others say that they did and seem very enthusiastic. Should you

1. Say that you liked the selection?
2. Say that you didn't like it?
3. Say that you didn't understand it very well and therefore did not find it so interesting as the others did?

VI. A certain girl, in order to be entertaining, sometimes says things that are not true. She has resolved to stop doing this. One day she finds herself telling something that is not true in order to amuse a group of friends. Should she

1. Let this offense go but resolve not to forget again?
2. Admit at once that what she has been telling is not true?
3. Later ask a friend to explain to the group with whom she was talking that the story had been told as a joke?

COURAGE

Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense
And speak the speech of innocence;
And with hand and body and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good,
He that feeds man serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson.

WHY DRAYTON WAS SAFE*

CARROLL CARRINGTON

There is nothing so demoralizing as the thought that unfair decisions are made in a game, or that underhand means are resorted to in scoring a victory. However, it is much easier to accuse the referee of making a biased decision when it is made in favor of your opponents. But Drayton, the hero of this story, stood for fair play on *both* sides.

IT was the day before the semi-annual baseball game between Prescott and Cole, and the Prescott nine was one man short. Saunders, the captain, and seven of the team, gathered on the library steps, were discussing the possibilities of Drayton, a new student.

"Where'd you say he came from, Saunders?"

"Oh, some mountain place — Pine Grove, I think he called it."

"How do you know he can do anything?" asked another. "Did he tell you himself?"

"Saw him. The first day I met him we were passing the football grounds and the ball rolled out in front of us. Drayton caught it, and sent a drop-kick straight over the goal, forty yards away. It nearly paralyzed the fellows who were playing. The next moment Brooking was asking him to show up for practice with the 'try out' squad. And yesterday Drayton took the hammer and threw it within two inches of the school record. The wonderful part of it is

* By permission of the *Youth's Companion*.

that he seems to be in first-class training, although he came here apparently fresh from the mountains."

"There he is now!" said Dayle, Prescott's pitcher. "And look! What has he in his arms? Somebody drowned!"

The boys set off at a run to meet a tall, stalwart youth who bore in his arms a limp little body in a bathing suit.

"Professor Taylor's kid!" cried Saunders, catching sight of the little one's face.

"What's happened, Drayton?" Saunders shouted.

One of the youngsters at Drayton's heels replied, "Roddy fell into the big tank by mistake. He was in swimming in our tank, where it's shallow, and he got into the big boy's tank, where the water's over your head, you know, and he got scared and went down. We all screamed and yelled out of the windows, and Drayton heard us and jumped right through the window and into the water and pulled Roddy out."

A crowd of the larger boys was around the rescuer and his burden now, and the professor came running to meet them, pale but thankful.

"He isn't hurt any, sir," said Drayton, delivering the child into the professor's arms. "He hadn't been down more than once, I think. Here, kid, open your eyes and let a fellow see that you're alive."

The child opened his eyes and slowly wiped the water out of one of them with a chubby fist. Then he began to cry. The crowd set up a tumult of cheers.

"He's all right!"

"Good for you, Roddy!"

"Three cheers for the professor!"

"Where's Drayton?"

The shout went round the crowd on a hundred tongues, and a hundred shoulders surged toward a central maelstrom which represented the tempestuous desire of the moment.

"Drayton!" "Drayton!" "Here he is!" "Up with him!" "Here we go!" "Hurrah for the new boy!"

"Hurrah!" shrieked Saunders, throwing his cap into the air. "What did I tell you, fellows? Didn't I say he could do anything?"

The eight members of the Prescott baseball nine followed the crowd which carried Drayton in triumph to his lodgings.

"We'll give you time to change your clothes," said Saunders, when the hero was set down at his door and stood with his cap off, thanking the boys for their "joshing" as he blushingly called their admiring cheers. "After that, we want to see you."

"All right. Where shall it be?"

"We'll be out in the field, practicing. Come out there, will you?"

"Yes," said Drayton, and the door closed, while the crowd cheered again.

"Wonder if he can play ball?" said Dayle, the Prescott pitcher, as the baseball party moved away to the gymnasium to don uniforms for practice. "Is that what you're going to ask him, Saunders?"

"Yes."

"The chances are that he can," said Browne. "He seems to have had a good lot of experience somewhere. Are you sure he came from the mountains, Saunders?"

"Yes, but don't let that deceive you. They do a few things in the mountains, you know. And I have a notion that Drayton plays baseball as he does everything else —

with a speed that will make most of us hustle to keep up with him. It's tremendous energy that's the matter with him," concluded Saunders wisely. "A fellow that goes right at a thing with confidence and energy is bound to excel in it if he has ordinary sense to begin with."

Soon after, Drayton sauntered out to the field, as composedly as if he had not saved a life less than an hour before and did not know that the whole school was watching him furtively to see what a real live hero looked like, and how he might act in his leisure moments.

"Do you play baseball, old man?" asked Saunders, while the others held their breath.

"Yes," said Drayton. The team drew a sigh of relief.

"We're short a man for to-morrow's game against Cole," Saunders went on, hopefully. "Kingsley's sprained his wrist, and three other men — subs — have been injured and can't play. Will you play third in Kingsley's place?"

Drayton shook his head. "I don't altogether like baseball," he said, "nor any other game where there's a chance for cheating."

"Cheating?"

"Yes."

"But my dear fellow," cried Saunders in surprise, while the others stared, "we don't cheat! Whatever put that into your head?"

"I have played baseball myself!" retorted Drayton. "Of course there's nothing personal in my remark. If you are assuring me that you fellows don't cheat when you get a chance, I'll take your word for it."

"We play nothing but a square game," said Saunders, with a frown. "No other kind would be allowed at Prescott.

We wanted you because we imagined you would help us beat Cole to-morrow, as you seem to be good at almost everything. But if you think we —"

Drayton walked up and patted Saunders' sleeve with a friendly laugh.

"I think nothing," he said lightly, "and if you still want me to play to-morrow, just give me a Prescott uniform and put your trust in luck. Sorry I can't stay to practice with you now, but Taylor is sending 'immediate delivery' messages after me to compel my presence before him, so you'll have to excuse me," and he was off over the grass toward the professor's cottage.

When the team lined up against Cole on the following afternoon, everybody in the immense crowd behind the diamond knew that the man in Kingsley's uniform was "the new chap from the mountains who saved the kid's life."

The excitement began in the fourth inning, with the score tied and the adherents of each college standing on tiptoe to watch Cole's star base-runner trying to get in with the run that should place the visiting team a point ahead.

This base-runner, whose name was Conner, had made a fine drive of the ball into deep center field for two bases, and was now playing far off, in a desperate attempt to "steal" third. There were two Cole men out in this inning, and one more would retire the side. A good batter was up, and Conner might score if he could get a long start from second base before the ball should be hit.

The Prescott pitcher drew back his arm. Conner took a generous lead, and started madly for third base the moment the ball was pitched. Drayton ran to the bag, the catcher

caught the ball, and whisked it down to third and into Drayton's hands like a shot.

Twenty feet from the bag, Conner took the only chance left him to reach there safely. He dropped face downward, gave a terrific plunge, and by the space of a hair slid under Drayton's hands as the latter whirled with the ball to touch him out.

The crowd broke into a roar of conflicting cheers and clamors for the umpire's decision. The noise was so great that nobody could hear what it was. Was Conner out or safe?

Drayton stood with the ball in his hand, looking at the umpire. Conner lay sprawled at full length on the ground, one hand clutching the bag. The umpire waved his hand toward him.

"You're out!"

The words came to the ears of the crowd at last. Instantly the roaring was redoubled, for now Prescott was cheering while Cole was indignantly shouting its protests against the decision.

"Safe! Safe! He's safe!" cried a thousand voices.

"Play ball!" called the umpire, motioning for the Cole men to take the field. Prescott's men were walking in to their bench, counting the other side out — all except Drayton. He still stood at his station. Conner still held to the bag.

"Come in, Drayton!" called Saunders, elation in his voice. "You made a good play there, old man!"

"But you are mistaken," was the astonishing reply, while the crowd suddenly fell into a deep hush. "He isn't out. I didn't touch him."

"What!" gasped Saunders.

The seven other players of Prescott, and most of those of the Cole team, stared at the tall, freckle-faced youth in a daze of consternation, which quickly rumbled into a growl of disgust on the one side and surged into a yell of triumph on the other.

Saunders and all Prescott in unison rose up and denounced Drayton for the biggest dunce that had ever appeared on a Prescott diamond. They even insisted that his admission should pass as untechnical and out of order, on the ground that the umpire had already decided the play beyond recall before Drayton had spoken.

But the umpire shook his head. He declared that the testimony of one of Prescott's own men was sufficient to change his decision, as it was obvious that the runner had reached the base safely if the opponent guarding the base said so. It might be untechnical, but his notion of the game was that both colleges wanted the play decided on its merits and not on mistakes of eyesight by one who was not playing. Therefore he would reverse his decision, glad to have been appraised of his error, and thankful that he had been spared the deplorable accident of giving the game to Prescott unjustly.

Nothing much could be said to this. What little was said, Drayton himself uttered.

"I was told yesterday," he said to Saunders, "that nothing but a square game was allowed at Prescott. There is only one way to play any game squarely. If a man is out he is out, and I don't want him called safe just because he is on my side. Neither do I want an opponent called out if he isn't out. That might be a triumph of deception, but it

wouldn't be a triumph of skill, and I believe the game is intended to be one of skill rather than one of deception."

"Don't argue with him," advised Dayle. "Fire the umpire, and let Drayton do the whole thing. I don't imagine the other side would object."

"Play ball!" ordered the umpire again, and the game proceeded.

Conner scored on the next pitched ball, which was batted out safely. A moment later the side was retired. The score now stood:

Cole, 2; Prescott, 1.

So it remained to the last inning. Then something happened.

Cole had had its turn at the bat and had failed to increase its lead. It was now Prescott's final chance to tie the score or win.

Dayle came to the plate and struck out. Browne followed with a lucky hit over second, and reached first base in safety. By a hazardous slide he advanced a base a moment later. Saunders came up and went out on a slow grounder to shortstop. Drayton was the next man up. There were two out.

"Has he made a hit during the game?" asked a glum Prescott devotee of his neighbor.

"One," replied the neighbor, shortly.

At that moment Drayton made another. The ball left the bat with a sharp crack that somehow told those who heard it that it was to be a long, safe hit. When it landed, the center fielder was chasing it away into the corner of the field, and Browne was cantering home with the tally that tied the score!

On, round the bases, sped Drayton, now past first, now over second, now coming down to third with a speed that made the eyebrows of the college crack-sprinter rise.

"Come home! Come home!" shouted the Prescott coachers and the Prescott audience, while the other Prescott players danced from their bench and threw their caps into the air.

Would he be able to make it? The ball was recovered and thrown toward the diamond just as Drayton tore around the third corner and started for the plate. Cole's second-baseman caught and sent the ball whizzing across the diamond to the Cole catcher, who stood quivering to receive it and block the oncoming Drayton before he should reach the rubber plate.

Down came the runner, slap came the ball into the catcher's big glove. It was a great and true throw from the Cole second-baseman. But it was also a great slide which carried Drayton around behind his waiting foe and brought his outstretched hand to the plate a quarter of a second before the catcher could reach him with the ball!

If there had been a pandemonium of noise from the crowd before, there was a bedlam now. The umpire had been unable to see Drayton touch the plate, owing to the cloud of dust raised by the slide, and was hesitating whether to call him out or safe. "Safe" meant the game for Prescott. "Out" meant that the score was merely tied.

The crowd suddenly realized that the umpire was hesitating, and fell silent.

The umpire looked Drayton full in the face.

"Did you touch the plate or not?" he asked sharply.

"I touched the plate," came the reply, with equal distinctness.

And then the crowd knew in a flash that the game was won. Drayton would be believed.

"You are safe," said the umpire to Drayton, and not one of the Cole nine dissented, while the Prescott contingent swept down with the cheers of victory thrilling across the field.

At dinner, that evening, Saunders said, "Drayton's scheme worked better than ours would have, after all. We should have had those Cole chaps squabbling over that decision for the next six months, whereas now they are satisfied and cheerful."

And Drayton remarked quietly, "Most fellows are satisfied to be beaten fairly."

QUESTIONS

1. What situation did the Prescott team face on the day before the game?
2. Why did Saunders think of Drayton as a substitute?
3. How did Drayton become a hero on the campus?
4. On what terms did he agree to play in the game the following day?
5. How did he prove that he really did stand for fair playing?
6. How did Drayton's side receive his statement that Conner was safe? That he himself was safe?
7. How do you think the Cole team took their defeat?
8. Why did the umpire take Drayton's word in the last inning?
9. Do you know many boys who would assist a decision against their own team as Drayton did?
10. Would such an action mean disloyalty?

THE COURAGE OF KATE SHELLEY*

Kate Shelley is not living now. But many years ago she attracted the attention and admiration of millions of readers of the daily papers when they learned how she saved the lives of a trainload of passengers in the Chicago and North Western Express. As a reward, she received enough money to pay for her college education, and to give her an opportunity for a useful life.

THE Shelley family came to America in the late sixties. There were a father and mother, Kate, and a younger sister, and they lived in a railroad-built cottage near Honeycreek, midway between Boone and Moingona. They lived there because it was a danger-point on the railroad and it was necessary for the section foreman to be where he could see that the tracks were clear. The Des Moines River ran close to the Shelley home, and the railroad crossed it on a high trestle. One of the foreman's duties was to watch this wooden structure and keep it safe.

Old-timers along the Des Moines River still recall the summer of 1881. For days it rained continually. Little streams became rivers, washing out gullies and roaring down the side hills. The Des Moines stood at high-water mark for weeks at a time.

In July the condition reached its worst. Eleven of the twenty-one bridges that spanned the river had been washed away. Toward evening on July 6 there was a lull in the rain. Section Foreman Shelley had been away from home all day. As it became dark, Kate, who was then sixteen

* By permission of the *New York Sun*.

years old, asked permission to go out with the lantern to inspect the trestle.

As she stept out of the door a small bridge near their home was washed away. Kate went toward the trestle, which they called the long bridge, and looked over its wedgelike structure. Down below, the Des Moines broke into muddy spray against the abutments.

To get trains, especially the heavy freights, through this section the railroad had a helper engine to couple with the regular locomotives as an auxiliary. This helper engine passed her and puffed out on the trestle. She could see the reflection from the fire-box.

Then it swayed and the engine crashed through the trestle. She heard it fall into the river. The engineer and fireman had jumped. They were floating in the river holding fast to logs. She could hear their voices from below.

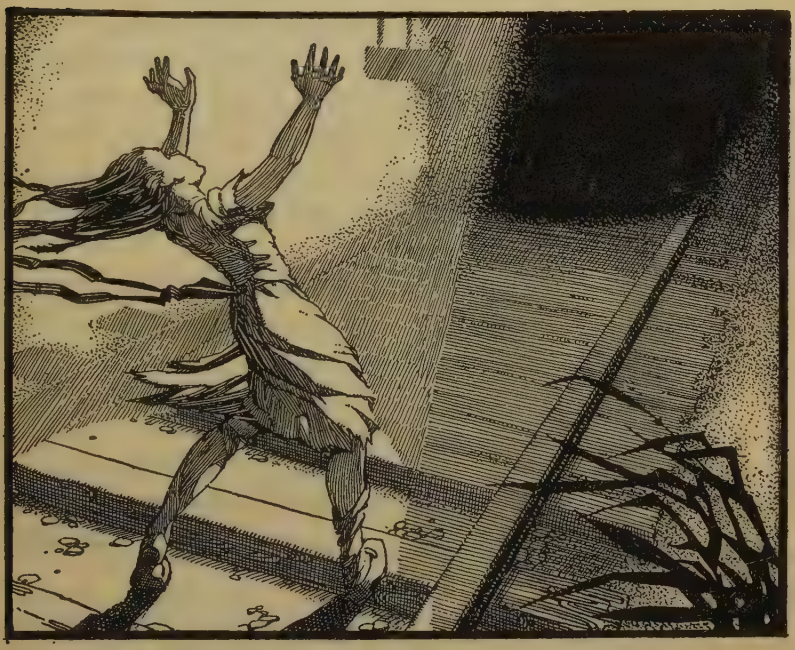
Back in the consciousness of every railroader is the train-schedule. Kate Shelley realized that it was nearly time for the eastbound passenger train. In a little while it would be due at Moingona, the first station from the bridge, two miles away. The express did not make use of the helper engine. It never slowed up. If it struck the bridge it would in a moment be in the ooze of the river below.

She could not telegraph. Two miles and the trembling bridge were between her and the nearest station. Kate Shelley set out to save the train.

The storm that had been gathering for an hour let loose; and her lantern was out with the first blast. Day was gone. There was nothing but blackness and pelting rain as she

set foot on the bridge. The whole structure shook as logs and floating masses of débris were dashed by the mad river against the weakened abutments.

When the wind was strongest she lay down on the bridge



"STOP! STOP! THE LONG BRIDGE IS GONE!"

and held fast to the rails. Then there were breaks in the ties where the helper engine had gone through. She leapt or climbed over these gaps. Her one thought was that only minutes separated her from the time when the express would be due at Moingona.

The bridge passed, only half her task was over. She might better have remained at home if she did not reach Moingona before the express pulled out. Her lantern was gone. In places the track was covered with sticky mud. In other spots there were washouts into which one might fall. Her clothing torn, her knees and hands bleeding, she ran.

Meanwhile the eastbound express had pulled in at Moingona. Only a few passengers alighted and those who did huddled in the protection of the station against the driving rain. The last piece of baggage was on, the engineer had mounted his cab, and his hand was at the throttle waiting for the conductor's signal to start.

Then into the brightness of the headlight Kate Shelley ran, holding up both hands and crying: "Stop! Stop! The long bridge's gone and the helper engine's through!"

She fainted on the track, but the express and its two hundred passengers were saved.

Kate was sixteen years old and strong. She revived in a little while and went back to the river with the engine to bring aid to the two men who were still clinging to the débris about the trestle.

This was her great day. The passengers on the train gave her a substantial purse. The school children of Dubuque presented her with a gold medal. A medal from the State Legislature of Iowa followed, and the same body later gave her five thousand dollars. More funds were raised through subscription in Chicago to pay off a mortgage on the new Shelley home. Kate was enabled to finish a course in Simpson College in Indianola.

She was appointed bill clerk of the State Senate, and in 1904 became station agent at Moingona. In Dubuque Dr. Henry S. Cogswell gave a drinking fountain in her honor, and the new bridge which took the place of the wooden structure over the Des Moines was named after her. . . . Death found her working as station agent at Moingona, near the scene of her courageous action.

QUESTIONS

1. Have you ever seen a river at flood stage? What river?
2. What impression did the rush of the mighty waters make on your mind?
3. What brought Kate Shelley to a realization of her responsibility?
4. Describe her difficulties in crossing the broken trestle.
5. Do you think Kate really risked her life? Explain.
6. Why did she do so?
7. How many lives were saved by her act of heroism?
8. How was she rewarded?
9. Do you think that she thought of reward when she undertook to stop the train?
10. Do you know of a similar act of heroism performed by some one of your acquaintance? Tell about it.

BEYOND ALL THINGS*

GRANTLAND RICE

How we all like to see a real sportsman! The star player may bring forth the plaudits of thousands, but our deepest admiration goes to the man who plays gamely to the end, even in the face of defeat.

"HE played the game" —
What finer epitaph can stand?
Or who can earn a fairer fame
When Time at last has stilled his hand?
Regardless of the mocking roar,
Regardless of the final score,
To fight it out, raw blow for blow,
Until your time has come to go
On out beyond all praise or blame,
Beyond the twilight's purple glow,
Where Fate can write against your name
This closing line for friend or foe;
"He played the game."

"He played the game" —
What more is there that one can say?
What other word might add acclaim
To this lone phrase that rules the fray?
Regardless of the breaks of chance,
Regardless of all circumstance,
To rise above the whims of Fate,
Where dreams at times are desolate,
Where failure seems your final aim

* By permission of the *New York Herald-Tribune.*

And Disappointment is your mate,
Where Life can write in words of flame
This closing line above the gate:
"He played the game."

QUESTIONS

1. How should the real worth of a man be measured?
2. What is the greatest tribute that can be paid to the man who fights to the end in the face of failure?
3. What is meant by "final score"?
4. Do you "play the game" when things go wrong?
5. What is meant by "epitaph"?

A PRAYER *

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

It is my joy in life to find
  At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
  To help me onward with my load.
And since I have no gold to give,
  And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live, —
  God make me worthy of my friends!

QUESTION

In what ways can our friends make it easier for us to "play the game"?

*From *Poems*. By permission of, and by special arrangement with, the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

CAPTAIN SCOTT SAVES A FERRYBOAT*

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Often in an hour of peril persons are not able to think of what should be done. It is at such times that a clear brain stands a man in good stead because the fate of many may depend on prompt action. This is an instance in which the prompt and heroic action of one man saved hundreds of lives.

ONE morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson River ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferryboat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes, until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in mid-river. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams; the women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors.

While she was gathering strength for a further effort, an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point, and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water line in a great V-shaped gash. The next instant a shriek went up from hundreds of throats. Women, with blanched faces, caught terror-stricken children in their arms, while men, crazed with fear, scaled the rails and upper decks to escape the plunging of the overthrown horses.

A moment more, and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the floating ice.

*By special arrangement with The Beacon Press.

Within two hundred yards of both boats, and free of the heaviest ice, steamed the wrecking tug *Reliance* of the Offshore Wrecking Company, making her way cautiously up the New Jersey shore to coal at Weehawken. On her deck forward, sighting the heavy cakes, and calling out cautionary orders to the mate in the pilot house, stood Captain Scott.

When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheelhouse of the ferryboat, he sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the water line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilot house of his own boat, and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath, pushed the nose of the *Reliance* along the rail of the ferryboat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

If he had fallen from a passing cloud, the effect could not have been more startling. Men crowded about him and caught his hands; women sank on their knees and hugged their children; and a sudden peace and stillness possessed every soul on board.

Tearing a life preserver from the man nearest him and throwing it overboard, he backed the coward ahead of him through the swaying mob, ordering the people to stand clear, and forcing the whole mass to the starboard side. The increased weight gradually righted the stricken boat until she regained a nearly even keel.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred, he dropped into the engine room, met the engineer halfway up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets, snatched

up clothes, overalls, cotton waste, and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's cutwater, until the space of each broken plank was replaced, except one. Through and over this space the water still combed, deluging the floors and swashing down between the gratings into the hold.

"Another mattress!" he cried. "Quick! All gone? A blanket, then — carpet — anything! Five minutes more and she'll right herself. Quick, for God's sake!"

It was useless. Everything, even to the oil rags, had been used.

"Your coat, then. Think of the babies, man! Do you hear them?"

Coats and vest were off in an instant; the engineer on his knees bracing the shattered planking, Captain Scott forcing the garments into the splintered openings of the plank.

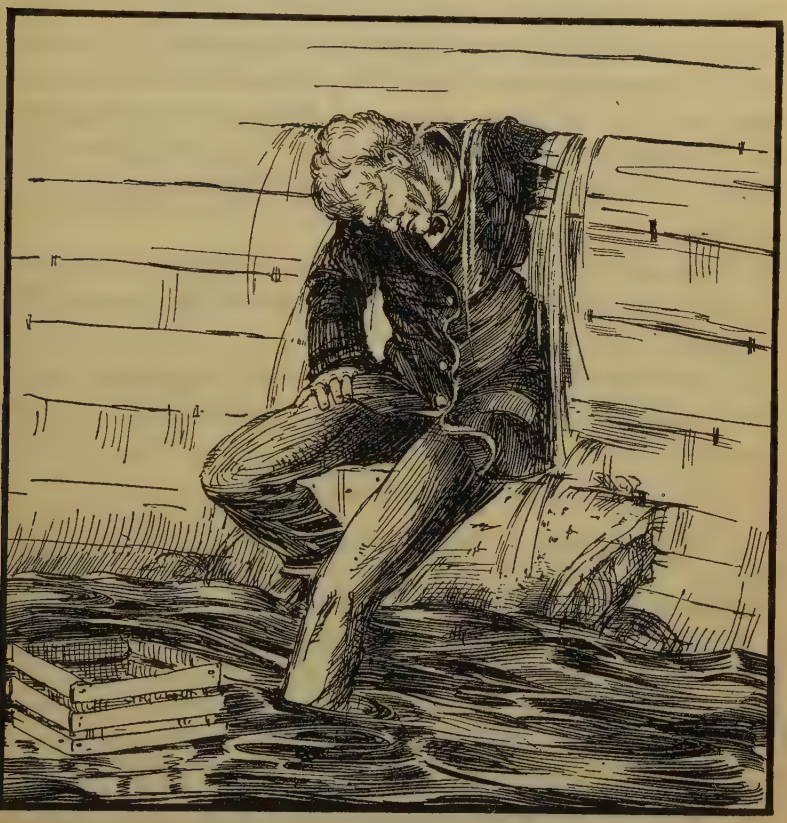
It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be calked out again, and only to rush in once more.

Captain Scott stood for a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall of calking he had so carefully built up, and, before the engineer could protest, forced his own body into the gap, with his arm outside, level with the drifting ice.

An hour later, the disabled ferryboat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

When they lifted the captain from the wreck, he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood,

and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks, he opened his eyes and said to the doctor



CAPTAIN SCOTT FORCED HIS OWN BODY INTO THE GAP.

who was winding the bandages, "Wuz any of them babies hurt?"

A month passed before he regained his strength, and

another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on.

Bit by bit I had wrung this story from him. Another hour of corkscrewing made him remember the log of the *Reliance* locked up in an old trunk in the garret. When the well-thumbed book was found, he perched his glasses on his nose, and began turning the leaves with his rough tholepin of a finger, stopping at every page to remoisten it, and adding a running commentary upon the long-forgotten records.

"Yes, here it is," he said at last. "Knowed I hadn't forgotten it. You can read it yourself; my eyes ain't so good as they wuz."

It reads as follows: "January 30. Left Jersey City 7 A.M. Ice running heavy. Captain Scott stopped leak in ferry-boat."

QUESTIONS

1. Why were there so many people on this boat at such an early hour?
2. Was this accident due to carelessness or not?
3. Why should Captain Scott have risked his life any more than others who saw this accident?
4. Could it be said that he simply did his duty?
5. When is a man called upon to risk his life to save others?
6. How do you know that Captain Scott was a modest man?
7. Can you tell any similar story of a modest hero?
8. What is the "log" of a boat?

JACK BINNS, HERO OF THE REPUBLIC*

FANNY E. COE

The invention of the wireless telegraph has proved a great help to ships at sea. Before this method of sending messages was established a ship could not call for help when in danger. Through the use of the wireless and the radio the terrors of the sea have now been greatly diminished. The story of Jack Binns is only one of the many instances in which rare heroism has been displayed by the men who operate the wireless apparatus of ships.

SEVERAL years ago occurred the most thrilling rescue at sea ever known in marine annals. It was at this time that wireless telegraphy proved to the world its tremendous possibilities for service.

It was the twenty-third of January, 1909. The great White Star liner *Republic* with seven hundred souls on board was groping her way through a dense fog some twenty-six miles south of Nantucket. She had been enveloped in fog ever since leaving New York City some fifteen hours before. Suddenly out of the gloom appeared a huge steamer. Prow on, she dealt the *Republic* an overwhelming blow in the side, and then vanished into the fog.

The terrified passengers rushed on deck to find themselves in total darkness. From the moment of collision, all lights went out on the ship. Captain Sealby spoke to the people, reassuring them; and they bore themselves with great calmness and self-control. Even while the captain

* From *Heroes of Everyday Life*. Copyright, 1911. By permission of the publishers, Ginn and Company.

spoke, the wireless operator, John R. Binns, a young man of twenty-five years, was bending to his work.

The walls of his narrow room had been crushed and a portion of his apparatus wrecked. He could do nothing with his dynamos. But by using his accumulators he began throwing messages over the sea. He told of the sad plight of the *Republic* and called for aid. There, in the darkness, with the ship still reeling from the shock, with the water pouring into the hold, with hundreds of human beings in terror of death on the deck hard by, Jack Binns sounded the distress call: "C.Q.D."; "C.Q.D."; "C.Q.D."

"C.Q.D." is the most important signal in the service. When that call is heard, all the stations drop their work and attend to it alone.

Siasconset, on Nantucket Island, the farthest seaward station on the American coast, heard the call and answered. Immediately she passed on the word to all ships on the sea equipped with the wireless telegraph within two hundred miles. She also informed all land stations within the same radius. In this way two steamships, the White Star liner *Baltic* and the French steamer *La Lorraine*, were turned from their course and directed toward their sister ship in her great peril. The *Lucania* also offered help.

The apparatus on the *Republic* was weak. Binns nursed his power against a time when he might need it more. His machine could send messages only a little over sixty miles. Siasconset caught these messages and repeated them to the hastening ships and to the shore. From the harbors, revenue cutters sped towards Nantucket to see what aid they could

offer. Within half an hour after the accident, thousands knew of what had occurred in the pall of fog out to sea, and help was speeding toward the stricken vessel.

But the *Florida*, the steamship that had rammed the *Republic*, was nearest of all. She had sustained less injury than her victim. Accordingly, on Saturday morning, the passengers of the latter ship were transferred, for greater safety, to the *Florida*. The dangerous task lasted for several hours.

In the meantime, Binns still sat at his post directing, to the best of his ability, the steamers that were searching for the *Republic* in the midst of the enshrouding fog. This was not an easy task. "All the ships for a hundred miles around were inquiring, complaining, ordering, beseeching, bleating, like a flock of sheep. The electric snarl was complete for a time." The *Baltic* reached the neighborhood of the *Republic* at two o'clock on Saturday, but, owing to the fog, it was not until six o'clock that she succeeded in locating the *Republic* definitely.

Tattersall, the Marconi operator on the *Baltic*, "a little slim, red-whiskered Londoner, quick on his feet and as lithe as a cat," said in regard to the search for the *Republic:* "It's the awful nervous strain of striving, always striving, to get the message right, when half a dozen monster batteries are jerking flashes to you at the same time, pounding in your ears, making sparks swarm before your eyes. That's what gets on a man's nerves; that's what makes you next to insane. I hardly knew what to do, with the *Republic* signaling me faintly, so faintly, that it was impossible for me

to make out whether they were saying, 'We are sinking,' or, 'All safe.'"

The batteries had given out on the *Republic*, and for some hours all signaling had been by means of submarine bells.

At six o'clock Saturday night, by orders of Captain Sealby, all the crew left the *Republic*, as it was feared that she might founder in the night. Binns joined Tattersall on the *Baltic*. Tattersall tells of their meeting as follows: "That chap Binns is a rare plucky one, he is. I know him pretty well, you know, but even so, I was astonished when he walked into my cabin Saturday night, after they had taken off the crew of the *Republic*.

"'Hullo!' he said, cool as you please; 'thought I'd see how you were, old chap. Had a brisk sort of a time, didn't we?'

"He told me he never worried after the crash came. 'I worked,' he said, 'because it seemed the easiest thing to do.'"

The next morning Captain Sealby, with a volunteer crew of fifty men, boarded the *Republic*, which was still afloat. Binns obtained some new batteries and returned to his old post. He was there all Sunday. Three vessels undertook the towing of the *Republic*. It was thought she might be beached and so not be a total loss to her owners. But the hope proved vain.

In the early evening the captain ordered the brave volunteers to "abandon ship," and at eight o'clock the *Republic* sank. Binns had clung to his post till ordered off by the captain. One of his brave messages had said: "I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to the end." Binns

kept his word, and his bearing throughout these terrible thirty-eight hours serves as a lofty precedent for all Marconi operators in the future. His "celerity, fidelity, and intelligence have made his name immortal."

A few days later in the halls of Congress a glowing tribute was paid to Binns. One speaker said in closing, "Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells unseen in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. It is an inspiration to all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency and that in human life no danger is so great that some Jack Binns is not ready to face it."

QUESTIONS

1. What accident happened to the *Republic?*
2. Who was Jack Binns?
3. Tell what he did to save the ship.
4. How was he handicapped?
5. Why did the other ships have difficulty in locating the *Republic?*
6. What was its final fate?
7. What was one of Binn's last messages?
8. What tribute was paid the operator in the halls of Congress?

BEN BUCKLEY SAVES THE DENVER FLYER*

FRANK H. SPEARMAN

An act of heroism never fails to touch a responsive chord in our hearts, for we all admire the man who dares to save a life at the risk of his own. The Master must have had such deeds in mind when He said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Such a hero was Ben Buckley, an awkward young lad who saved scores of lives by his clear thinking and quick acting.

IT is a bad grade yet, but before the new work was done on the river division, Beverly Hill was a terror to trainmen.

On rainy Sundays old switchmen in the Zanesville yards still tell in their shanties of the night the Blackwood bridge went out and Cameron's stock train got away on the hill, with the Denver flyer caught at the foot like a rat in a trap.

Ben Buckley was only a big boy then, braking on freights. I was dispatching under Alex Campbell on the West End. Ben was a tall, loose-jointed fellow, but gentle as a kitten; legs as long as pinch bars, yet none too long, running for the Beverly switch that night. His great chum in those days was Andy Cameron. Andy was the youngest engineer on the line. The first time I ever saw them together, Andy, short and chubby as a duck, was dancing around, half-dressed, on the roof of the bathhouse, trying to get away from Ben, who had the fire hose below, playing on him with a two-inch stream of ice water. They were always up to some prank.

June was usually a rush month with us. From the coast we caught the new-crop Japan teas and the fall importations

* From *The Nerve of Foley*. By permission of the publishers, Harper and Brothers.

of China silks. California still sent her fruits, and Colorado was beginning cattle shipments. From Wyoming came sheep, and from Oregon steers; and all these not merely in carloads, but in solid trains. At times we were swamped. The overland traffic alone was enough to keep us busy; on top of it came a great movement of grain from Nebraska that summer, and to crown our troubles a rate war sprang up. Every man, woman, and child east of the Mississippi appeared to have but one object in life — that was to get to California, and to go over our road. The passenger traffic burdened our resources to the last degree.

I was putting on new men every day then. We start them braking on freights; usually they work for years at that before they get a train. But when a train-dispatcher is short on crews he must have them, and can only press the best material within reach. Ben Buckley had not been braking three months when I called him up one day and asked him if he wanted a train.

"Yes, sir, I'd like one first-rate. But you know I haven't been braking very long, Mr. Reed," said he, frankly.

"How long have you been in the train service?"

I spoke brusquely, though I knew, without even looking at my service-card, just how long it was.

"Three months, Mr. Reed."

It was right to a day.

"I'll probably have to send you out on Seventy-seven this afternoon." I saw him stiffen like a ramrod. "You know we're pretty short," I continued.

"Yes, sir."

"But do you know enough to keep your head on your shoulders and your train on your orders?"

Ben laughed a little. "I think I do. Will there be two sections to-day?"

"They're loading eighteen cars of stock at Ogalalla; if we get any hogs off the Beaver there will be two big sections. I shall mark you up for the first one, anyway, and send you out right behind the flyer. Get your badge and your punch from Carpenter — and whatever you do, Buckley, don't get rattled."

"No, sir; thank you, Mr. Reed."

But his "thank you" was so pleasant I couldn't altogether ignore it; I compromised with a cough. Perfect courtesy, even in the hands of the most awkward boy that ever wore his trousers short, is a surprisingly handy thing to disarm gruff people with. Ben was undeniably awkward; his legs were too long, and his trousers decidedly out of touch with his feet; but I turned away with the conviction that in spite of his gawkiness there was something to the boy. That night proved it.

When the flyer pulled in from the West in the afternoon it carried two extra sleepers. In all, there were eight Pullmans, and every one of them loaded to the ventilators. While the train was changing engines and crews, the excursionists swarmed out of the hot cars to walk up and down the platform. They were from New York, and had a band with them — as jolly a crowd as we ever hauled — and I noticed many boys and girls sprinkled among the grown folks.

As the heavy train pulled slowly out the band played, the women waved handkerchiefs, and the boys shouted themselves hoarse — it was like a holiday, everybody seemed so

happy. All I hoped, as I saw the smoke of the engine turn to dust on the horizon, was that I could get them over my division and their lives safely off my hands. For a week we had had heavy rains, and the bridges and track gave us worry.

Half an hour after the flyer left, Seventy-seven, the fast stock-freight, wound like a great snake around the bluff, after it. Ben Buckley, tall and straight as a pine, stood on the caboose. It was his first train, and he looked as if he felt it.

In the evening I got reports of heavy rains east of us, and after Seventy-seven reported "out" of Turner Junction and pulled over the divide toward Beverly, it was storming hard all along the line. By the time they reached the hill Ben had his men out setting brakes — tough work on that kind of a night; but when the big engine struck the bluff, the heavy train was well in hand, and it rolled down the long grades as gently as a curtain.

Ben was none too careful, for halfway down the hill they exploded torpedoes. Through the driving storm the tail lights of the flyer were presently seen. As they pulled carefully ahead, Ben made his way through the mud and rain to the head end and found the passenger train stalled. Just before them was Blackwood Creek, bank full, and the bridge swinging over the swollen stream like a grapevine.

At the foot of Beverly Hill there is a siding — a long siding, once used as a sort of cut-off to the upper Zanesville yards. This side track parallels the main track for half a mile, and on this siding Ben, as soon as he saw the situation, drew in

with his train so that it lay beside the passenger train and left the main line clear behind. It then became his duty to guard the track to the rear, where the second section of the stock train would soon be due.

It was pouring rain and as dark as a pocket. He started his rear-end brakeman back on the run with red lights and torpedoes to warn the second section well up the hill. Then walking across from his caboose, he got under the lee of the rear Pullman sleeper to watch for the expected headlight.

The storm increased in violence. It was not the rain driving in torrents, not the lightning blazing, nor the deafening crashes of thunder, that worried him, but the wind — it blew a gale. In the glare of the lightning he could see the oaks which crowned the bluffs whip like willows in the storm. It swept quartering down the Beverly cut as if it would tear the ties from under the steel. Suddenly he saw, far up in the black sky, a star blazing; it was the headlight of second Seventy-seven.

A whistle cut the wind; then another. It was the signal for brakes; the second section was coming down the steep grade. He wondered how far back his man had got with the bombs. Even as he wondered he saw a yellow flash below the headlight; it was the first torpedo. The second section was already well down the top of the hill. Could they hold it to the bottom?

Like an answer came shorter and sharper the whistle for brakes. Ben thought he knew who was on that engine; thought he knew that whistle — for engineers whistle as differently as they talk. He still hoped and believed —

knowing who was on the engine — that the brakes would hold the heavy load; but he feared —

A man running up in the rain passed him. Ben shouted and held up his lantern; it was his head brakeman.

"Who's pulling second Seventy-seven?" he cried.

"Andy Cameron."

"How many cars has he got?"

"Six or eight," shouted Ben. "It's the wind, Daley — the wind. Andy can hold her if anybody can. But the wind; did you ever see such a blow?"

Even while he spoke the cry for brakes came a third time on the storm.

A frightened Pullman porter opened the rear door of the sleeper. Five hundred people lay in the excursion train, unconscious of this avalanche rolling down upon them.

The conductor of the flyer ran up to Ben in a panic.

"Buckley, they'll telescope us."

"Can you pull ahead any?"

"The bridge is out."

"Get out your passengers," said Ben's brakeman.

"There's no time," cried the passenger conductor wildly, running off. He was panic-stricken. The porter tried to speak. He took hold of the brakeman's arm, but his voice died in his throat; fear paralyzed him. Down the wind came Cameron's whistle clamoring now in alarm. It meant the worst, and Ben knew it. The stock train was running away.

There were plenty of things to do if there was only time; but there was hardly time to think. The passenger crew were running about like men distracted, trying to get the

sleeping travelers out. Ben knew they could not possibly reach a tenth of them. In the thought of what it meant, an inspiration came like a flash.

He seized his brakeman by the shoulder. For two weeks the man carried the marks of his hand.

"Daley!" he cried, in a voice like a pistol crack, "get those two stockmen out of our caboose. Quick, man! I'm going to throw Cameron into the cattle."

It was a chance — single, desperate, but yet a chance — the only chance that offered to save the helpless passengers in his charge.

If he could reach the siding switch ahead of the runaway, he could throw the deadly catapult on the siding and into his own train, and so save the unconscious travelers. Before the words were out of his mouth he started up the track at topmost speed.

The angry wind staggered him. It blew out his lantern, but he flung it away, for he could throw the switch in the dark. A sharp gust tore half his raincoat from his back; ripping off the rest, he ran on. When the wind took his breath he turned his back and fought for another. Blinding sheets of rain poured on him; water streaming down the track caught his feet; a slivered tie tripped him, and, falling headlong, the sharp ballast cut his wrists and knees like broken glass. In desperate haste he dashed ahead again; the headlight loomed before him like a mountain of flame. There was light enough now through the sheets of rain that swept down on him, and there ahead, the train almost on it, was the switch.

Could he make it?

A cry from the sleeping children rose in his heart. Another breath, and instant floundering, a slipping leap, and he had it. He pushed the key into the lock, threw the switch and snapped it, and, to make deadly sure, braced himself against the target rod. Then he looked.

No whistling now; it was past that. He knew the fireman would have jumped. Cameron too? No, not Andy, not if the pit yawned in front of his pilot.

He saw streams of fire flying from many wheels — he felt the glare of a dazzling light — and with a rattling crash the ponies shot into the switch. The bar in his hands rattled as if it would jump from the socket, and, lurching frightfully, the monster took the siding. A flare of lightning lit the cab as it shot past, and he saw Cameron leaning from the cab window, with face of stone, his eyes riveted on the gigantic drivers that threw a sheet of fire from the sanded rails.

"Jump!" screamed Ben, useless as he knew it was. What voice could live in that awful noise? What man could escape from that cab now?

One, two, three, four cars pounded over the split rails in half as many seconds. Ben, running dizzily for life to the right, heard above the roar of the storm and screech of the sliding wheels a ripping, tearing crash, the harsh scrape of escaping steam, the hoarse cries of the wounded cattle. And through the dreadful dark and the fury of the babel the wind howled in a gale and the heavens poured a flood.

Trembling from excitement and exhaustion, Ben staggered down the main track. A man with a lantern ran against him; it was the brakeman who had been back with the torpedoes; he was crying hysterically.

They stumbled over a body. Seizing the lantern, Ben turned the prostrate man over and wiped the mud from his face. Then he held the lantern close, and gave a great cry. It was Andy Cameron — unconscious, true, but soon very much alive, and no worse than badly bruised. How the good God who watches over plucky engineers had thrown him out from the horrible wreckage only He knew. But there Andy lay; and with a lighter heart Ben headed a wrecking crew to begin the task of searching for any who might by fatal chance have been caught in the crash.

And while the trainmen of the freights worked at the wreck, the passenger train was backed slowly — so slowly and smoothly — up over the switch and past, over the hill and past, and so to Turner Junction, and around by Oxford to Zanesville.

When the sun rose, the earth glowed in the freshness of its June shower bath. The flyer, now many miles from Beverly Hill, was speeding in toward Omaha, and mothers waking their little ones in the berths told them how close death had passed while they slept. The little girls did not quite understand it, though they were very grateful to That Man, whom they never saw and whom they would never see. But the little boys — never mind the little boys — they understood it, to the youngest urchin on the train, and fifty times their papas had to tell them how far Ben ran and how fast to save their lives. And one little boy — I wish I knew his name — went with his papa to the depot master at Omaha when the flyer stopped, and gave him his toy watch, and asked him please to give it to That Man who had saved

his mamma's life by running so far in the rain, and please tell him how much obliged he was — if he would be so kind.

So the little toy watch came to our superintendent, and so to me; and I, sitting at Cameron's bedside, talking the wreck over with Ben, gave it to him; and the big fellow looked as pleased as if it had been a jeweled chronometer; indeed, that was the only medal Ben got.

The truth is we had no gold medals to distribute out on the West End in those days. We gave Ben the best we had, and that was a passenger run. But he is a great fellow among the railroad men. And on stormy nights switchmen in the Zanesville yards, smoking in their shanties, still tell of that night, that storm, and how Ben Buckley threw second Seventy-seven at the foot of Beverly Hill.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was Beverly Hill a terror to all trainmen?
2. Why was traffic so heavy during the month of June?
3. Describe Ben Buckley and tell how he happened to be given a train.
4. What made the railroad official feel that he could trust Ben?
5. Why was the Denver Flyer held up?
6. Describe the storm.
7. How did Ben's level head and long legs serve him in the time of need?
8. How was the passenger train saved?
9. Would Ben have sacrificed the life of his friend Cameron if necessary? Why?
10. What medal did Ben receive?
11. How do you think he felt about it?
12. How was he regarded by his fellow trainmen?

THE PERILS OF THE TUNNEL*

GUSTAV KOBBÉ

When admiring crowds are looking on and cheering, it helps one to be brave and strong, but true courage is shown when the test is unseen by others. In this story a real hero died to save his fellow workmen in a tunnel where no one else witnessed his brave deed. When you have read this account, you will agree that it took courage of a high degree to make this sacrifice.

AN enterprise that attracted wide attention at the time was the attempt to tunnel the Hudson River between Jersey City and New York. It was of the first importance to commerce, for it would afford direct access to New York to the railroads having their termini on the New Jersey side of the river. It involved a novel and difficult feat of engineering, and for the public it had the added fascination of danger.

The veriest layman appreciated the peril in which the workmen would be the moment the tunnel penetrated beyond shore under the river's bed. Night and day would be one to them; above them the great fleet of steamers, tugs, ferryboats, and sailing craft of all kinds would pass and repass; over them, as they dug and picked and hammered and welded down there in the depth and the darkness, would roll the billows of one of the great waterways of the western hemisphere. What would be between them and this ever-threatening flood? At the extreme end, where the work was being extended under the bed of the river, there was a mere

* By permission of the *Century Magazine*.

shell of silt and mud and ooze, sustained by compressed air — a device as yet untried in exactly this kind of work, and considered by some engineering authorities of doubtful value. If these doubts proved true, if that thin shell gave way, the Hudson River would pour in upon the men in the tunnel, and they would be drowned like rats in a hole. It was man against nature, with nature represented by a great river directly overhead.

Into this narrow tube of brick and iron under the bed of the river the workmen descended in shifts of twenty-eight each, at intervals of eight hours. They knew that every time they entered the tunnel they took their lives in their hands; but each shift took the chance that the accident, if any, would happen to the others.

One midnight twenty-eight men went into the tunnel. Only seven came out alive. They owed their escape to the fact that of the twenty-one who perished, one deliberately sacrificed his life to save theirs.

In order to understand just what took place at that time, it is necessary to know how work was carried on in the tunnel. It was begun on the New Jersey side of the river. Here a deep circular well was sunk. The men descended into this, and passed from it into the tunnel through an air lock, designed to prevent the escape of compressed air from the tunnel, and also to equalize the pressure of air for the men as they entered or left it. The air lock was filled with or emptied of compressed air according as the men were to enter or to leave the tunnel, just as a canal lock is filled or emptied according as a boat is to be raised or lowered.

This air lock was a cylindrical chamber of heavy iron, fifteen feet long and six feet in diameter, closed at each end by massive doors swinging inward toward the tunnel, as otherwise the air pressure would have forced them open, with the result that the compressed air would have escaped and the roof of the tunnel have fallen in.

The men having entered the air lock from the shaft, the door was closed upon them, and before the door at the tunnel end was opened the lock was slowly filled with compressed air until the pressure was equal to that in the tunnel, which the men were then prepared to enter. The work had been pushed forward several hundred feet.

The braces, aided by an air pressure of twenty pounds to the square inch, had so far sufficed to support the iron roof plates, and there had been no accident. But there was one point of danger. Where the iron roof plates and the wall of the shaft came together near the tunnel end of the air lock, the joining was not fairly plumb. A watch was supposed to be constantly maintained there. Leaks had been discovered, but had been quickly stopped with clay, of which there was plenty in the bottom of the tunnel.

One midnight a shift of men went down the shaft as usual, entered the air lock, remained there the customary length of time, and then went into the tunnel. They were in charge of a foreman named Peter Woodland, a Dane, who had been in this country nine years, and had been employed at the tunnel since the beginning of the work. At half past four in the morning some of the men prepared to go up for lunch. At that time the danger point must have remained unguarded for a fatal interval.

Suddenly there was a sound like the blowing off of steam. Woodland sprang to the spot, crying: "Back, men, and stop the leak!"

But where a moment before there had been a hole that might have been stopped with a pinch of clay, there now was a rapidly widening gap. Under it stood Peter Woodland. The foul bottom of the river was pouring in upon him; ooze and slime were blinding him; he felt the water rising about his feet. One step would have taken him safely into the air lock; of all the men, he was nearest safety. He did not move toward it. Standing there by the entrance, he shouted: "Quick, boys! Get into the lock!"

But he did not lead the retreat. As each man came along, he pushed and shoved him through the rising ooze and water into the air lock. Seven men had passed him. As he was helping the eighth, the iron roof plates gave way, felled the man in the doorway, and pinned the door against him. Several men inside the air lock grasped the prostrate man and tried to draw him in. He was dead, and pinned fast.

The heavy iron plates against the door made it impossible to open this, and the man's body in the doorway made it impossible to close it by a few inches. Through this narrow space water began pouring from the tunnel into the air lock. Escape had been cut off for Woodland and the twenty men behind him, and the men in the air lock were in danger of drowning; for the compressed air which entered it from the tunnel made it impossible for them to open the inward-swinging door at the other end.

"Take off your clothes and stop up the doorway!" shouted Woodland, who was now above his waist in water.

The men in the air lock stripped themselves and thrust their clothing into the crack. The air lock was now half full of water, and while the inflow was checked, it was not wholly stopped. This water and the pressure of the air made their frantic efforts to tear open the door at the shaft end of the lock still unavailing.

There was a bull's-eye in each door. The man nearest the door leading into the tunnel was attracted by a sound, and, looking, saw Woodland peering at him through the bull's-eye. The water was up to his armpits. Beyond him were blurred, watery heads. Then he heard Woodland's voice: "Break open the outside bull's-eye!"

The men in the air lock were not cowards; it had required a certain degree of courage to work in the tunnel. They knew if they knocked out the bull's-eye, and the air escaped through it, their chances of tearing open the door would be improved; but they also knew that with the outrush of air from the lock and the tunnel the roof about the leak would come crashing down, and the last desperate chance for Woodland and his twenty hemmed-in men be gone.

They hesitated. Woodland must have noticed their hesitation, for he called: "Knock it out! It's your only chance!" Then for the first time his voice wavered as he added, "And if you are saved, try and do what you can for the rest of us!"

They smashed the bull's-eye, and tore at the door. At the same time they felt pressure applied from the outside. The door yielded slightly. The water began pouring out of the lock into the shaft. Relieved of this weight and of the air pressure, the door swung in, and seven nude and terrified

men were literally shot into the shaft, where the water gained upon them so rapidly that they had to take to the ladder for safety. The caving in of a shed near the water's edge had given warning to two men above that something was wrong below. They had hurried down the shaft, and had reached the air lock just as the bull's-eye was smashed.

The nine men paused at the brink of the shaft. As they looked down into it, and then cast a glance at the river, they saw that both were on a level. The water of the Hudson had filled the tunnel and the air lock, and risen in the shaft to the height of the tide. That the twenty-one men in the tunnel had met their doom there could be no doubt.

Before Woodland came to this country he had been a sailor. For nine years he had been employed, chiefly in bridge building, by the superintendent of the tunnel work. Once before, while working on a bridge at Little Rock, Arkansas, he had had a chance to show his grit. Part of the structure was carried away by a flood during a savage electric storm. Woodland, by staying while most of the others fled, saved much of the remaining portion. One of his arms was partially paralyzed by the lightning that played about the iron trestles at the height of the storm; but he only smiled at those who had sought safety, and stuck to his post.

To appreciate fully what Peter Woodland did in the tunnel disaster, one must recall for an instant the circumstances under which he met his death. It was not on the field of battle. There was no trumpet call, no hurrah from a thousand throats to urge him on, no surging army to carry him to the front with its own momentum, no flag flashing in the

sun to stir his soul — not one of those dramatic effects that sometimes lift a man out of himself and inspire him to play a part, with the world for an audience.

This catastrophe was shrouded in gloom. About it there was not one touch of the dramatic to inspire heroism. Peter Woodland stood in a tunnel under the bed of a great river. In that bed above him was an ever-widening gap through which the river was pouring in upon him. There was one step between him and safety. He never took it; for there were men — *his* men — behind him!

And so he stood there by the air-lock door, helping one after another in, till the crash came. Then, under circumstances that would have converted almost any man into a tiger fighting for his life, he coolly, to his dying breath, directed the men he had helped into the air lock how to save themselves. Weighing well all these things, I say deliberately that Peter Woodland, a plain man but little above his own workingmen in rank, performed an act of heroism as sublime as any of which the history of the world contains a record.

QUESTIONS

1. In what way were these men exposed to danger?
2. Do you know of any great undertakings that men have risked their lives to accomplish?
3. Have they been worth the risk of human lives? Explain your answer.
4. Which requires more courage, to die as this man died or to die on the field of battle? Why?
5. Name some other "heroes of Peace."

HEROES WHO FIGHT FIRE*

JACOB RIIS

Many think of firemen as men who wear uniforms resplendent with brass buttons and sit around the doors of buildings laughing and joking and living a lazy sort of life. Occasionally the newspapers carry a story of the heroism of a fireman in saving some one from a burning building, and then the public wakes up to the fact that the life of a fireman is not a life of ease and pleasure but a life devoted to sacrifice and danger. The men who form the fire companies must be strong, full of courage, ready to risk life itself in discharge of duty.

In the days referred to in this story horses were used to draw fire apparatus. They were among the finest and best of their kind.

DAY and night a fireman leads a kind of hair-trigger life, that feeds naturally upon excitement, even if only as a relief from the irksome idling in quarters. Try as they may to give him enough to do there, the time hangs heavily upon his hands, keyed up as he is, and need be, to adventurous deeds at shortest notice.

In the midst of it all the gong strikes a familiar signal. The horses' hoofs thunder on the planks; with a leap the men go down the shining pole to the main floor, all else forgotten; and with crash and clatter and bang the heavy engine swings into the street, and races away on a wild gallop, leaving a trail of fire behind.

Presently the crowd sees rubber-coated, helmeted men with pipe and hose go through a window from which such dense smoke pours forth that it seems incredible that a hu-

* From *Children of the Tenements*. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

man being could breathe it for a second and live. The hose is dragged squirming over the sill, where shortly a red-eyed face with dishevelled hair appears, to shout something hoarsely to those below, which they understand. Then, unless some emergency arise, the spectacular part of the fire-fighting is over.

Could the citizen whose heart beat as he watched them enter see them now, he would see grimy shapes, very unlike the fine-looking men who but just now had roused his admiration, crawling on hands and knees, with their noses close to the floor if the smoke be very dense, ever pointing the "pipe" in the direction where the enemy is expected to appear. The fire is the enemy; but he can fight that, once he reaches it, with something of a chance. The smoke kills without giving him a show to fight back. Long practice toughens him against it, until he learns the trick of "eating the smoke." He can breathe where a candle goes out for want of oxygen.

By holding his mouth close to the nozzle, he gets what little air the stream of water brings with it and sets free; and within a few inches of the floor there is nearly always a current of air. In the last emergency, there is the hose that he can follow out. The smoke always is his worst enemy. It lays ambushes for him which he can suspect, but not ward off. He tries to, by opening vents in the roof as soon as the pipemen are in place and ready; but in spite of all precautions, he is often surprised by the dreaded back-draught.

I remember standing in front of a burning Broadway store, one night, when the back-draught blew out the whole front without warning. It is simply an explosion of gases gener-

ated by the heat, which must have vent, and go upon the line of least resistance, up, or down, or in a circle — it does not much matter, so that they go. It swept shutters, windows, and all, across Broadway, in this instance, like so much chaff, littering the street with heavy rolls of cloth. The crash was like a fearful clap of thunder. Men were knocked down on the opposite sidewalk, and two teams of engine horses, used to almost any kind of happening at a fire, ran away in a wild panic.

It was a blast of that kind that threw down and severely injured Battalion Chief M'Gill, one of the oldest and most experienced of firemen, at a fire on Broadway in March, 1890; and it has cost more brave men's lives than the fiercest fire that ever raged. The "puff," as the firemen call it, comes suddenly, and from the corner where it is least expected. It is dread of that, and of getting overcome by the smoke generally, which makes firemen go always in couples or more together. They never lose sight of one another for an instant, if they can help it. If they do, they go at once in search of the lost. The delay of a moment may prove fatal to him.

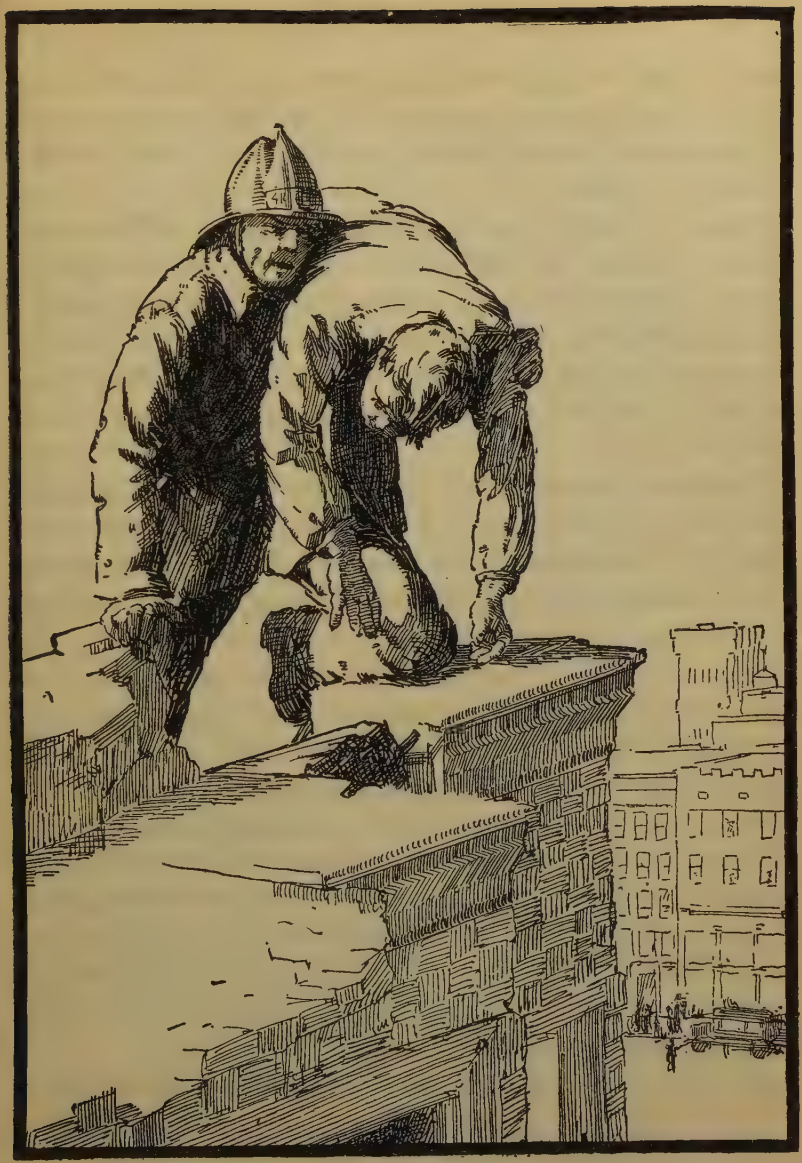
Lieutenant Samuel Banta of the Franklin Street company, discovering the pipe that had just been held by Fireman Quinn at a Park Place fire thrashing aimlessly about, looked about him, and saw Quinn floating on his face in the cellar, which was running full of water. He had been overcome, had tumbled in, and was then drowning, with the fire raging above and alongside. Banta jumped in after him, and endeavored to get his head above water.

While thus occupied, he glanced up, and saw the prelim-

inary puff of the back-draught bearing down upon him. The lieutenant dived at once, and tried to pull his unhappy pipeman with him; but he struggled and worked himself loose. From under the water Banta held up a hand, and it was burnt. He held up the other, and knew that the puff had passed when it came back unsinged. Then he brought Quinn out with him; but it was too late. Caught between flood and fire, he had no chance. When I asked the lieutenant about it, he replied simply: "The man in charge of the hose fell into the cellar. I got him out; that was all." "But how?" I persisted. "Why, I went down through the cellar," said the lieutenant, smiling, as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world.

It was this same Banta who, when Fireman David H. Soden had been buried under the falling walls of a Pell Street house, crept through a gap in the basement wall, in among the fallen timbers, and, in imminent peril of his own life, worked there with a hand-saw two long hours to free his comrade, while the firemen held the severed timbers up with ropes to give him a chance. Repeatedly, while he was at work, his clothes caught fire, and it was necessary to keep playing hose upon him. But he brought out his man safe and sound, and, for the twentieth time perhaps, had his name recorded on the roll of merit.

His comrades tell how, at one of the twenty, the fall of a building in Hall Place had left a workman lying on a shaky piece of wall, helpless, with a broken leg. It could not bear the weight of a ladder, and it seemed certain death to attempt to reach him, when Banta, running up a slanting beam that still hung to its fastening with one end, leaped from perch to perch upon the wall, where hardly a goat could have



BANTA BROUGHT HIM DOWN SLUNG OVER ONE SHOULDER.

found footing, reached his man, and brought him down slung over his shoulder, and swearing at him like a trooper lest the peril of the descent cause him to lose his nerve and with it the lives of both.

Firemen dread cellar fires more than any other kind, and with reason. It is difficult to make a vent for the smoke, and the danger of drowning is added to that of being smothered when they get fairly to work. If a man is lost to sight or touch of his fellows there for ever so brief a while, there are five chances to one that he will never again be seen alive.

Then there ensues such a fight as the city witnessed only last May at the burning of a Chambers Street paper-warehouse. It was fought out deep underground, with fire and flood, freezing cold and poisonous gases, leagued against Chief Bonner's forces. Next door was a cold-storage house, whence the cold. Something that was burning — I do not know that it was ever found out just what — gave forth the smothering fumes before which the firemen went down in squads. File after file staggered out into the street, blackened and gasping, to drop there. The near engine-house was made into a hospital, where the senseless men were laid on straw hastily spread. Ambulance surgeons worked over them. As fast as they were brought to, they went back to bear a hand in the work of rescue. In delirium they fought to return. Down in the depths one of their number was lying helpless.

There is nothing finer in the records of glorious war than

the story of the struggle these brave fellows kept up for hours against tremendous odds for the rescue of their comrade. Time after time they went down into the pit of deadly smoke, only to fail. Lieutenant Banta tried twice and failed. Fireman King was pulled up senseless, and having been brought round went down once more. Fireman Sheridan returned empty-handed, more dead than alive. John O'Connell, of Truck No. 1, at length succeeded in reaching his comrade and tying a rope about him, while from above they drenched both with water to keep them from roasting. They drew up a dying man; but John G. Reinhardt dead is more potent than a whole crew of firemen alive. The story of the fight for his life will long be told in the engine-houses of New York, and will nerve the Kings and the Sheridans and the O'Connells of another day to like deeds.

QUESTIONS

1. Are you personally acquainted with a fireman? If so, ask him to tell you something of his experiences at fires.
2. What is the source of greatest danger to a fireman?
3. How has he learned to combat this?
4. Explain and give an example of the back-draught.
6. Relate some acts of heroism performed by Lieutenant Banta.
7. Do you think firemen consider themselves heroes?
8. Why do they take such risks?
9. Tell of an act of heroism performed by a fireman in your city.
10. Would you like to be a fireman? Why?

QUEEN OF THE WATERS*

WALTER TRUMBULL

To rise in one day's time from a position of comparative obscurity to become the most-talked-of girl in the world was the unusual experience of Gertrude Ederle. And it was no accidental happening or strange freak of the world's newspapers. It was, as you will see by this story, sheer pluck and iron nerve that won for Gertrude Ederle the title of "Queen of the Waters."

NAPOLEON, son of an obscure lawyer, rose to be an emperor. This is the story of a butcher's daughter who grew up to be a queen.

For when Gertrude Ederle, of the Amsterdam Avenue Ederles of New York City, shook the cold, gray mantle of the English Channel from her sturdy shoulders and walked out upon the white Dover sands, she rose to royalty. A waiting world hailed her as Queen of the Waters, the greatest distance swimmer, man or woman, of whom there was record.

Football and baseball players, champion pugilists and runners have the roar of the crowd to stimulate flagging energy or as an incentive to victory. There is a tonic in the enthusiasm of thousands of spectators which quickens the spirit and gives tired muscles fresh endurance. Most players do their best before packed stands.

Gertrude Ederle had no such aid to glory. The voices of the few persons on the accompanying tugs were faint in that wilderness of water. Her main encouragement was the thin notes of a phonograph, playing a popular tune.

Yet this nineteen-year-old girl faced an adversary mighty

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enough to twist and tear the steel of ships, an enemy capable of blows beside which the pounding of a trip-hammer is less than the falling of a butterfly's wing. She battled a foe stronger than an army with banners, but, like that one who crossed the Rubicon, she came and saw and conquered. She not only conquered the Channel, but she did it on her second attempt and broke the time record for the swim by almost two hours.

At nine minutes after seven o'clock on an August morning, before women of leisure had risen from soft beds to take warm and scented baths and make a leisurely breakfast, this young American girl, smeared with half an inch of unpleasant grease to keep the warmth of life in her body and wearing goggles to keep the briny water from irritating her eyes to the point of blindness, waded into the icy waters which sweep against the rocks of Griz Nez and grimly struck out for the distant shore of England. Twenty miles of water lay between her and her goal — twenty miles of water that sweeping tides and whirling currents were apt to make half as long again! One small girl was going forth to battle the protecting belt which has ever been among the main defenses of the British Isles; one small girl, an atom on the heaving bosom of the sea.

There is no better place than midchannel for a swimmer to contemplate the insignificance of humankind. It is bleak beyond words and lonely beyond imagining. Melancholy broods out there. Despondency, like some huge bird, smothers the spirit with its sable wings. Nothing seems to matter. The impulse is to cease all effort and drift, as a derelict drifts, with the wind and tides. It takes a stout body to

keep on, and a stouter heart. That sullen, treacherous, frigid, malevolent body of water proved an insurmountable bar to the ambitions of Napoleon, the emperor, but finally yielded to the skill and courage of Gertrude Ederle, the queen.

It always was maintained that no woman ever would swim the Channel. No woman was supposed to have the strength or the stubborn courage necessary for this feat, which just about touches the limit of human endeavor. It remained for Gertrude Ederle to prove the fallacy of this idea and to demonstrate that in this branch of sport women are the equals of men.

History tells of only seven men who ever have swum the Channel, although many of the foremost swimmers of the world have tried and failed. Captain Matthew Webb, of Eastbourne, England, was the first. Fifty-one years ago he swam from Dover Sands to Sangatte Beach. He, as Miss Ederle did, accomplished the crossing on his second attempt and swam an estimated distance of thirty-nine miles. It took him twenty-two hours and forty-five minutes and he deserves extra credit for the feat, not only because he was the first, but because modern swimming methods were then unknown.

It was not until thirty-one years later that Thomas W. Burgess, Miss Ederle's trainer, made the crossing on his nineteenth attempt. He traveled about the same distance as Webb in ten minutes less time.

The next three men who made the swim all did it in the same season, 1923. That year the Channel must have been in a sleepy, peaceful mood. Henry Sullivan, of Lowell,

Massachusetts, swam from Dover to Cape Griz Nez, in twenty-seven hours and twenty-three minutes. Sebastian Tiraboschi, from Buenos Aires, made the crossing in sixteen hours and twenty-three minutes (it was his record that Miss Ederle broke), and the third, Charles Toth, of Boston, in sixteen hours and fifty-four minutes, on his twelfth attempt. The last two swam from Cape Griz Nez to Dover.

By mid-September of 1926, however, three more had swum the Channel: Mrs. Clemington Corson, Ernest Vierkoetter, and Georges Michel, a Frenchman, the last in eleven hours, five minutes, thus making the world record.

When Trudie Ederle was born in the apartment over her father's butcher shop, friends may have remarked that she was a fine healthy-looking baby, but it is doubtful whether the most enthusiastic of them prophesied that she would grow up to be a champion of the world. There probably was not a great deal of fuss made over her, because two children had already come to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ederle and three more followed. The Ederles did not believe in spoiling the younger generation, and Gertrude learned to do her share of the work.

When she was eight years old the family had a summer place at Atlantic Highlands, and it was at this age and on the New Jersey coast that her father taught Trudie to swim. She must have learned rapidly for at ten she won a fifty-yard race. Two years later she so impressed Miss Catherine Brown, who saw her while giving a diving exhibition, that she took the child to the Women's Swimming Association in New York, the largest organization of its kind in the world.

Now while Miss Ederle established the water supremacy of women in her Channel swim, she made that swim because of a man. When Miss Brown brought her to the Women's Swimming Association she attracted the attention of L. de B. Handley. He taught her the eight-beat crawl, the stroke with which she made her record-breaking swim. Her housework and her studies in and out of school occupied her days, and it was only in the evenings that she could come to the pool. Sometimes she was so tired that she had to drive herself to practice, but here is where she showed the first signs of championship caliber. No matter how weary she might be, she stuck stubbornly to her job of learning the game. Her reward was that at the age of fifteen she took her place among the greatest swimmers in the world. Her name was unnoticed among the entries for the international three-and-one-half-mile swim for the Day Cup, held in New York Bay; but she led home fifty-one rivals, including Helen Wainwright and Hilda James. A month later she broke five world's records. From that time on, her triumphs were legion and she was recognized as the greatest of woman swimmers. Her speed was startling and her stamina unbelievable. She is only five feet five inches in height, but she weighs 140 pounds and has muscles of steel. Out of the water she is just a wholesome, sturdy, brown-eyed, bobbed-haired girl, with the ordinary desires of her age for good times and a liking for the ukelele. In the water she is a marvel, a champion of champions.

Luck plays a big part in Channel swims. Swimmers have failed almost within touching distance of the goal because

of adverse conditions, of currents, fog, tides, or sudden storms. We must grant that Lady Luck smiled on Gertrude Ederle. Otherwise she never would have come unaided, fresh and strong, to the shore of England. When she entered the water at Griz Nez the weather conditions were all that could be asked. The sea was smooth and the temperature of the water was almost sixty-two degrees, which is extraordinarily warm for the Channel. But such conditions were too good to last. By noon a wind had stirred the water to choppy waves, and a few hours later such a heavy rain fell that the decks of the tugs were almost untenable. So bad was the weather and so tempestuous the sea that at one time her trainer, old Bill Burgess, wished to take her from the water, but her sister Margaret insisted that she be permitted to go on. She herself never considered giving up. She was paced at various times by her sister, Isak Helmy, the Egyptian, Lillian Cannon, and Louis Timson. The pounding of the seas wore out her pacemakers, but Miss Ederle kept on although sometimes forced to a slower stroke. Night was coming on when the lights of Dover began to flash through the rain. She herself said that she almost might have been asleep until she saw the lights and the bonfires which had been built on the shore.

She was forced to battle high waves and to fight the wind to within a few hundred yards of the beach, but up to the last her stroke was strong and unfaltering. The only nourishment she had during all those fourteen hours in the water was beef extract, which was lowered to her in a bottle on a string.

It must have been a great moment in Gertrude Ederle's life when the water shallowed to the point where her feet found the sands of England beneath them. Wading ashore, she removed her bathing-cap and waved it at the crowd of about a thousand which had gathered on the beach to meet her. It was small wonder that she was happy for she had accomplished the ambition of her life and done what no woman had ever done before.

Her challenge to the Channel came under the head of pure sport. There was no promotor to hand her a certified check as she stepped ashore. She swam for glory of accomplishment and love of the game. Hers was a great sporting feat.

Every time a swimmer engages in a bout with the Channel the odds are all against success, life itself may be the stake, and, in case of defeat, there is no consolation prize.

QUESTIONS

1. Why is swimming the English Channel considered such a supreme test of one's ability?
2. How many people have now accomplished this feat?
3. How does luck play a part in Channel swimming?
4. What was the swimmer's outlook from mid-channel.
5. What record had Gertrude Ederle made before her great triumph?
6. How had she shown her championship caliber?
7. What traits of character made it possible for "Trudie" to win out?
8. Why was Gertrude Ederle's victory a great sporting event?

THE SILVER MINE*

Selma Lagerlöf

Every one should have the desire and the ability to get as much of the world's goods as he can honestly, and without oppressing the poor. But riches are not worth while at the sacrifice of health, or of contentment, or of peace with one's fellowmen. There is such a thing as happiness in wealth, and there is such a thing as misery in wealth. In this story we learn that brave hearts and clean lives are better than gold.

King Gustav the Third[1] was making a hurried trip through Dalarna. Though the horses seemed to be fairly skimming the ground, the King was dissatisfied. He leaned out of the window continually urging the driver to make haste, and his courtiers expected any minute that the royal coach or harness would break.

Finally the carriage tongue did indeed break. The courtiers leaped from the coach and after a hasty inspection said that it would be impossible to continue the journey without repairs. Anxious for the King's entertainment, they asked him if he would not like to attend the services in a little church which could be seen a short distance ahead.

The King agreed, and stepping into one of the other carriages, drove to the church. For hours he had been riding through large tracts of forest, so he was the more delighted to come out in view of green fields and small hamlets. The Dalelven sparkled forth, as it glided between masses of graceful willows.

* From *Short Stories of Various Types*. Copyright, 1920. By permission of the publishers, The Charles E. Merrill Company. Translated by C. F. Carlson.

[1] King of Sweden, from 1771 to 1792.

The King, however, was unable to attend the service, for just as he stepped from the carriage to the churchyard, the sexton was ringing the bell for the closing. The worshippers came filing out of the church. As they passed the King, where he stood with one foot on the carriage step, he was impressed with their stalwart bearing and sturdy, wholesome appearance.

On the preceding day the King had remarked to his courtiers upon the poverty of the country they were passing through. "Apparently now," he said, "I am driving through the poorest section of my domain." When he saw these people, however, he forgot about the poverty of the country. His heart warmed within him and he said to himself, "The Swedish King is not in such poor circumstances as some of his enemies would believe. As long as my subjects remain as fine and wholesome as these are, I shall be able to defend successfully my crown and my land."

Then he commanded a courtier to tell the people that the stranger among them was their King, and that he wished them to gather around in order that he might address them.

He spoke to them, standing upon the top step that led into the sanctuary, and the step upon which he stood may be found there to this day.

The King first told his people how matters stood within the kingdom. Sweden had been attacked by both Russia and Denmark. Under ordinary circumstances this would not be alarming, but at present the army was so filled with traitors that he could hardly depend on it. He saw, therefore, no alternative but to go out himself to the small towns and ask his subjects whether they wished to side with the

traitors or were willing to help the King with soldiers and money to save the Fatherland.

While he was making this earnest appeal, the sturdy peasants stood attentively before him, making no comment, nor giving any sign as to whether they agreed or not. Now the King had felt inwardly pleased at the forcefulness of his own appeal, so when the men stood silent, unable to give their answer, he frowned and showed his disappointment.

The farmers understood that the King was impatient for their reply, and at length one stepped forward. "Now you must know, King Gustav," he said, "that we were not expecting a visit from our King here to-day. We are therefore not prepared to answer you immediately. I would suggest that you go into the sanctuary and speak with our minister while we discuss among ourselves this matter which you have presented to us."

The King, perceiving that no better solution was possible, decided to take the farmer's advice.

When he entered the study, he found no one there except an old farmer. He was tall and rough, with hands large and horny from hard work. He wore neither robe nor collar, but only leather breeches and a long white homespun coat, like the other peasants. He arose and bowed as the King entered.

"I believed that I should meet the minister here," said the King.

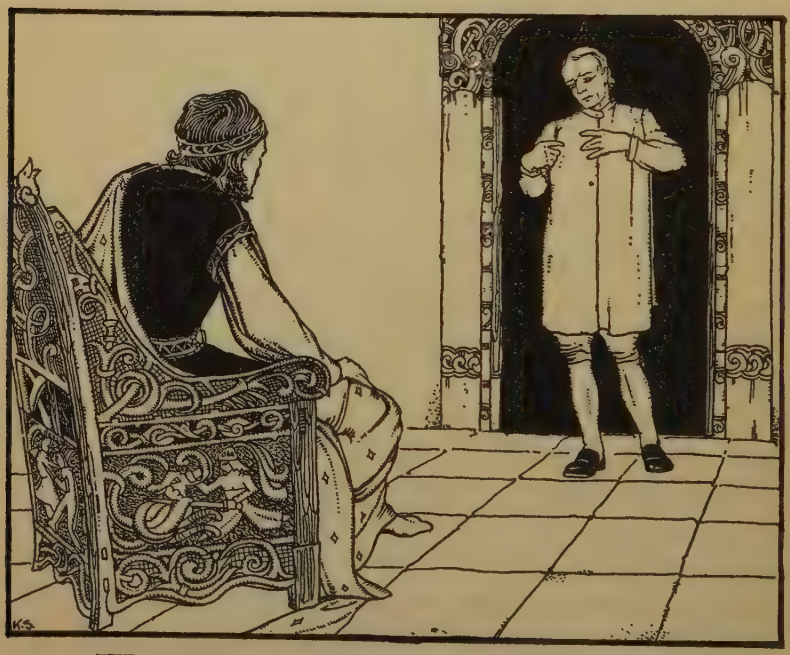
The other reddened with embarrassment, for he realized that it might be annoying to the King to be told that he had mistaken the minister for a farmer.

"Yes," he admitted, "the pastor is usually found here."

The King seated himself in a large armchair that stood

in the study at that time, and which still stands there with a single change; the congregation has placed upon the back a gold crown.

"Have you a good minister here?" asked the King, wishing to show interest in the people's welfare.



THE KING SEATED HIMSELF IN A LARGE ARMCHAIR.

When the King questioned him thus, the pastor felt that it was impossible to admit who he was. He decided that it was better to let the King think he was only a farmer, so he answered: "The minister is fair; he preaches the clear word of God, and he tries to live as he preaches."

The King thought this a good recommendation. His sharp ear, however, had detected a certain hesitation in the

tone of the man. He said, therefore, "It sounds, though, as if you are not entirely satisfied with your pastor."

"He may be a bit hardheaded," said the other, thinking inwardly, "If the King should later discover who I am, he will realize that I did not pour compliments over myself." He decided, therefore, to come out with a bit of criticism. "There be those who would say that the minister is inclined to want to be the ruler in this hamlet," he continued.

"Then he has surely directed and managed everything in the best possible way," said the King. He was not pleased to have the farmer finding fault with some one placed over him. "It appears to me that everything here is ruled by good habit and old-fashioned simplicity."

"The people are good," said the minister, "because they live in a remote place in isolation and poverty. The people here would probably be no better than others if the trials and temptations of the world came nearer to them."

"There is little chance that this will happen," said the King with a shrug of his shoulders.

He said nothing further but began drumming on the table with his fingers. He felt that he had exchanged enough words with this farmer, and wondered when the people would be ready with their answer.

"Those peasants are not very eager about coming to their King with aid," he thought. "If my coach were only ready, I would drive away from them and their deliberations."

The minister, deeply troubled, strove within himself as to how he should act on an important question that must be settled quickly. He felt glad that he had not told the King who he was, for now he could discuss matters that otherwise he would have been unable to bring forward.

After a time he broke the embarrassing silence by asking the King if it really were true that enemies were besieging them and their kingdom was in danger.

The King, feeling that this person should have sense enough to leave him undisturbed, looked at him for a time without reply.

"I asked the question because, standing within the study here, I could not hear clearly what you said to the people. But in case it is true, I should like to state that the pastor of this parish might possibly be in a position to furnish the King with as much money as he would need."

"I thought you said that everyone here was poor," said the King, thinking that the farmer did not know what he was talking about.

"Yes, that is true," agreed the pastor, "and the minister has no more than any other. But if the King will honor me by listening, I will explain how it is that the minister has power to help."

"You may speak," said King Gustav. "You seem to find it easier to express yourself than your friends and neighbors outside, who never will be ready with their answer."

"It is not an easy matter to answer a King. I fear that, in the end, it will be necessary for their pastor to speak in their stead."

The King crossed his knees, folded his arms, and dropped his head. "You may begin," he said, with an air of preparing to fall asleep.

"Once upon a time the pastor and four men from his parish went elk hunting," began the minister. "Besides the pastor, there were two soldiers, Olaf and Erik Svard, the

landlord of the village, and a farmer named Israels Pers Perssons."

"Should not mention so many names," grumbled the King, as he shifted his head a bit.

"The men were good hunters and usually had good luck, but this day they traveled far without getting any game. At last they gave up the hunt and sat down on the ground to talk. They remarked upon the strange fact that so large a section of the country should be unsuitable for cultivation. All was rocks, hills, or morass.

"'Our Lord has not done right by us, when he has given us such poor land to live in,' said one of them. 'In other sections people have riches and plenty, but here in spite of all our efforts we can hardly get sufficient for our daily needs.'"

The minister stopped a moment as if uncertain whether the King had heard him. The King, however, moved his little finger as a sign that he was still awake.

"As the hunters were talking of their ill fortune, the minister noticed something glittering where he had overturned a bit of moss with his boot. 'This is a remarkable mountain,' he thought. Overturning more of the moss and picking up a piece of stone that clung to it, he exclaimed, 'Can it be possible that this is lead ore!'

"The others came eagerly over to the speaker and began uncovering the rock with their rifle stocks. They thus exposed a broad mineral vein on the side of the mountain.

"'What do you suppose this is?' asked the minister.

"Each man broke loose a piece of the rock and biting it as a crude test, said he thought it should be at least zinc or lead.

"'And the whole mountain is full of it,' eagerly ventured the landlord."

When the minister had reached this stage of the story, the King slightly raised his head and partly opened one eye.

"Do you know if any of these persons had any knowledge of minerals or geology?"

"No, they did not," answered the minister. Whereupon the King's head sank and both eyes closed.

"The minister and those with him were highly pleased," continued the pastor, undisturbed by the King's indifference. "They believed that they had found something which would enrich not only themselves, but their posterity as well.

"'Nevermore shall I need to work,' said one of them. 'I can do nothing the whole week through and on Sunday I shall ride to church in a gold chariot.'

"These were usually men of good sense, but their great discovery had gone to their heads, so that now they spoke like children. They had enough presence of mind, however, to lay the moss carefully back in place so as to hide the mineral vein. Then, after taking careful note of the location, they journeyed home.

"Before parting, they all agreed that the minister should go to Falun[1] and ask the mineralogist there what kind of ore this might be. He was to return as soon as possible, and until then they all swore by a binding oath that they would not reveal to any person the location of the ore."

The king slightly raised his head but did not interrupt the narrative. He began to believe apparently that the man really had something important to tell, though he

[1] A mining town in Sweden.

did not permit himself to be aroused out of his indifference.

"The minister started upon his journey with a few samples of ore in his pocket. He was just as happy in the thought of becoming wealthy as any of the others were. He mused upon how he would repair the parsonage that now was no better than a cottage; and how he could marry the daughter of the bishop, as he had long desired. Otherwise he would be compelled to wait for her many years, for he was poor and obscure, and he knew it would be a long time before he would be assigned to a place that would enable him to marry the girl of his choice.

"The minister's journey to Falun took him two days. There he was compelled to wait a day for the return of the mineralogist. When he finally showed the samples of the ore, the man took them in his hand, looked at them, and then at the stranger. The minister told the story of how he had found these samples in the vicinity of his home, and asked if they might be lead.

"'No, it is not lead.'

"'Zinc, then?' faltered the minister.

"'No, neither is it zinc.'

"All hope sank within the breast of the minister. He had not felt so downcast in many a day.

"'Do you have many stones like these in your country?' asked the mineralogist.

"'We have a whole mountain,' answered the minister.

"Then the man advanced toward the minister and slapping him on the shoulder said, 'Let us see that you make such use of it that will bring great good both to you and to our Kingdom, for you have found silver.'

"'Is that true?' said the minister rather dazed; 'so it is silver?'

"The mineralogist explained to him what he should do in order to obtain legal rights to the mine, and gave him much good advice, also. The minister, however, stood bewildered and heard not a word that was said. He thought only of the wonderful news that back home in his poor neighborhood lay a whole mountain of silver ore waiting for him."

The King raised his head so suddenly that the minister broke off the narrative. "I suppose when the minister came home and began working the mine he found that the mineralogist had misinformed him."

"No," said the minister, "it was as the man had said."

"You may continue," and the King settled himself again to listen.

"When the minister reached home, the first thing he did was to start out to tell his comrades of the value of their find. As he drove up to Landlord Stensson's place, where he had intended to go in and inform his friend that they had found silver, he paused at the gate, for he saw that white sheets had been hung before the windows and a broad path of hemlock boughs led up to the doorstep.

"'Who has died here?' inquired the minister of a little boy who stood leaning against the fence.

"'It is the landlord himself.' Then he told the minister that for a week past the landlord had been drinking ever and ever so much liquor, until he was drunk all the time.

"'How can that be?' asked the pastor. 'The landlord never before drank to excess.'

"'Well, you see,' said the boy, 'he drank because he was

possessed with the idea that he had found a mine. He was so rich, he said, that he would never need to do anything now but drink. Last night he drove out, drunk as he was, and fell out of the carriage and was killed.'

"After the minister had heard all this, he started homeward, grieving over what he had learned. And only a moment before he had been so elated over the good news he had to tell his friends.

"When the minister had gone a short distance, he met Israels Pers Persson walking along the road. He appeared as usual, and the minister was glad that their good fortune had not turned his head. He would immediately gladden him with the news that he was now a rich man.

"'Good-day!' said the minister.

"'Do you come now from Falun?'

"'Yes, and I can tell you that things turned out better than we thought. The mineralogist said that it was silver ore.'

"Pers Persson looked as if the earth had opened to engulf him. 'What is it you say? Is it silver?'

"'Yes, we shall all be rich men now and able to live as royalty.'

"'Oh, is it silver?' repeated Pers Persson, in still greater dejection.

"'It certainly is silver,' said the minister. 'Don't think that I would deceive you. You should not be afraid of being glad.'

"'Glad!' said Pers Persson, 'should I be glad? I thought it was fool's gold, so it seemed better to take a certainty for an uncertainty. I sold my share in the mine to Olaf Svard for one hundred dollars.'

"He looked very downhearted, and the minister left him standing there with tears in his eyes.

"When the minister reached home, he sent a servant to Olaf Svard and his brother asking them to come to the manse that he might tell them the nature of their find. He felt that he had had enough of trying to spread the good news himself.

"But that evening, as the minister sat alone, joy again filled his heart. He went out and stood upon a hillock where he had decided to build the new parsonage. This, of course, should be very grand, as grand as the bishop's home itself. He was not satisfied, moreover, with the idea of repairing the old church. It occurred to him that, as there was so much wealth in the hamlet, many people would find their way to the place, until finally a large town would probably be built around the mine. He reasoned that it would be necessary then to build a large new church in place of the old one, which would require a great portion of his riches. Neither could he stop here in his dreams, for he thought that when the time came to dedicate this grand new church, the King and many bishops would be there. The King would be glad to see such a church, but he would remark that there were not fit accommodations to be had in the town. It would be necessary, therefore, to build a castle in the city."

At this point one of the King's courtiers opened the door of the study and announced that the King's coach had been repaired.

The King thought at first that he would depart immediately but, reconsidering, he said to the minister, "You may continue your story to the end, but make it shorter. We know how the man dreamed and thought; now we want to know what he did."

"While the minister sat in the midst of his dreams," went on the speaker, "word came to him that Israels Pers Persson had taken his life. He could not endure the thought of his folly in selling his share of the mine. He felt he would be unable to live and see from day to day another enjoy the wealth that might have been his."

The King moved slightly in his chair. He now had both eyes wide open. "Methinks," said he, "that had I been this minister, I should have had enough of that mine."

"The King is a rich man; at least he has plenty. It was not so with the minister, who owned nothing. This poor man, when he saw that God's blessing appeared not to be with his undertaking, thought: 'I shall not dream further about making myself prosperous and useful with these riches. I cannot let the silver mine lie in the ground, however; I must take out the ore for the poor and needy. I will work the silver mine to help put the whole community on its feet.'

"One day the minister went over to Olaf Svard's to talk with him and his brother about the best disposal of the mine. When he came near the soldier's home, he met a cart surrounded by awe-stricken farmers. Within the cart sat a man, his feet bound with a rope and his hands behind him.

"As the minister passed, the cart stopped, giving the minister an opportunity to observe the prisoner more closely. His head was bound around so that it was hard to see him, but the minister thought he recognized Olaf Svard. He heard the prisoner pleading with the guards to let him speak with the minister.

"As he came closer to the cart, the prisoner turned towards

him, saying, 'You will soon be the only one who knows where the silver mine is.'

"'What is that you say, Olaf?'

"'You see, minister, since we heard that it is a silver mine we have found, my brother and I have not remained such good friends as formerly. We often have come to disputes, and last night we had an argument over which one of us five first found the mine. We came to blows, and I have killed my brother and he has given me a deep mark on my forehead. I shall hang now, and you will then be the only one who knows the site of the mine. I should like to request something of you.'

"'Speak up,' said the minister. 'I will do all in my power for you.'

"'You know I shall leave several little children behind me,' said the soldier.

"'So far as that is concerned,' interrupted the minister, 'you may rest easy. Whatever is your share they shall have.'

"'No,' said Olaf, 'it is another thing I wanted to ask of you. Do not let them have any part of that which comes out of the mine.'

"The minister fell back a few steps, then remained motionless, unable to reply.

"'If you do not promise me this, I cannot die in peace.'

"The minister at last promised reluctantly, and the cart continued on its way, bearing the murderer to his doom.

"The minister stood there in the road, deliberating on how he should keep the promise he had just given. All the way home he thought over the riches which he had expected would bring such joy.

"'If it should prove,' he mused, 'that the people of this parish are unable to endure wealth, since already four have died who had been strong practical men, ought I not to give up the idea of working the mine?' He pictured his whole parish going to destruction because of the silver. Would it be right that he, who was placed as a guardian over the souls of these poor people, should put into their hands something which might be the cause of their ruin?"

The King raised himself upright in his chair and stared at the speaker. "I might say that you give me to understand that the pastor of this isolated community must be a real man."

"But this that I have related was not all," continued the minister, "for as soon as the news of the mine spread over the neighboring parishes, workers ceased to labor and went about light-heartedly, awaiting the time when the great riches should pour in on them. All idlers in that section roamed into the hamlet. Drunkenness, quarreling, and fighting became constant problems for the minister's solution. Many people did nothing but wander around through fields and forest looking for the mine. The minister noted, also, that as soon as he left home, men spied upon him to see whether he visited the silver mine, so that they might steal the secret of its location from him.

"When things had come to this pass, the minister called the farmers to a meeting. He reminded them of the many tragedies that the discovery of the silver mine had brought to their community and asked if they were going to allow themselves to be ruined or if they wished to save themselves. And then he asked if they wanted him, who was their pastor, to contribute to their ruin. He himself had decided that he

would not reveal to anyone the location of the mine, nor would he ever attempt to derive any wealth therefrom.

"He then asked the farmers how they would vote for the future. If they desired to continue seeking after the mine and awaiting riches, he intended to go so far from them that no news of their misery would ever reach him. If, on the other hand, they would give up thinking of the silver mine, he would remain among them. 'But however you choose,' repeated the minister, 'remember that no one will ever hear from me any information about the location of the silver mine.'"

"Well," said the King, "what did the farmers decide?"

"They did as the minister desired of them. They understood that he meant well for them when he was willing to remain in poverty for their sake. They urged him to go to the forest and take every precaution to conceal the vein so that no one would ever find it."

"Since then the minister has remained here as poor as the others?"

"Yes, as poor as the others."

"Has he, in spite of this, married and built a new parsonage?"

"No, he has not had the means. He lives in the same old place."

"That is a beautiful story," said the King, bending his head.

The minister stood silent before the King. In a few minutes the latter continued: "Was it of the silver mine that you were thinking when you said that the minister here could furnish me with as much money as I should need?"

"Yes," said the other.

"But I can't put thumbscrews on him; and how otherwise could I bring a man like him to show me the mine — a man who has forsaken his beloved and all material blessings?"

"That is another matter," said the minister. "If it is the Fatherland that needs help, he will undoubtedly give up the secret."

"Do I have your assurance for that?"

"Yes, I will answer for it."

"Does he not care, then, how it goes with his parishioners?"

"That will stand in God's hands."

The King arose from his chair and walked over to the window. He stood for a moment observing the people outside. The longer he stood, the clearer his large eyes glistened. His whole stature seemed to expand.

"You may present my compliments to the minister of this parish," said the King, "and say to him that there is given no more beautiful sight to Sweden's King than to see such a people as these."

Thereupon the King turned from the window and looked smilingly at the minister. "Is it true that the minister of this parish is so poor that he takes off his black robe as soon as the service is over and dresses as one of the peasants?"

"Yes, he is as poor as that," said the minister, and a flush of embarrassment spread over his rough but noble face.

The King again stepped to the window. He apparently was in his best mood. All that was great and noble within him had been awakened. "He shall let the silver mine rest in peace. Since through all his life he has starved and

worked to perfect a people such as these, he shall be permitted to keep them as they are."

"But if the kingdom is in danger ——"

"The kingdom is better served with men than with money." When he had said these words, the King shook hands with the minister and stepped out of the study.

Outside stood the people, as impassive as when he went in. But when the King came down the steps, one of the farmers approached him.

"Have you talked with our minister?"

"Yes, I have talked with him."

"Then you have also received answer from us," said the farmer.

"Yes, I have received your answer."

QUESTIONS

1. How was the King impressed by the men of Dalarna as they appeared in front of the church?
2. What did he tell them of the needs of the country?
3. What response did he get to his appeal?
4. What did the King think of the minister at first?
5. Why did not the minister make himself known?
6. To what did the minister attribute the good habits and simple tastes of the people?
7. How did he prove the truth of his statement?
8. What effect did the story have on the King?
9. How did he show his approval of what the minister had done?
10. What sacrifice was the minister willing to make for his country?
11. Do you think he merited the confidence his people had in him?
12. What do you think should have been done with the silver mine?

GRADATIM*

Josiah Gilbert Holland

The people who succeed are those who strive unceasingly. Every difficulty overcome, every friendly act performed, every honorable deed accomplished lifts one higher and makes one stronger and better.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
  That a noble deed is a step towards God —
  Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
  By what we have mastered of good and gain;
  By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
  When the morning calls us to life and light,
  But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

* From *Complete Poetical Writings*. Copyright, 1900. By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way —
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

QUESTIONS

1. What is meant by "lifting the soul from the common clod"?
2. Can you explain the reference to "the ladder thrown from earth to the sapphire walls"?
3. What character in the Bible slept with a stone for his pillow?
4. Why do we usually have to strive hard to accomplish anything that is worth while?
5. What advantage is there in accumulating wealth a little at a time?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In telling what you would do, in connection with these exercises, select the numbered statement that seems to you the best, and give orally or write (as your teacher may direct) a brief statement explaining why you think it is best. Remember that "circumstances alter cases" and that there might be occasions when none of the solutions suggested here would be the best and when either of two might be equally good. Your statement will be rated upon the good judgment it displays and upon the ability you show to see a situation from the other fellow's point of view rather than upon your selection of a particular number as a right one.

I. You are a guard on your school football team. A game is on that will decide the championship of your association. The ball is in possession of your opponent and on your one-yard line, but the ball is snapped. In the mix-up that follows the officials cannot see what you do. You catch and hold the opposing guard in the path of the ball carrier. The carrier is stopped short of the goal and the game is saved for your team. Regretting your impulsive act of dishonesty, you go at once to your captain and explain what you have done. Should the captain

1. Say nothing about the matter to anyone?
2. Go to an official and explain that a guard was holding the line?
3. Censure you for your error, but take no other action?

II. You and a companion are hunting where the number of birds a person may shoot in one day is limited to twenty-five. You know that the game wardens are active and that they are severe with persons who violate the law. You have killed thirty-two birds and your companion has killed fifteen. You see the game warden approaching. Will you

1. Throw some of your birds away?
2. Tell the warden that you killed the birds that are in your bag?
3. Ask your companion to take some of your birds?

4. Tell the warden that some of the birds in your bag belong to your companion?

III. Suppose you are walking down the street and see a large boy fighting a small one. A policeman is not in sight. Will you

1. Go on about your own affairs?
2. Stand and watch the boy beat the small boy?
3. Ask him to stop fighting the small boy?
4. Help the small boy fight the large boy?
5. Run and find some other people to help stop the fight?

IV. Suppose you and your mother, who is a nervous person and not very well, have gone to your rooms for the night. You hear a burglar and know that it will be possible for him to take articles of considerable value. Your mother does not hear him. Will you

1. Keep quiet and let the burglar have his way?
2. Tell your mother that you have heard a burglar?
3. Go to the window and call for help?
4. Get a weapon and go down stairs to face the burglar?
5. Make a noise to frighten the burglar away?

V. Your community baseball team has gone to a public playground to practice and has found a group of small boys using the baseball diamond. Members of your team start to drive away the small boys. Will you

1. Help drive them away?
2. Stand aside and let the other boys drive the little ones off?
3. Insist that your team mates let the small boys have the diamond until their game is played out?

VI. You are a member of a boys' camp in a section of the country where there are other camps for boys. Fishing is fine in the streams. A sporting goods house has offered a prize for the largest single day's catch made by ten boys of any one camp. Your group has an unsuccessful day, but buys a fine string of fish caught by some one not taking part in the contest. Will you

1. Say nothing about the matter one way or the other?
2. Agree with your camp mates that what they have done is right?
3. Go to the director of the camp and tell him about the situation?
4. Insist that your camp mates tell the truth about the fish and explain to them that you will have to tell if they don't?

VII. You and another boy, bigger than yourself, have been given a piece of work to do together. You work hard, but he loafs whenever he is not watched. Will you

1. Do all of your share and part of his?
2. Do your share only and leave the work unfinished?
3. Tell the boy that he must do his share?
4. Report the boy to the person for whom you and he are working?

SERVICE AND SACRIFICE

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the sports of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie.

— J. G. Holland

WALTER REED, HEALTH HERO*

GRACE T. HALLOCK AND C. E. TURNER

The scourge of yellow fever was at one time so terrible that whole cities were almost depopulated. It remained for a few brave spirits to study its problems and face its dangers, before the world became safe from this evil. This is the story of how the plague was studied and how the distributer of the fever was discovered and controlled.

THE struggle against yellow fever began more than two hundred years ago. It ended when a master detective unmasked the villain that carried the fever from one person to another. The master detective was Walter Reed, and he was helped by a handful of brave American soldiers who offered their lives in the conquest of this disease.

The earliest record of yellow fever says it occurred in Central America in 1596. Then it was heard of in New England among the Indians, in 1618. It appeared in the Island of St. Lucia, in 1664, where it killed over 1,411 of a population of 1,500 soldiers. In 1665, in the same place, 200 of 500 sailors died of it. New York was visited by it for the first time in 1668, Boston in 1691, and Philadelphia in 1695. In 208 years there were 95 invasions of our territory by yellow fever. From 1793 on there were not less than 100,000 deaths from it. New Orleans, Philadelphia, Memphis, Charleston, Norfolk, Galveston, New York,

* From *Health Heroes*. By permission of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and of Grace T. Hallock and C. E. Turner.

Baltimore, and many other cities suffered a tremendous loss of life.

In the terrible epidemic of 1793 in Philadelphia, all the streets and roads leading from the city were crowded with families flying to the country for safety. So many doctors were sick or had died of yellow fever that "at one time there were only three physicians who were able to visit patients, and at this time there were probably not less than 6,000 persons ill with the fever." Dr. Rush, then a physician in Philadelphia, relates that a cheerful countenance was scarcely to be seen in the city for six weeks. Once in entering the house of a poor man, he met a child of two years who smiled in his face, and he says, "I was strangely affected by this sight. Few persons were met in the streets except those who were in quest of a physician, a nurse, or the men who buried the dead. The hearse alone kept up the remembrance of the noise of carriages or carts in the street."

For more than two hundred years, learned men searched for the clues that would tell them how to prevent the crime of yellow fever which was repeated year after year. The strange part of the story is that they found the clues and described them many times, but they didn't have sufficient knowledge to trace the villain. It lived in the community undisturbed, and went its criminal way unchecked, until the master detective, using the very same clues that puzzled everyone else, came along and pointed it out.

The first thing Major Reed and his associates decided to do when they reached Cuba, was to sift the evidence that seemed to point to an insect carrier of the disease. Insects, like flies and mosquitoes, had already been convicted of carrying certain other diseases. Walter Reed himself had

HE MET A CHILD OF TWO YEARS.

proved that flies spread typhoid fever; and an English army surgeon, Dr. Ross, had discovered that the parasite of malaria gets into the blood of a human being through the bite of an *Anophiles* mosquito and in no other way. Another species of mosquito had been *suspected* of carrying yellow fever. There were many clues that pointed to it as the guilty party.

In almost all the old accounts of yellow fever epidemics, mosquitoes were mentioned as being very troublesome. Dr. O'Halloran, describing an outbreak of the disease in Barcelona, Spain, in 1821 wrote, "It is worthy of remark that during the month (July) the flies and mosquitoes were infinitely multiplied." Dr. Drysdale, a Baltimore physician, writing of an epidemic, said: "Locusts were not more numerous in the reign of Pharaoh than mosquitoes through the last few months; yet these insects were very rare only a few years past, when a far greater portion of Baltimore was a marsh." Thus it appears that the suspect was at the scene of the crime.

Epidemics always started in the low wet regions or near the docks. All epidemics in Baltimore broke out at Locust Point, a low-lying section almost surrounded by water, or about the docks and wharves.

The report of the epidemic in Mobile, Alabama, in 1819 says the first cases were among the people employed on the wharves. "A number of carpenters and sailors employed about the wharf and who were much on board the schooner *Sally*, filled with stagnant water, and about the steam saw-mill, where there was a pond of like offensive water, were taken with violent fevers." Dr. Rush in describing the outbreak of the 1793 epidemic in Philadelphia says: "Upon

inquiry, it appears that the first persons who died with this fever, . . . had been previously exposed to the atmosphere of the wharf." As the mosquito breeds in still water, here was another clue pointing to it as a carrier of yellow fever.

In high and dry parts of a city the disease was not contagious. In many epidemics people from low-lying sections fled to the higher part of the city or to the country districts. Although many of these people came down with yellow fever after they had left their homes, the disease did not spread to other people in the new neighborhood.

This clue pointed to the thought that yellow fever must be carried in some other way than directly from one person to another. It made a great many intelligent observers think this, but the only explanation they could give was that the disease must be present in the *air* of certain districts and not in others.

Another clue strengthened the idea that the disease was air-borne. Some people noticed that the fever spread in the direction of the prevailing wind. Whenever the wind blew strongly in a certain direction, yellow fever broke out in its path. When the air was still, the infection was content to pay its calls in the houses of an already infected neighborhood. As the mosquito is a great lover of home, and never travels far unless it gets a free ride on the wind, or on a ship, this clue explains why yellow fever spread so quickly in narrow streets, and broke out at a distance from the wet, low-lying districts of a city only when the villain of the drama was carried there by wind.

Yellow fever flourished when the weather was hot but was stamped out by frost. Mosquitoes, also, are active in hot weather and disappear after a frost. Here was another

important clue, but it didn't mean anything except that "heat was a very common exciting cause of the disorder," until suspicion was thrown on the mosquito. It is easy to explain facts that seem mysterious as soon as the villain of a detective story is uncovered. Then it seems strange that the important clues which pointed to the guilty person as clearly as a signboard points out a road, could have been misunderstood.

Anyone who has studied the life history of the mosquito, can see how the spread of yellow fever tallies with the mosquito's habits. But it is one thing to *suspect* a villain, and another thing to *prove* the suspicion to be true. Some one had already suspected that the mosquito carries yellow fever, but had been unable to prove it. This person was Dr. Carlos J. Finlay, of Havana, who had advanced the mosquito theory in 1881.

Walter Reed and his associates decided to investigate this theory not only because they had observed that the mosquito's habits tally with the spread of the disease, but also because of one peculiar fact about the infection of houses. This fact was the length of time that it takes to change a non-infected house to an infected one.

The first experiments were made in August, 1900. Eleven persons were subjected to the bite of mosquitoes after these mosquitoes had already bitten patients with well-marked cases of yellow fever. Of these eleven persons, two developed the disease. One of the positive cases was that of Dr. James Carroll, a member of the Board. Both cases recovered. In one of these cases, it was proved that the infection could have been received in no other way than by the bite of the mosquito. A third case developed later, accidentally.

On September 13, 1900, Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, while visiting a yellow fever hospital, was bitten. He deliberately allowed the mosquito, which had settled on the back of his hand, to remain until it had satisfied its hunger. Five days after the bite he came down with yellow fever of which he died, a true martyr to science. From these three positive cases Walter Reed and his associates came to the conclusion that the mosquito serves as the intermediate host for the parasite of yellow fever.

To prove this definitely, it was necessary to carry on experiments in such a way as to make it impossible for the men experimented on to get yellow fever accidentally.

Major Reed and his associates took a piece of ground about six miles from Havana and built a camp there which they named Camp Lazear after their dead comrade. The camp site was well drained, and freely exposed to sunlight and winds. In this camp men were quartered who had never had yellow fever and who were therefore called non-immunes. These men were American soldiers who bravely volunteered for the experiment, and Spanish immigrants who gave their services for pay.

If a person is going to have yellow fever, he develops it within six days after exposure. Therefore, if the men were kept in quarantine for two weeks without developing the disease, this fact would show they had not become infected before they entered camp. Things were now so arranged that if a mosquito was allowed to bite a man and the man afterward developed yellow fever the Board would know the disease was due to the bite and to nothing else.

When it became known to the American troops in Cuba that soldiers were wanted for yellow fever experiments,

John R. Kissinger and another young man from Ohio, John J. Moran, volunteered. Major Reed talked the matter over with them explaining the risk of suffering and even of death. They held to their purpose. Major Reed told them they would be rewarded with a sum of money. They both refused any compensation. Then Reed touched his hat and said, "Gentlemen, I salute you." Kissinger volunteered, to use his own words, "Solely in the interest of humanity and the cause of science." Major Reed's comment on this young man was: "In my opinion this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the army of the United States."

Kissinger was bitten on December 5, 1900, by mosquitoes which had bitten yellow fever patients from fifteen to twenty days before. Four days later he had a well-marked case of yellow fever, from which he recovered. In all, thirteen men at Camp Lazear were infected by means of the bites of contaminated mosquitoes, and the disease developed in ten. Fortunately they recovered. No one else in the camp of thirty or forty men became ill.

As a result of these experiments it was found that yellow fever could be carried from one person to another only by the bite of a female *Aëdes aegypti* mosquito that had bitten a yellow fever patient in the first three days of his illness, and had then been kept for at least twelve days before it was allowed to bite a human being who had never had yellow fever. If that plan were followed, the person bitten would generally come down with the disease within six days. It now became clear as to why it took so long for a case of yellow fever to infect a house. Mosquitoes had to bite the

patient during the first three days of his illness, then twelve days had to go by before they could pass on the disease by biting another person. But after that interval of twelve days they were a menace to everyone who entered the immediate neighborhood.

In a detective story not only must the villain be proved guilty but all other suspects must be proved innocent. Almost everyone at that time thought yellow fever was carried by fomites, that is, by excretions of yellow fever patients in the articles of clothing, bedding, or other materials that had been contaminated by contact with people who had the disease. That belief resulted in the destruction of a great deal of valuable property supposed to be infected, and worked a real hardship on merchants trading in infected ports.

Walter Reed and his associates now set to work to prove that fomites did not carry the disease. For this purpose a small frame house consisting of one room fourteen by twenty feet in size was erected at Camp Lazear. It was tightly built and the doors and windows were so placed as to admit as little sunlight and air as possible. A coal-oil stove kept the temperature at ninety degrees during the day, and the atmosphere was provided with moisture. The room was thus kept like the hold of a ship in the tropics, warm, dark, and moist.

The building was now ready for the experiment. Three large boxes filled with sheets, pillow slips, blankets, etc., contaminated by contact with cases of yellow fever, were placed inside; and on November 30, 1900, Dr. R. P. Cooke, acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, and two pri-

vates of the Hospital Corps, all non-immune young Americans, entered the building. They unpacked the boxes, giving each article a thorough shaking in order to fill the air with the specific agent of yellow fever if it was contained in these fomites. They then made the beds with the soiled bed clothing and slept in them. Various contaminated articles were hung about the bed in which Dr. Cooke slept. For twenty nights this room was occupied by these non-immunes. They packed up the soiled articles every morning and unpacked them at night, but not one of the men developed yellow fever.

From December 21, 1900, to January 10, 1901, the room was again occupied by two non-immune young Americans. These men slept every night in the soiled garments and on the bedding used by yellow fever patients throughout their entire attacks. They also remained perfectly well. The experiment was repeated a third time with the same results. This experiment explained why people had been able to wash the bedding and clothing of yellow fever patients without taking the disease. It absolutely cleared the fomites of suspicion.

Since it was proved that a house could not be infected with the yellow fever by fomites, the question now arose: "How *does* a house become infected?" To answer that question with certainty, a second building was erected similar to the first, except that it was well ventilated. It was screened so that mosquitoes could not get in or out. The room was then divided by a wire netting that extended from top to bottom and allowed the air to pass freely from one side

to the other. Therefore, if there were any germs or "miasms" floating in the air that could cause yellow fever they would be found on both sides of the screen. To show that the building was uninfected, four men slept in it for two weeks, two on each side of the netting. They remained perfectly well. "Now," said Major Reed, "I am going to infect one side of this room with yellow fever and not the other side." He took out the two men from one side and set free there fifteen *Aëdes* mosquitoes that had previously bitten yellow fever patients. Then, John J. Moran entered the mosquito-infested space for a short time on three successive days. Four days after his first visit John Moran came down with a well-developed case of yellow fever from which he recovered. During each of his visits, two other non-immunes remained in the building on the other side of the wire netting, and they slept there for eighteen nights. They remained in perfect health. Therefore Reed concluded that as the air on both sides of the wire screen partitions was exactly the same, it must have been the presence of contaminated mosquitoes that infected the side in which Moran contracted yellow fever, and the absence of mosquitoes that made the other side perfectly healthful.

Walter Reed then said: "Now that I have shown you a house infected with yellow fever, I will demonstrate how it can be disinfected and rendered safe." He caught the mosquitoes and put them back in their jars. Then he said that the building was disinfected. The two men returned to the side that had been infected and they and the two on the other side continued to live there in perfect health.

The experiments of Camp Lazear proved beyond the shadow of doubt that the *Aëdes aegypti* mosquito is the *only* carrier of yellow fever. One of the greatest detective stories of all times, a story that lasted for over two hundred years, was now ended by this discovery of the villain. Sentence was passed on the *Aëdes aegypti* mosquito in these words of Walter Reed: "The spread of yellow fever can be most effectually controlled by measures directed to the destruction of mosquitoes and the protection of the sick against these insects."

W. C. Gorgas, then a Major in the medical corps, United States Army, and Chief Sanitary Officer of Havana, set the example for vigorous and energetic measures against the mosquito.

The female mosquito lays her eggs in still water. About thirty-six hours later these eggs hatch into larvæ, also called "wigglers" or "wiggle-tails." The wiggler moves about actively, feeds much of the time, and breathes air which it secures by thrusting its breathing tube up through the surface of the water. After six or seven days it changes into a pupa or "tumbler." In this stage it is an air-breather but it does not feed, and after thirty-six hours or more it is again changed and comes forth as the perfect winged insect.

When the campaign started in February, 1901, all houses and yards in Havana were examined and all tin cans, empty bottles, and similar trash, which were generally found filled with rain water and full of yellow fever mosquito wigglers, were carted off. Openings in cisterns were covered with

mosquito netting. The Health Department fitted covers over rain-water barrels, and a wooden spigot was placed in the lower part of the barrel so that water could be drawn off without lifting the cover. As the *Aëdes aegypti* mosquito lives and breeds almost entirely in or near houses these measures were very effective.

When a yellow fever case was reported, employees of the Health Department went to the house and screened it so that no mosquitoes could get out or in. Then they fumigated the house to kill the mosquitoes inside.

As a result of this general mosquito hunt, yellow fever decreased rapidly, and since September, 1901, not a single case has developed in the city. That historic month was the first in which Havana had been free of yellow fever in one hundred and fifty years. Later, Gorgas repeated this performance in the Canal Zone with the result that the United States was able to build the Panama Canal. Since then the example of General Gorgas has been followed wherever the *Aëdes aegypti* had a hiding place.

The mosquitoes that frequent the United States and Canada now probably belong to the harmless tribes of that innumerable race. But it is well to remember that all mosquitoes are a great pest, and that the *Anopheles* mosquito is still spreading malaria. For the sake of comfort and of health everyone should make war on them just as General Gorgas did.

The master detective in this story, Major Walter Reed, died of acute appendicitis on November 23, 1902, in Washington. It is good to know that before he died he saw the great

city of Havana delivered from her ancient foe, and the way made clear for the saving of his own beloved country from a great plague.

Yellow fever is now practically extinct. The story of its horrors is a tale that is told. But what a tale! It starts with the men of Spain who carried the little winged death in their golden galleons. It tells how our shores were invaded by air ninety-five times in two hundred and eight years, before an airplane was even heard of. It tells of the helpless suffering and miserable death of thousands of men, women, and children. It sings of the high adventure of brave men who offered their lives in the conquest of this disease.

QUESTIONS

1. What were the ravages from yellow fever in past times?
2. Describe its effect on Philadelphia in 1793.
3. What was at last suspected of being the cause of the spread of yellow fever?
4. What aroused the suspicion of the doctors?
5. What were some of the evidences?
6. What experiments were tried?
7. What did Walter Reed finally decide was the cause of the spread of the fever?
8. Describe the camp near Havana.
9. Describe the experiments in the camp.
10. How was the fever to be controlled and finally stamped out?
11. What city in Cuba has been freed from yellow fever?
12. Of what advantage is it to screen our houses from flies and mosquitoes?

FIGHTING A COMMON ENEMY*

GRACE T. HALLOCK AND C. E. TURNER

It is a wonderful thing to render service to humanity by discovering ways of preventing or curing diseases. Many diseases which in the past were much dreaded on account of the number of deaths which they caused are not now considered dangerous because scientists have discovered means of prevention and of cure.

TO-DAY we can scarcely imagine what smallpox meant to people in the days before vaccination. It was then a common enemy. About one hundred and fifty years ago, ten out of every hundred deaths were caused by smallpox. Out of every hundred children who died before they were ten years old, thirty-three died of smallpox. More than half of all the people living were scarred and disfigured by it. It is estimated that 60,000,000 of the inhabitants of Europe died from smallpox in the eighteenth century. It attacked persons of every rank, from the peasant to the king.

So common was smallpox before 1796 that an adult person who had not had smallpox was scarcely met or heard of in the United Kingdom. If a fugitive from justice had happened never to have had an attack of smallpox, and, therefore, was not pock-marked, this fact was mentioned as a means of identification. Imagine the laughter that such a means of identification would excite to-day. To-day, on the contrary, if he happened to be pock-marked, that fact would be advertised as a means of identification.

According to tradition, smallpox had its origin in India. It was also known in China at a very early period. The

* From *Health Heroes*. By permission of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and of Grace T. Hallock and C. E. Turner.

disease traveled west through Arabia, Ethiopia, and neighboring countries, and was brought to Alexandria in Egypt by the Arabs in A.D. 640. The first epidemic of smallpox in Europe took place about the latter part of the sixteenth century.

Smallpox is very contagious, and a severe attack means either death or disfigurement. A person who has had it usually cannot take it again. Is it any wonder that many people prefer to have a doctor deliberately give them a mild form of the disease as a protection against a severe attack?

What is vaccination? If you have studied Latin you know that it comes from the Latin word *vacca*, meaning *cow*. People who worked in dairies milking cows, sometimes caught a disease from the cows. This disease was called cowpox, because the sick cows had sores which were very like the pocks that broke out on people with smallpox. It had been known for a long time in farming communities that the people who had had cowpox did not take smallpox when they were exposed to it. The first person who made use of this knowledge was a farmer named Benjamin Jesty. In 1774 this man took his wife and children to a dairy farm, and there introduced some of the matter from a cowpox sore into their arms with a darning needle. Jesty never made his experiment generally known. To Edward Jenner, an English physician, we must give the credit for introducing and applying the practice of vaccination as a protection against smallpox.

Jenner collected a great many descriptions of cases of people who had had cowpox and had afterward resisted smallpox contagion. He finally had a chance to put his

theories to the test. Cowpox broke out on a farm near Berkeley, and a dairy maid, Sarah Nelmes, was infected with cowpox from her master's cows. Jenner selected a healthy boy about eight years old, James Phipps, for the purpose of inoculating him with the cowpox. He took some matter from a sore on Sarah Nelmes' hand and inserted it, on May 14, 1796, into the arm of the boy by means of two scratches, each about half an inch long.

If you can remember what happened when you were vaccinated, Jenner's description of the first vaccination will probably remind you of your own experience. On the seventh day James Phipps complained of soreness in his armpits. On the ninth day he became a little chilly, lost his appetite, and had a slight headache. He felt sick all day and was restless that night, but on the next day he was perfectly well. The sores on his arms gradually healed without causing the least trouble. In order to find out whether the boy was protected against smallpox after such a slight illness, Jenner inoculated him on July first with matter taken from a smallpox patient, but no sign of the disease followed. He was again inoculated, several months afterward, with the same result.

To-day vaccine is never taken from the arm of another person. It is taken from a calf which has been vaccinated along a clean, shaved surface of its body. Great care is exercised to be sure that the calf is healthy. The quality and purity of the vaccine is assured.

Cowpox is really smallpox in the cow, but the germs do not find such favorable living conditions in the cow as they do in human beings. Their struggle for existence in the cow weakens them, just as a man might become weakened

by having to work very hard for his living, and yet not make enough to buy the necessary food to keep his body well and strong. By overcoming the weakened germs that are drawn from a cow sick with cowpox, the body is enabled to protect itself against virulent smallpox germs.

Suppose a country is attacked by one tribe of a great race. This tribe is not strong enough to overthrow the country, but in fighting it, the country develops its defenses. Then, when the main forces of the enemy enter the country, they find it prepared and they are unable to conquer it. In much the same way the body prepares itself, by fighting the weakened smallpox germs, to repel an invasion of the deadly germs of the same disease.

We cannot say that mankind has won a complete victory over smallpox until it has been completely wiped out. One case in a community is enough to start a great epidemic. Doctor William Osler tells the story of how one case did infect a whole city not so many years ago. In 1885, a sick Pullman porter was taken to a hospital in Montreal. At first the doctors didn't recognize his sickness as smallpox. There was a great unvaccinated population in Montreal because of the people's indifference to vaccination. As a result of this one case, 3,164 people in a city of only 185,000 inhabitants died of smallpox. This meant probably that there were over 20,000 cases as the proportion of deaths to cases is about one in seven.

Another great epidemic happened more recently. When the United States took over the Philippines there were about 40,000 deaths there every year from smallpox. Then Dr. Victor G. Heiser was made Director of Health for all the Islands, and he started vaccination everywhere. In the

provinces surrounding Manila there had usually been 6,000 deaths from smallpox every year. After Heiser's vaccination was completed the death rate was reduced to zero. For the seven years before 1914, not a death from smallpox occurred in the city of Manila.

After 1914 vaccination was not effectively carried out, and there grew up a huge unvaccinated population. Then came the epidemic of 1918, when there were 50,000 deaths from smallpox. This meant about 250,000 cases. In 1918–1919 among 5,422 vaccinated troops in the Philippines, though surrounded by smallpox, only one soldier contracted the disease. Then real vaccination was reëstablished, and smallpox vanished as promptly as before.

In forty states in the United States, in the District of Columbia, and in eight Canadian provinces in 1924 there were 52,395 cases of smallpox. This figure is nearly double the number of cases for 1923, and is the result of the growing number of unvaccinated people in our communities.

QUESTIONS

1. What is known of the origin of smallpox?
2. Tell something of its ravages.
3. Tell of the experiments made by Benjamin Jesty and Edward Jenner.
4. Why is the credit given to the latter rather than to the former?
5. Explain the method of vaccination used to-day. On what principle is it based?
6. Why is it important to have compulsory vaccination in the public schools?
7. Have you been vaccinated?
8. How may parents be made to realize the importance of having their children vaccinated?

BALTO: THE DOG THAT SAVED A TOWN

LAWTON B. EVANS

When the United States purchased Alaska from Russia, some of the Congressmen asked, "What can we do with that refrigerator?" Even to-day many people have but vague ideas concerning the value of this far-away territory. This story will acquaint you with some interesting facts about Alaska and also tell a true story of valuable service rendered by a dog.

NOME is a city of about five thousand people, situated on Norton Sound, in the northwestern part of Alaska. It came into existence as a mining camp in 1898, when gold was discovered in the creeks and streams near by. It has a good water system, the streets are lighted by electricity, and there are many modern conveniences. But it is intensely cold for eight months in the year. Then the harbor is closed by ice so that ships cannot get in from October to June. The only way to reach Nome or any other far Alaskan city in winter is by dog teams pulling sleds through the mountain passes and over the snow-covered plains. The long nights, the intense cold, the snow, and the ice, make life dreary during the winter months in Alaska.

Early in the year 1920, word was sent by telegraph to the outside world that diphtheria was raging in Nome. Now, diphtheria is very contagious, especially when people are herded together in tight houses as they must necessarily be in Nome during winter. It is also a dreaded disease for children who are liable to it and who succumb quickly to its ravages.

The only way to control the disease is by an antitoxin, or

diphtheria serum, that counteracts the poison and stops the progress of the disease. Dr. Curtis Welch, who was fighting the epidemic, telegraphed that there was but little antitoxin in Nome, and that the supply on hand was four or five years old. He begged for the serum to be sent to the stricken city by any means possible, otherwise hundreds of people would die.

It was in the dead of winter, the thermometer was often fifty degrees below zero, the harbors were frozen, and Nome was six hundred and fifty miles from the nearest railroad station, and the trails were deep in snow. But the serum had to be carried to Nome or many people there would die from diphtheria.

Hardly had word come to the town of Anchorage on Cook's Inlet in the southern part of Alaska, that Nome was stricken and needed diphtheria serum to save the people, when the health authorities of that city gathered all the serum they had into a twenty-pound package, and sent it at once by rail to Nenana, a distance of two hundred and ninety-seven miles. At that place dog teams were to take the package by relays on the long trail of six hundred and fifty miles to Nome.

The United States Signal Corps issued a call for dog teams and drivers throughout the sub-Arctic regions. The route was designated, the peril of the people at Nome was explained, the necessity for quick action was urged. There was a prompt response from the hardy mushers of the Alaska trails. The strongest and most experienced drivers of Alaska, owning the best dogs the country could furnish, answered with a willingness that showed how the human

heart will always respond to a call for service when lives are at stake.

Word was sent to Nome, "We are rushing 30,000 units of antitoxin by mail and dog teams as fast as possible. There shall be no delay." The reply came back, "The epidemic is gaining headway slowly. The antitoxin we have on hand will last for a few days. We are depending on you."

The train carrying the serum pulled into Nenana up in the interior of Alaska. It had made slow progress over the ice-coated rails, but it had arrived. A dog team was ready though it was eleven o'clock at night. Bill Shannon stood ready by his sledge, to which nine dogs, all huskies of tried mettle, were hitched, and whining to go. He seized the package, strapped it on the sled, and was ready for his sixty-five mile trip to Tolovana. The thermometer was fifty-eight degrees below zero, but the wind was still and the air was dry.

Shannon cracked his whip, and cried to the dogs, "Mush! Mush!" The dogs strained in their harness, the runners broke loose from the ice, and they were off on their trail. In twelve hours Shannon arrived at Tolovana, his huskies panting and himself almost exhausted. He had made the best run that was made in the relay race to Nome.

The precious package was turned over to Jim Kalland and his team of dogs, to make the next relay to Hot Springs. It was made on schedule time. Other teams and other drivers took up the relay from station to station, going on in the face of blizzards, and in spite of temperatures far below zero.

The dogs were of Siberian strain, trained to harness, sled,

and trail. They were fed once a day a pound of meat, and were accustomed to sleep curled up under the snow. Whenever they stopped for a rest their driver would rub each dog's legs vigorously to prevent them from freezing. Many of the dogs who were straining over the snow with the antitoxin sleds were famous leaders in the Alaska dog team races, which are as noted in that frozen country as horse racing is in milder climates. Every relay was a picked crew of driver and dogs.

From station to station the telegraph wires kept the world informed of the progress of the life-saving package. As day after day passed Nome kept anxious account of the lapse of miles, and hoarded its fast vanishing store of serum for the children who needed it most. Day by day the outside world learned how the race for the relief of Nome was going, as each new musher gave his dogs their heads, and called for the gallant animals to start and travel fast.

Through the frozen wilderness, from settlement to settlement, over the hills and across the wind-swept plains, they traveled by compass, or by the stars, or by the sign of the hills, making short stops for a bite of meat or an hour's rest, and then on and on, with the only means for Nome to save the lives of its people. Down the frozen Yukon River led the trail for three hundred miles. There they left the river, and reached the town of Nulato, one hundred miles east of Norton Sound. The record for speed was broken as men and dogs raced against the ravages of diphtheria.

Over in Nome a famous racing driver named Leonard Seppala, started with his own dog team to meet the oncoming relays. He had won the Alaskan dog sweepstakes with his

team of twenty Siberian dogs, and was one of the famous mushers of Alaska. His home was in Nome, and his people were in danger. The relays might fail. He would go out to meet them and help bring in the package.

In the meantime other messages were starting for the distressed city. A steamer started from Seattle with a million units of antitoxin to brave the ice and snow of the far north, hoping by airplanes or dog teams to get the precious serum into Nome. But a steamer had little hope of breaking through the frozen seas. It was proposed to send a quantity of serum by an airplane from the town of Fairbanks, but the airplane was old, and no aviator could fly a plane with the thermometer sixty degrees below zero. The only immediate hope that Nome had was in the brave dogs that were mushing over the snow and ice, day and night, dragging the sled that carried the serum.

Seppala reached the relays and returned with them as they continued their journey. If one broke down, the others would carry on. The diphtheria was being held in check, but the supply of serum was almost gone, and new cases were developing every day. Dr. Welch was hoping every hour to hear of the relays and counting the minutes until the arrival of the last team.

The last relay began at Norton Bay which was frozen over hard and fast. A blizzard was raging, and the dogs and men had to be taken into a house to keep them from freezing. The final relay fell to a driver named Gunnar Kasson, a Norwegian, and his famous team of Siberian dogs, of whom Balto was the leader. Balto was a big dog, long-haired, wiry, with muscles of steel and a heart that never quailed.

He knew the trail by instinct, and led the way without doubt or hesitation or turning.

The gale was still blowing, and the air was full of snow and ice. The Norwegian, clothed in heavy fur to the tip of his nose, signaled to his companions that the journey must be started, blizzard or no blizzard. There was no time to lose.

Over the huskies snapped the whip of the driver. Balto needed no whip. The lash had never touched his flanks, for he was of a strain that needed no spur to do its utmost. He was a famous leader. He had already won the Moose sweepstakes in 1915, and had headed the team that carried Amundsen into the north, when that daring adventurer was preparing to fly over the Pole.

Balto knew the route, and in his dog's way called to his mates. He swung his weight in the harness and they swung with him. The runners broke from the ice, and the team was off in the night for the last run to Nome. The wires carried the news over the world that Balto was on the job, and that Kasson was placing his hope in him. Dr. Welch was anxiously looking for them the next day. The gale thickened and Kasson could not see the trail. At times he could hardly see his dogs. He gave Balto his head, left the trail to him, and followed blindly as the brave dog guided his team mates over the trackless waste of snow, led by some strange instinct toward the city of their destination.

Kasson afterwards said, "I couldn't see the trail. Many times I could not even see my dogs, so blinding was the gale. I gave Balto, my lead dog, his head, and trusted to him. It was Balto that led the way. The credit is his."

If Balto had faltered, the serum would not have been there on time. If Balto had lost the trail, more lives would have been lost in Nome. He did not know what rested upon his brave spirit, but he did his part like a thoroughbred. He never faltered, he never stopped, he never sulked, he never lost his way.

THE NEXT DAY THEY PULLED INTO NOME.

The other dogs followed his lead without question. If one of them shirked, or pulled wrong, a warning growl brought him into line. It was noble teamwork from beginning to end. Kasson and his companion followed Balto as blindly as the dogs. Balto was in charge and knew his

responsibility. He met it with as brave a soul as ever beat in a dog's body.

The next day panting, frozen, and exhausted, he with his team mates pulled into Nome, dragging the sled with the twenty-pound package of antitoxin. The people shouted with joy when the driver's loud hello was heard. He was thankfully welcomed and every dog was petted and made much of.

Doctors and nurses were soon busy with their patients, and telegraph wires announced that the race was over and that Nome had the serum. The nation rejoiced that brave men and brave dogs had done the great feat of a six hundred and fifty mile run in one hundred twenty-seven and a half hours, the greatest run in the history of Alaskan mushing.

To-day there stands in Nome a monument to the brave dog that saved a town.

QUESTIONS

1. Try to locate on a map Nome, Anchorage, Nenana, Tolovana, Hot Springs, and Norton Bay, so that you may trace the route traveled.
2. What was the situation in Nome in 1926?
3. What chance was there of securing a sufficient quantity of antitoxin?
4. How were dog teams secured?
5. What distance had to be covered?
6. Why didn't the authorities send the antitoxin by ship or airplane?
7. To what driver was the last relay committed?
8. Tell of the difficulties encountered and how they were overcome.

CLARA BARTON AND THE RED CROSS*

LAWTON B. EVANS

The Red Cross insignia is a familiar symbol to everyone now, but few people know how this great organization began, or that Clara Barton, a woman whose soul was touched by the suffering of mankind, was the inspiration of this noble work.

Of all causes of suffering, war is the greatest, and it was in behalf of the wounded and sick soldiers that this humanitarian work was begun, as an expression of man's spirit of brotherhood. But it does not stop with war — its helping hands now administer to any forms of suffering.

AT the outbreak of the Civil War, a young woman who was a clerk in the Patent Office at Washington, gave up her position, and volunteered to nurse soldiers without pay. She knew that the sick, wounded, and dying men would need the comfort that only a woman's hand can give. Her name was Clara Barton. She did not go to hospitals, where it was safe for her to be, but she went on the battlefields, where the awful carnage of death was around her.

Inspired by her example, other women undertook the same work, some going to the hospitals, and others following the armies, but all nursing the sick, comforting the dying, and keeping their last messages for the loved ones at home.

In 1859, one hot day in summer, there was fought the great battle of Solferino, at the end of which more than thirty-five thousand men lay dead and wounded on the field of battle. There was no aid for them. For hours

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and even days they lay where they had fallen. A Swiss, by the name of Henri Dunant, visited the battlefield, and was so overcome by its horrors that he wrote circular letters, and delivered lectures, calling upon all nations to form some sort of a society to relieve the distress of the wounded.

"If nations will go to war, then there should be some means to help those who suffer by it. I call upon all nations to send representatives to Geneva, Switzerland, in order to establish a society for this purpose," said he.

The conference met and formed an organization, which had for its purpose the care of the sick and wounded on the battlefield and in hospitals. The society adopted a badge, or flag, which was a red cross on a white ground. This was done as a compliment to the Swiss Republic, whose flag was a white cross on a red ground. The organization soon became known as the Red Cross society. Many nations signed an agreement to respect the principles of this society.

When Clara Barton, who had gone to Europe after the Civil War to recover her health, heard of this society, she was filled with joy and hope. It was the kind of work she most loved, and she resolved to give her whole life to the Red Cross.

At the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, Clara Barton saw her opportunity for service. After the siege of Strasbourg, there were twenty thousand people without homes and employment, and starvation threatened them all. Clara Barton secured materials for thirty thousand garments, and gave them out to the poor women of the city to be made up. She paid good wages for the work. Every-

where she went, the soldiers and people lent a helping hand.

After the war, the city of Paris was in the hands of lawless men of the lowest character. The Army of the Republic besieged the city, and the most dreadful scenes of conflict occurred. There was fighting on the streets, and many innocent persons were killed. In the midst of these horrors, Clara Barton entered the city on foot, and began her work of helping the sick and wounded.

One day, a great crowd surged through the streets of Paris crying for bread. The soldiers were powerless before such a mob. Clara Barton raised her hand as if to speak to them. The crowd stopped, and she spoke in calm and hopeful words. In the end, they cried out, "It is an angel that speaks to us," and quietly went back to their homes.

When the war was over, there were removed from Paris ten thousand wounded men, who otherwise would have suffered and perhaps died through lack of care. All this was done by the Red Cross society, working under the direction of Clara Barton.

She now returned to America, to found a similar society in this country. It was not until 1882 that the United States signed the treaty of Geneva, and joined the family of nations in this great work. The American plan, however, went farther in its purpose than relief in times of war. It included relief for the distressed at any time, and to meet any calamity, such as earthquake, flood, fire, and pestilence. Clara Barton was the first president of the American Red Cross.

A great fire swept through the forests of Michigan. For many days, it raged in unchecked fury. Homes, farms,

woods, were swept away, and thousands of people were left homeless and penniless. The Red Cross society was there promptly with its offers of relief. The call for aid went forth, and supplies poured in from every direction, until eighty thousand dollars in money, food, and clothing were available for the suffering people of Michigan.

Then came floods along the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, fearful cyclones in the West, an earthquake in South Carolina, and a long and terrible drought in Texas. To them all the Red Cross went, with Clara Barton as its inspiration.

In 1889, the city of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, was swept away by a flood, caused by the breaking of a dam. Nearly five thousand lives were lost, and twelve million dollars' worth of property was destroyed. It was a most dreadful calamity. Hardly had the news reached the country, before Clara Barton and the Red Cross were in Johnstown, organizing relief for the severely stricken people. For five months she stayed amid those scenes of desolation and woe.

"The first to come and the last to go," said one of the newspapers, "she has indeed been an elder sister to us — nursing, tending, caring for the stricken ones through a season of distress such as no other people will perhaps ever know."

When the war with Spain occurred, Clara Barton was seventy years old, but she went to Cuba, and did heroic work there. At the time of the Galveston flood, she was eighty years old, but she went to that stricken community, and for many days labored to relieve the sufferings of the people.

The American Red Cross has grown into a very large and

useful society, and has many thousands of members. It has contributed a great deal of money to a suffering world. For the victims in the Japanese famine, it contributed nearly a quarter of a million dollars. For those rendered homeless by the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, in 1905, it gave twelve thousand dollars. For the sufferers in the great California earthquake, in 1906, it gave more than three million dollars. Wherever humanity has a need, wherever it raises a cry for help, the Red Cross holds out its hand to offer relief and comfort.

In the recent World War, the American Red Cross sent its workers into the home camps and overseas, to be with the soldiers in time of need. Whatever the men desired in the way of comfort and help, which the Government could not supply, the Red Cross was ready and willing to give. Its doctors, nurses, and directors numbered many thousands. What they did for the wounded and the dying will be the subject of many an inspiring story for years to come.

QUESTIONS

1. Where did Clara Barton begin her work?
2. Where was the first Red Cross organization formed, and for what purpose?
3. Explain why the society was called the Red Cross.
4. Tell of Clara Barton's work in Europe.
5. When did our country join in with the Red Cross society?
6. How far was its work extended?
7. What was said of Clara Barton after the Johnstown flood?
8. Tell of some local work of the Red Cross. How do the schools help in this work?

OLD RUSTY*

ANONYMOUS

It is a splendid thing for a man to be brave, but bravery without clear thinking and quick action will not accomplish very much. When an emergency arises, the man of the hour is the man whose quick wits grasp the situation, and who has the courage to act for the good of all.

SHE had been a "crack" engine thirty years before; and long after every other locomotive of her pattern had been broken up into scrap iron, Old Rusty was hauling a local express and making her thirty-two miles an hour like clockwork. But at last, because she looked so ridiculous beside the new engines, she was put to drawing freight from the company's shops to the stations on the main line.

Absurd as the old engine appeared, every engineer who handled her soon grew fond of her, even poor Hepburn, who went a little wrong in his head and lost his position. The yardmaster gave him odd jobs to make a living, and when in the course of his oiling and cleaning Hepburn came to Old Rusty he petted her as if she had been alive.

There never was a man, though, who made so much of the engine as did young Maitland, Hepburn's successor. Maitland had fought his way up, starting with everything against him. When Old Rusty was given him he set out to master her. At the end of the year, when the records of the locomotives were made up, it was found that the old engine had used less fuel and cost less for repairs than any other locomotive on the road. Maitland could have had another engine and a passenger run, if he had wanted it.

* By permission of the *Youth's Companion*.

"No," he said, "Old Rusty can teach me something yet, and I like to be close to the shops, where I can have a chance to experiment and pick up ideas."

One night in September Old Rusty, with steam up, was waiting for the departure of a "special" that carried the president of the road and an official party.

Of course a fast new locomotive was assigned to that train, which included two Pullmans, a sleeper, and a baggage car, besides the president's private car. Five minutes before seven the party appeared. The president was holding his watch in his hand and looking worried.

"I have just an hour to make forty miles," he said. As he spoke, the yardmaster came up to report that something was wrong with the crank pin of the locomotive, and that it would take twenty minutes to repair it.

"Is any other engine ready?" asked the president.

"Old Rusty is the only one, but she might make it," the yardmaster answered.

The president laughed as he looked over at the ungainly old engine, but he had heard something about the performances of Old Rusty and her engineer, and so in two minutes the new locomotive was run on a siding, the other was coupled to the train, and with a screech off Old Rusty rattled to make forty miles in fifty-eight minutes.

Then a strange thing happened. The new engine had been left alone for the moment. Up sneaked Hepburn, the poor crazy fellow who had once been an engineer, jumped into the cab, pulled open the throttle, and was off on the main line before anyone realized what was going on.

The yardmaster rushed to the telegraph office. In a moment it was ticked over the wires to the next stop, eight

miles ahead, that a wild engine, manned by a crazy engineer, was loose on the road.

Maitland had none too much of a start, for it did not take Hepburn long to get his engine warmed to her work. There were three minutes between the train and the wild engine at first, but only sixty seconds separated them when Maitland came to the end of the long curve at Berry Hill.

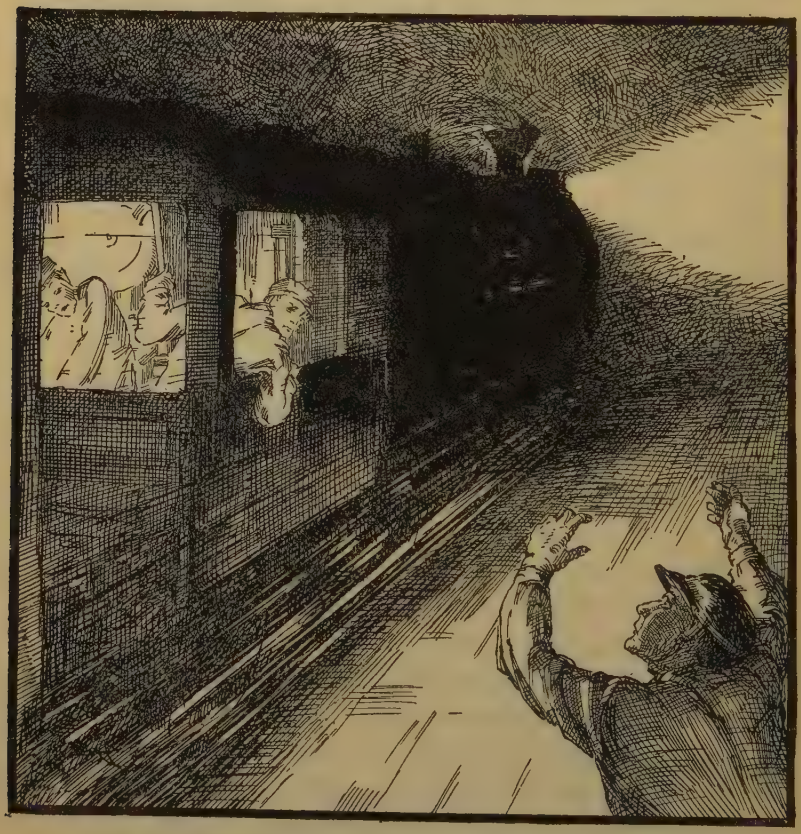
The engineer happened to glance back, and the sight that met his eyes made his heart leap and his face turn pale. Through the darkness, shining like an evil eye, came the headlight of the wild engine. Maitland shouted a warning to his fireman and opened the throttle wide. He was thankful now that he knew Old Rusty's every strength and weakness. As never before he coaxed her to show her utmost speed. Death was roaring behind him.

As they neared the first station, Maitland looked out of the cab and saw the white-faced operator on the platform, frantically waving them forward. There was no hearing what he said, but his meaning was clear enough. It was six miles to the next station; Old Rusty made it in less than eight minutes. But the runaway was gaining; she would overtake Old Rusty within the next six miles.

"Stay right here, Jack, and keep the throttle wide open!" Maitland suddenly roared to his fireman.

He dashed from the cab, climbed over the tender and into the baggage car. In a second he had a stout trunk strap in his hand. He rushed through the forward car. The president and his guests stood up, white and silent. They thought that Maitland had come to warn them to prepare for an awful shock.

"Follow me!" cried Maitland to the conductor. The two men made for the platform of the car next to the last.



THE WHITE-FACED OPERATOR MOVED THEM FORWARD.

It is not very difficult to uncouple cars when a train is moving slowly; but with an engine tearing along as Old Rusty was, few men would care to attempt it. Buckling the trunk strap round his waist so that the conductor might hold him, Maitland tugged at the coupling. Even when

he had managed to free the last car, it had such headway that it did not at once desert the train; but presently it fell behind — a trap for the wild engine. Then Maitland raced back to Old Rusty, while the conductor explained to the officials how their lives had been saved.

It was only a minute or two later when the crash came. The pilot of the runaway struck the uncoupled car and then rose in the air. There was a frightful roar of escaping steam, heard above the grinding of wood and iron, and then the engine rolled over on its side. And, strangest of all, Hepburn, the mad engineer, flung out of the cab at the first shock, escaped with a broken leg.

Old Rusty went speeding on; not until the next station was reached, three miles ahead, did Maitland stop. Then the president got out of his car and hurried up to the engine. "Come out of that cab," he said.

Maitland got down, and every man, beginning with the president, shook hands with him. But no one said a word; no one felt talkative just then.

"Oh, yes, the president and directors gave Maitland a check for a thousand dollars," said the old engineer who told the story; "and they said Old Rusty never should be broken up while they controlled the road. But the worst of it was that two years after that they made Maitland division superintendent. It was a sin to take so good an engineer off an engine! A first-class engineer isn't born every day!"

QUESTIONS

1. What record did young Maitland make with Old Rusty?
2. What do you think of Maitland's refusal to accept a passenger run?

3. How did it happen that Old Rusty was pressed into service for the "special"?
4. What strange thing happened at the yard?
5. How did Maitland protect his train from the wild engine?

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

We have been reading some serious stories. Perhaps it is time to read a nonsense poem and laugh a little.

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine;
If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cats had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If Mother, sir, sold the baby
To a gipsy for half a crown;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady, —
The world would be Upside-down!
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside-out.

QUESTION

Can you give the names of some other nonsense poems that you have enjoyed?

THE PONY EXPRESS*

LAWTON B. EVANS

In the present day when our mail is delivered regularly at our homes it is almost impossible for us to realize the difficulties which confronted those who carried the mail in the early days of the country. The success of the undertaking depended upon the brave men to whose care it was committed and upon the horses which served them as means of transportation. It required constant watchfulness and care on the part of these riders, and many of them lost their lives in this service.

THE equipment necessary for the Pony Express was tremendous. To carry the fast mail over the barren plains and through the dangerous mountain passes, and over swollen rivers, required nearly five hundred horses, one hundred and ninety relay stations, and eighty experienced riders. Each horse was expected to go fifteen miles at top speed and sometimes farther if necessary. There was no time lost, and each pony was required to do his best.

The riders were men selected for their lithe and wiry bodies. They were noted for their bravery and coolness in moments of danger and were capable of tremendous endurance of riding, fatigue, and privation. It was no easy task required of man and horse. They were often strained to the limit of physical strength.

Day and night, in sunshine or in storm, in heat and cold, in the darkest hours, sometimes with only the stars to guide him, the intrepid rider must speed on, regardless of weariness or danger.

* From *With Whip and Spur*. Copyright, 1927. By permission of the publishers, the Milton Bradley Company.

Rain, hail, snow, or sleet made no difference. The threat of Indians in his path did not stop him. Hunger and thirst he had to disregard. His precious burden of letters, strapped to his saddle, demanded all there was in him. No matter what happened, on he must ride. The mail must go through.

Sometimes his way led across the level prairies, straight as the flight of an eagle. Then again it was a zigzag trail, hugging the brink of an awful precipice, or else in a dark and narrow cañon infested with savages eager for the scalp of the daring rider, or the hiding place for road agents, who would rob the mails.

Every fifteen or twenty miles there was a relay station, at which the rider would get a fresh mount. A half mile from the station he would utter a yell like the cry of a coyote to let the station men know that he was coming. Arriving, he would fling himself off his breathless pony, strip his saddle with its precious contents, fling it on the back of a fresh mount, pass a few words with the station men, drink a cup of coffee, stuff some food in his pocket, and be off again like a shot, his flying figure disappearing along the trail.

All this demanded a great deal of the ponies themselves. They were desert bred, as thin and wiry as their riders, and knew nothing but to run at top speed. Running was their business, and each one could gallop at his limit for fifteen miles without a break. They were fed and housed with the greatest care. At the end of each run they came into the station flecked with foam, nostrils dilated, and flanks thumping at every breath.

Nearly two thousand miles must be covered in eight or ten days. Two hundred and fifty miles a day was often the

schedule of the Pony Express. There was no idling for man or beast. The only delay at the station was a second or two as the rider changed from pony to pony and flew down the trail, straining every nerve to make his schedule.

No surplus weight in rider or package could be allowed. Nothing was carried that was not absolutely necessary. The riders' arms were limited to a revolver and a knife. The case of precious letters made a bundle no larger than an ordinary writing tablet. Each letter was written on the thinnest tissue paper, contained the fewest words possible, and was about the most important business. It cost five dollars to send a letter across the plains. There were no useless letters among them.

The mail bags were two pouches of leather, waterproof, sealed, and strapped to the rider's saddle before and behind. They were never more than twenty pounds in weight. Inside the pouches, to protect their contents from the weather, were the letters, wrapped in oiled silk. The pockets were locked and were not opened except at their destination.

Among the most famous of the Pony Express riders was Buffalo Bill. His real name was William F. Cody. He was a fatherless Western lad, who loved the plains, who knew all about woodcraft, who could shoot with unerring marksmanship, ride without ever tiring, and outwit an Indian in his own warfare. He was quite a boy when he became a Pony Express rider. His employers were afraid to give him a heavy division, so they only let him ride forty-five miles at first, where the stations were fifteen miles apart, with three changes of horses. He rode so well and so fearlessly that he

was soon changed to duty on the road from Red Butte on the North Platte to the Three Crossings on the Sweetwater, a distance of seventy-six miles. It was a desolate and lonely section, more eagerly watched by savages than anywhere else on the long route.

His employer said to him, "Bill, you are a boy of wonderful courage and daring, and we are trusting you with one of our most perilous positions. Yours is not a peaceful route. Every time you come in I breathe easier and expect to hear of some startling adventure. Look out and be careful."

"I am always cautious," replied young Cody. "I make detours when necessary, and there isn't an Indian alive that I am afraid of."

"I know that," said his employer, "but keep your eye on the lookout."

Cody was as fearless a rider as there was in the whole outfit and was capable of more endurance than any of them. He was simply afraid of nothing. There was not a danger on the plains that could make him turn pale or bat an eye. Besides that his endurance was remarkable.

When in later years he was asked what was the longest trip ever made upon the plains by a Pony Express Rider, Cody, who was then known as "Buffalo Bill," said to some friends, "I shall have to claim that myself. I will tell you about it. One day when I rode flying into Three Crossings, which was my home station, I found that the rider, who was due to make the trip out on my arrival, had gotten into a drunken row the night before and had been killed. That division was without a rider. Riders were scarce, and it was difficult to engage men for the service in that dangerous

and uninhabited region. The superintendent came up to me, still on horseback, and asked me to ride on, as no one else could be secured. The distance to the next station was eighty-five miles, where the package was to be delivered to another rider. It was a bad and dangerous country, but I always laughed at danger in those days. I grabbed the saddle off my tired mount, threw it on the back of another prancing pony, and was off for the eighty-five miles. I had not rested five minutes. I rode hard and fast, came to every station on time, delivered my packages, made the return trip all the way to Red Butte, a distance of three hundred and twenty-two miles without a single mishap and on time. I saw no Indian and if I had I should not have cared. I think that is the longest single trip ever made by a Pony Express Rider. In those days every rider knew the mail must go through."

Cody was also one of the riders that carried the inaugural address of President Lincoln across the plains. He rode three hundred and twenty miles in twenty-one hours and forty minutes. This is the next longest ride in the history of the Pony Express.

While Cody was still riding for the Pony Express it became known in some mysterious way that a large sum of money in paper was being sent through by the Pony Express and that road agents, or robbers, were on the look-out for it.

They had already killed one rider, thinking he carried the package, but finding themselves mistaken were lying in wait for other riders. Cody's route was the most inviting place for them to stop the horsemen, and he knew that in all

probability they would make an effort to secure the treasure. For he was the man who carried it, and he had been warned to protect it at all hazards.

"That's what I am here for," he said to those who gave it to him in charge.

When he reached the relay station and before he entered the dangerous part of his journey, he decided upon a little plan to outwit the robbers. He took a second pair of saddle pouches and put something in them and left them in plain sight, strapped before and behind his saddle. The packages that held the valuable express he folded up in his saddle blanket in such a way that they could not be seen unless a search was made for them. He thus prepared a decoy to fool the bandits.

He started once more upon his flying trip. In front and behind were the decoy packages, while the rider sat over the money securely hidden in the saddle blankets. He held his revolver in one hand, ready for instant use. Along the trail he flew, with every nerve strung to meet any danger that might confront him. There was an especially lonesome spot in a valley where the fearless rider suspected he would be halted. It was the very place for such an attempt as he thought might be made.

With straining ears he listened for every sound, and with keen eyes watched every sight that might betray the presence of an ambush. As he came near the spot, he was more than ever on the alert. He was not surprised, then, to find the road blocked making a detour necessary. This brought him to a halt. Two men suddenly stepped out from the bushes and confronted him. They were fierce-looking ban-

dits, and Cody was startled in spite of his nerve. They had him covered with their rifles.

"Hands up, Bill Cody! We know yer, my boy, and what yer got. We want what money you carry. Out with it. No foolishness."

The young rider was by no means willing to surrender point blank, and said to them, "I carry the express and United States mail, and it is hanging for you if you interfere with me."

"We don't want yer, Billy, unless yer force us to git you. We want what you got in that ere bag."

"You can't have it," was the plucky reply. "I am Bill Cody and I have never yet given up anything I did not want to. Get out of my way."

"Not much, we don't, throw us the valuables, or we throw yer a bullet. Quick now!"

Cody decided upon his line of action. The two men stood directly in front of him, each one covering him with a rifle. To resist was certain death, so he began to unfasten the decoy pouches slowly.

"Mark my word, you will hang for this," said he threateningly to the robbers.

"We'll take our chances on that, Bill," said one of the men.

"All right, if you will have them, take them," said Cody suddenly.

Saying this, he hurled the pouches at the head of one of the men who quickly dodged and turned to pick them up. With his revolver in his left hand, Cody fired at the other man. The bullet shattered the man's arm and his pistol

fell to the ground. Driving the spurs into the flanks of his pony, Cody rode directly over the man who was stooping to pick up the pouches. The pony struck him a hard blow which knocked him down. Dashing into the woods with a yell of defiance, he soon came back into the trail and sped like the wind with the valuable express still in his possession.

What the bandits thought when they opened the pouch and found them stuffed with useless papers and what they said about the way Bill Cody outwitted them is something that is not recorded.

Many a narrow escape from the Indians did young Cody have while he was an express rider. Oftentimes he would leave a station with a warning, "Injun' signs, Bill, look out. The other rider said he seen 'em."

Cody would nod in recognition of the information, transfer his saddle and package, and dash off on his fresh mount regardless of danger.

One time he had been warned that Indians were about and was told to be on the watch.

Down the trail ran the fleet pony like the wind, out into the solitude and dangers of the vast wilderness. Mountains were on either side, towering cliffs overhanging the trail, and the wind moaned through the trees like a warning from departed spirits.

The piercing eyes of the young rider kept a sharp lookout. In spite of his tremendous speed of fifteen to eighteen miles an hour, he saw every tree, bush, and rock. He knew that behind any one of them there might lurk a dangerous foe.

Far down the valley his quick glance fell upon an object lying flat upon a huge boulder directly in his path.

On sped his pony, without any checking of speed. Cody saw the object move and disappear behind the rock, but gave no sign that he saw. He held steadily upon his way.

"There's an Indian behind that rock. I saw his hand," muttered Cody to himself.

But his horse flew on, directly toward the boulder, as if he did not know the danger that lurked in his way. By leaving the trail, he could escape behind a cliff that led to one side, but apparently he had no intention of leaving the trail. Cody could see the Indian in ambush leveling his rifle and waiting for the rider to come in his range.

"Not yet, my friend! I shall stop before you get a chance to fire," said he to himself with a smile.

Just before he came in range of the savage's rifle, he dashed his spurs into the pony's side, wheeled to the right, and headed for the cliff. By this the Indian knew that he had been seen, and at once there came a crack of a rifle and a puff of smoke rising above the rock where the savage was concealed.

This was followed by a yell from a score of throats from various places in the valley, and Cody knew that an ambush had been laid for him. It was up to his pony to get him out of danger, and the little animal seemed to realize the responsibility which was upon him.

Cody could have turned back along the trail and slid out of the ambush that way, but he carried the United States mail and the mail had to go through, and Cody was not a man to be afraid. On he headed for the cliff, and away from the ambush that had been laid for him. The mail had to go through.

Out from behind the boulder, where they had been lying, sprang two savages in all the glory of war paint. Their horses had been hidden in the timber close by. Quickly mounting, they leaped forward in pursuit of the flying rider, their rifles spattering bullets harmlessly on the turf and in the trees as they fired riding and at long range. Other Indians on foot leaped from the ambush, but Cody had outwitted them by turning aside and seeking the path by the cliff.

Soon the rider was out of danger of the Indians who were afoot, but the two savages who were mounted came after him in hot pursuit. It was a mile or more to a turn in the cliff where Cody would be safe. The race was now to the swift. One of the savages was mounted on a particularly fleet horse, as fast as that ridden by Cody himself. The other savage dropped behind and was out of the race. It was now a run for shelter on the part of the Pony Express, for Cody knew that he could not well stop and fire unless he himself was hidden from the savages.

He pressed his mount to the utmost, but saw that the savage was gaining on him and would soon be in rifle range. Cody had his revolver only, but with that he was an unerring shot.

On came the savage and Cody felt rather than knew that he was aiming his rifle for a careful shot. Suddenly the young rider threw himself from his pony, dragging him to one side and down upon his knees as if he had stumbled. The oncoming savage, not recognizing the ruse, yelled with delight, thinking the rider thrown and now an easy victim.

Cody waited, shielding himself behind his pony, which had scrambled to his feet, and as soon as his enemy was in range fired with his unerring markmanship, once, and once again.

At the first fire the savage dropped his rifle, threw up his hands, reeled and fell. At the second fire his horse stumbled forward with a broken leg.

As quick as a flash, Cody restored his pistol to his holster, mounted his pony, and was off down the trail and behind the shelter of the precipice, while his astonished pursuers were gathered around their fallen chief who would never again lie in ambush for the Pony Express.

Bill Cody had lost only fifteen minutes on his schedule time, which he made up before he reached his next station.

Years passed, and the Pony Express went out of existence. Cody became known as "Buffalo Bill" and made his place in the affections of the American people as the most intrepid frontiersman that ever fought the Indians, protected the settlers, hunted the game, and loved the broad stretches, deep rivers, and high mountains of the western plains.

QUESTIONS

1. Describe the men who were selected for the Pony Express.
2. What hardships did they endure?
3. Give the plan for carrying the mail.
4. In what way was the weight reduced to the minimum?
5. What dangers were encountered?
6. Describe the longest trip made by a Pony Express rider.
7. Tell how Bill Cody outwitted the men who held him up.
8. How did Cody escape from the Indians?

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA*

ELBERT HUBBARD

"It was on the twenty-second of February, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, Washington's Birthday," says Hubbard, "and we were just going to press with the March *Philistine*. The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a trying day.

"The immediate suggestion, though, came from a little argument over the teacups, when my boy Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban War. Rowan had gone alone and done the thing — carried the message to Garcia.

"It came to me like a flash! Yes, the boy is right, the hero is the man who does his work — who carries the message to Garcia."

IN all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from

* By permission of the publishers, The Roycrofters.

an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia — and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to catch hold cheerfully and lift — these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate — and do not think it necessary to be able to do so.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper?" said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I should send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and, on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy n'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done more finely

— but out, and forever out, the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best — those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled number nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to cope with dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude of those who, but for their employers' enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others,

and, having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town, and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly — the man who can "carry a message to Garcia."

QUESTIONS

1. Why does the author of this story think Rowan's name should be exalted?
2. Was this one act of Rowan's a real test of his character? Why do you think so?
3. What reasons can you give for the popularity of this story?
4. What does the author mean by "carrying a message to Garcia"?
5. Do you put your best into your job now, or are you a disgruntled knocker?
6. The kind of pupil you are now will determine the kind of man you will be later. Do you "carry a message to Garcia"?

MARGARET*

Grace King

A kind heart often leads us to do noble things. This is the story of a poor, illiterate woman whose interest in the orphans of New Orleans and the help she gave to them made her beloved and honored by everybody in that city.

There is not much to tell. Margaret Haughery's story is simple enough to be called stupid. A husband and wife, recent Irish immigrants, died in Baltimore of yellow fever, leaving their infant, named Margaret, upon the charity of the community. A sturdy young Welsh couple, who had crossed the ocean with the Irish immigrants, took the little orphan and cared for her as if she were their own child.

They were Baptists, but they reared her in the faith of her parents, and kept her with them until she married a young Irishman in her own rank in life. Failing health forced her husband to remove to the warmer climate of New Orleans, and finally for the sake of the sea voyage, to sail to Ireland, where he died. Shortly afterwards, Margaret, in New Orleans, lost her own baby. To make a living she engaged as laundress in the St. Charles Hotel. This was her equipment at twenty for her monument.

The Sisters in charge of a neighboring asylum were at the time in great straits to provide for the orphans in their care, and were struggling desperately to build the larger house, which was becoming daily more necessary to them.

* From *New Orleans: The Place and the People.* By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

The childless widow, Margaret, went to the Superior and offered a share of her earnings. They were gratefully accepted.

From her savings at the laundry, Margaret bought two cows, and opened a dairy, delivering the milk herself. Every morning, year after year, in rain or shine, she drove her cart the rounds of her trade. Returning, she would gather up the cold food which she begged from the hotels, and this she would distribute among the asylums in need. Many times it was only this food that kept hunger from the orphans. This was during the deadly periods of the great epidemic, when children were made orphans by the thousand.

The new and larger asylum was commenced, and in ten years — Margaret's dairy pouring its profits steadily into the exchequer — was completed and paid for. The dairy was enlarged, and more money was made, through which an infant asylum — her baby-house, as Margaret called it — was built, and later the St. Elizabeth training asylum for grown girls.

With all this, Margaret still could save money to invest. One of her debtors, a baker, failing, she was forced to accept his establishment for debt. She therefore dropped her dairy and took to baking, substituting the bread cart for the milk cart. She drove one as well as the other, and made her deliveries with the regularity that had become as characteristic of her as was her sunbonnet. She furnished bread to the orphan asylums at so low a price and gave away so much in charity that it is surprising that she made any money at all. But every year brought an increase of business and an enlargement of her original establish-

ment, which grew in time into a factory worked by steam.

It was situated in the business center of the city, and

NO ONE COULD PASS WITHOUT A WORD WITH HER.

Margaret, always sitting in the open doorway of her office, and always good-humored and talkative, became an integral part of the business world about her. No one could pass without a word with her and, as it was said, no enterprise

that she endorsed ever failed. She was consulted as an infallible oracle by all — ragamuffins, paper boys, porters, clerks, even by her neighbors, the great merchants and bankers — all calling her "Margaret" and nothing more.

She never dressed otherwise than as her statue represents her, in a calico dress, with a small shawl, and never wore any other head covering than a sunbonnet. Her customary position, when seated, was that now shown in marble. She never learned to read and write, and never could distinguish one figure from another.

She signed with a mark the will that distributed her thousands of dollars among the orphan asylums of the city. She did not forget one of them, whether for white or colored. Protestants and Jews were remembered as well as Catholics, for she never forgot that it was a Protestant couple that had cared for her when she was an orphan. "They are all orphans alike," was her oft-repeated comment. The anecdotes about her would fill a volume.

During the four years of the Civil War she had a hard task to maintain her business, but she never on that account diminished her contributions to the orphans, to the needy, and to the families of Confederate soldiers.

When she died, it seemed as if people could not believe it. "Margaret dead!" Why, each one had just seen her, talked with her, consulted her, asked her for something, received something from her. The news of the death of any other person in the city would have been received with more credulity.

The journals all appeared in mourning, and the obituaries, could she have read them, would have struck Margaret as the most incredible things in the world, to have happened to

her. The statue was a spontaneous thought, and the thought found spontaneous response.

While the people were talking about her death, the fund for the statue was collected. It was ordered and executed, and very soon after her death, there she was again before the asylum she had built, sitting on her same old chair that every one knew so well, dressed in the familiar calico gown, with her little shawl over her shoulders — not the old shawl she wore every day, but the pretty one of which she was so proud, which the orphans had crocheted for her.

All the dignitaries of the state and city were at the unveiling of the statue. A thousand orphans, representing every asylum in the city, occupied the seats of honor. A delegation of them pulled the cords that held the canvas covering over the marble, and, as it fell, and "Margaret" appeared, their delighted applause led the loud shouts of joy, and the hand-clapping. The streets were crowded as far as the eye could see, and it was said that there was "not a man, woman, or child in the crowd but knew Margaret and loved her."

QUESTIONS

1. Where was Margaret born and reared?
2. Why did she go to New Orleans?
3. How did she become interested in orphans?
4. What did she first do for them?
5. How did Margaret make her money?
6. What did Margaret call the infant asylum she built?
7. Why do you suppose she was interested in babies particularly?
8. To what charity did she leave her money when she died?
9. How did the people honor her after her death?
10. Why did they do this?

A BOY SCOUT*

No organization of the present day presents greater opportunities and possibilities than "The Boy Scouts." A nation never rises higher than its manhood, and it is the purpose of this organization to help boys develop into strong men who are clean, morally and physically. The true Scout is one of whom his country may be proud and on whom the nation can depend in peace and war.

A SCOUT enjoys a hike through the woods more than he does a walk in the city streets. He can tell north or south or east or west by the "signs." He can tie a knot that will hold; he can climb a tree which seems impossible to others; he can swim a river; he can pitch a tent; he can mend a tear in his trousers; he can tell you which fruits and seeds are poisonous and which are not; he can sight nut-bearing trees from a distance. If he lives near the ocean or a lake he can reef a sail or take his trick at the wheel, and, if near any body of water at all he can pull an oar or use paddles and sculls; he knows the names of birds and animals in the woods; he tells you the different varieties of fish in the water.

A Scout walks through the woods with silent tread. No dry twigs snap under his feet, and no loose stones turn over and throw him off his balance. His eyes are keen and he sees many things that others do not see. He sees tracks and signs which reveal to him the nature and habits of the creatures that made them. He knows how to stalk birds and animals and how to study them in their natural haunts. He sees much, but is little seen.

* From *The Boy Scouts' Year Book*. Copyright, 1921. By permission of the publishers, D. Appleton and Company.

A Scout, like an old frontiersman, does not shout his wisdom from the housetops. He possesses the quiet power that comes from knowledge. He speaks softly and answers questions modestly. He knows a braggart but he does not challenge him, allowing the boaster to expose his ignorance by his own loose-wagging tongue.

A Scout can kindle a fire in the forest on the wettest day, and he seldom uses more than one match. When no matches can be had, he can still have a fire, for he knows the secret of the rubbing sticks used by the Indians, and he knows how to start a blaze with only his knife blade and a piece of flint. He knows, also, the danger of forest fires; so he kindles a blaze that will not spread. The fire once started, what a meal he can prepare out there in the open! Just watch him and compare his appetite with that of a boy who lounges at a lunch counter in a crowded city. He knows the unwritten rules of the camp fire, and he contributes his share to the pleasures of the council. He also knows when to sit silent before the ruddy embers and give his mind free play.

A Scout holds his honor to be his most precious possession, and he would rather die than have it stained. He knows what is his duty, and all obligations imposed by duty he fulfills of his own free will. His sense of honor is his only taskmaster, and his honor he guards as jealously as did the knights of old. In this manner a Scout wins the confidence and respect of all people.

A Scout practices self-control, for he knows that men who master problems in the world must first master themselves. He keeps a close guard on his tongue, for he knows that loud speech is often a cloak to ignorance, that swearing is a sign of weakness, and that untruthfulness shatters the confidence

of others. He keeps a close guard on his appetite, eats moderately, and only of food which will make him strong; he never uses alcoholic liquors because he does not wish to poison his body; he desires a clear, active brain, so he avoids tobacco.

A Scout never flinches in the face of danger; for he knows that at such a time every faculty must be alert to preserve his safety and that of others. He knows what to do in case of fire, or panic, or shipwreck; he trains his mind to direct and his body to act. In all emergencies he sets an example of resourcefulness, coolness, and courage, and considers the safety of others before that of himself. He is especially considerate of the helpless and weak.

A Scout can make himself known to a brother Scout wherever he may be by a method which only Scouts can know. He has brothers in every city in the land and in every country in the world. Wherever he goes he can give his signs and be assured of a friendly welcome. He can talk with a brother Scout without making a sound or he can make known his message by imitating the click of a telegraph key.

QUESTIONS

1. What are some of the things a Scout learns about the woods?
2. Of what use is this knowledge?
3. How may you find out the amount of information a Scout possesses?
4. Some people think "scouting" is just another word for "playing." How would you try to prove them wrong?
5. Of what value is trustworthiness?
6. What is self-control?

7. Can you give an instance of valuable service rendered by a Scout?

8. Is there a Boy Scout Troop in your community? Are you a member?

9. Does this article give a picture of every Scout or of what a Scout would like to be?

10. If you are a Scout, in what ways has membership in the organization been of value to you?

MY CREED *

Howard Arnold Walter

Here is a poem which reads as though it might have been written with Boy Scouts in mind.

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all — the foe, the friendless;
I would be given and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up — and laugh — and love — and lift.

QUESTION

Creed is taken from the Latin word *credo*, which means *I believe*. Knowing this, can you suggest another name for this poem?

* Used by permission of Mr. H. S. Walter.

GOETHALS, THE PROPHET-ENGINEER*

PERCY MACKAYE

George N. Goethals was the chief engineer in building the Panama Canal, from 1907 to 1914. Many attempts had been made earlier to build the Canal, but they had all failed. The sanitation, housing, labor problems, and engineering plans under Goethals were so efficiently organized and conducted, that the building of the Canal has come to be a model for all great enterprises of like nature.

A MAN went down to Panama
  Where many a man had died
To slit the sliding mountains
  And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
  And the mountains stood aside.

A poet wrought in Panama
  With a continent for his theme,
And he wrote with flood and fire
  To forge a planet's dream,
And the derricks rang his dithyrambs
  And his stanzas roared in steam.

Where old Balboa bent his gaze
  He leads the liners through,
And the Horn that tossed Magellan
  Bellows a far halloo,
For where the navies never sailed
  Steamed Goethals and his crew;

* From *Poems*. Copyright, 1916. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

So nevermore the tropic routes
  Need poleward warp and veer,
But on through the Gates of Goethals
  The steady keels shall steer,
Where the tribes of man are led toward peace
  By the prophet-engineer.

QUESTIONS

1. Where is the Panama Canal, and what service does it render?
2. What is meant by "the mountains stood aside"?
3. Why does the author speak of Goethals as a poet?
4. Who was Balboa?
5. Who was Magellan?
6. Why do you suppose Goethals was chosen for this great work?
7. What difficulties did he overcome?
8. What other great works can you mention that have been done by engineers who saw visions and overcame great obstacles?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In telling what you would do, in connection with these exercises, select the numbered statement that seems to you the best, and give orally or write (as your teacher may direct) a brief statement explaining why you think it is best. Remember that "circumstances alter cases" and that there might be occasions when none of the solutions suggested here would be the best and when either of two might be equally good. Your statement will be rated upon the good judgment it displays and upon the ability you show to see a situation from the other fellow's point of view rather than upon your selection of a particular number as the right one.

I. Suppose you are taking a cross-country hike alone. You come to a railroad track and discover a rail that seems to you defective. However, you are not sure that it is in such a state as to endanger a train. You know that a train will soon come by. Should you

1. Go on and do nothing about the matter?
2. Run in the direction from which the train is coming and signal to it to stop?
3. Put up a signal at the place where the rail is defective and go on?

II. Suppose you are working and are allowed to keep the money you earn for yourself. Because you are working you are not going to the Boy Scout Camp as you usually do. You know a poor boy who will be greatly benefited by spending some time in the camp. Should you

1. Use all the money you earn for your own pleasure?
2. Put all the money you can save into a bank?
3. Send some money to the camp director and suggest that he ask the poor boy about whom you know to come to the camp?

III. Suppose a mad dog should appear in your school yard when many small children are playing. Should you

1. Run to the schoolhouse at once?
2. Call to all the children to run?
3. Call the teacher?
4. Attempt to drive off the dog with a bat?

IV. You and ten of your friends have engaged a boat for a fishing trip. You discover that the boat will accommodate only ten people and to add an extra person would endanger the lives of all members of the party? Should you

1. Rush for a place in the boat?
2. Suggest that some other member give up his place?
3. Suggest that lots be drawn to see who should give up his place?
4. Volunteer to give up your place?

V. You have a new and pretty dress. Your sister is going to a party to which you have not been asked. She has no new dress and would like very much to wear yours. Should you

1. Tell her that the dress is yours and that you do not wish to lend it?
2. Give her the impression that you are going to wear it yourself and that you, therefore, cannot lend it to her?
3. Let her wear the dress?

VI. You have earned money for a month's vacation. You discover that by giving up your trip and working in your father's place of business it will be possible for him and your mother to go to a less expensive place which they would both enjoy. Your father is overworked and is very tired. Should you

1. Insist that it is your right to go because you have earned the money for the trip?
2. Ask your father to decide what you should do?
3. Make your father and mother feel that you would be glad to remain at home so that they can have the rest they need?
4. Tell your father that you will remain at home, but do this ungraciously?

FRIENDLINESS AND AFFECTION

You to the left and I to the right
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and night,
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

— Richard Hovey.

THE KID HANGS UP HIS STOCKING*

JACOB A. RIIS

That the real Christmas spirit can and does exist in spite of the oppression of direst poverty is shown in this touching story of tenement life. For love and self-sacrifice are two qualities in men's hearts that are too noble to be controlled by dollars; in these things the rich may be poor, and the poor may be rich. We shall see how a group of homeless waifs found happiness in the joy of giving.

THE clock in the West Side Boys' Lodging-house ticked out the seconds of Christmas Eve as slowly and methodically as if six fat turkeys were not sizzling in the basement kitchen against the morrow's spread, and as if two-score boys were not racking their brains to guess what kind of pies would go with them. Out on the avenue the shopkeepers were barring doors and windows, and shouting "Merry Christmas!" to one another across the street as they hurried to get home. The drays ran over the pavement with muffled sounds; winter had set in with a heavy snowstorm. In the big hall the monotonous click of checkers on the board kept step with the clock. The smothered exclamations of the boys at some unexpected, bold stroke, and the scratching of a little fellow's pencil on a slate, trying to figure out how long it was yet till the big dinner, were the only sounds that broke the quiet of the room. The superintendent dozed behind his desk.

* From *The Children of the Tenements*. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

A door at the end of the hall creaked, and a head with a shock of weather-beaten hair was stuck cautiously through the opening.

"Tom!" it said in a stage whisper. "Hi, Tom! Come up an' git on ter de lay of de Kid."

A bigger boy in a jumper, who had been lounging on two chairs by the group of checker players, sat up and looked toward the door. Something in the energetic toss of the head there aroused his instant curiosity, and he started across the room. After a brief whispered conference the door closed upon the two, and silence fell once more on the hall.

They had been gone but a little while when they came back in haste. The big boy shut the door softly behind him and set his back against it.

"Fellers," he said, "what d'ye t'ink? I'm blamed if de Kid ain't gone an' hung up his sock fer Chris'mas!"

The checkers dropped, and the pencil ceased scratching on the slate, in breathless suspense.

"Come up an' see," said Tom, briefly, and led the way to the stairs.

The whole band followed on tiptoe. At the foot of the stairs their leader halted.

"Yer don't make no noise," he said, with a menacing gesture. "You, Savoy!" — to one in a patched shirt and with a mischievous twinkle — "you don't come none o' yer monkey shines. If you scare de Kid you'll get it in de neck, see!"

With this admonition they stole upstairs. In the last cot of the double tier of bunks a boy much smaller than the rest slept, snugly tucked in the blankets. A tangled curl of

yellow hair strayed over his baby face. Hitched to the bedpost was a poor, worn little stocking, arranged with much care so that Santa Claus should have as little trouble in filling it as possible. The edge of a hole in the knee had been drawn together and tied with a string to prevent anything falling out. The boys looked on in amazed silence. Even Savoy was dumb.

Little Willie, or, as he was affectionately dubbed by the boys, "the Kid," was a waif who had drifted in among them some months before. Except that his mother was in the hospital, nothing was known about him, which was regular and according to the rule of the house. Not as much was known about most of its patrons; few of them knew more themselves, or cared to remember. Santa Claus had never been anything to them but a fake to make the colored supplements sell. The revelation of the Kid's simple faith struck them with a kind of awe. They sneaked quietly downstairs.

"Fellers," said Tom, when they were all together again in the big room — by virtue of his length, which had given him the nickname of "Stretch," he was the speaker on all important occasions — "ye seen it yerself. Santy Claus is a-comin' to this here joint to-night. I wouldn't 'a' believed it. I ain't never had no dealin's wid de old guy. He kinder forgot I was around, I guess. But de Kid says he is a-comin' to-night, an' what de Kid says goes."

Then he looked round expectantly. Two of the boys, "Gimpy" and Lem, were conferring aside in an undertone. Presently Gimpy, who limped, as his name indicated, spoke up.

"Lem says, says he —"

"Gimpy, you chump! you'll address de chairman," interrupted Tom, with severe dignity, "or you'll get yer jaw broke, if yer leg *is* short, see!"

"Cut it out, Stretch," was Gimpy's irreverent answer. "This here ain't no regular meetin', an' we ain't goin' to have none o' yer rot. Lem he says, says he, let's break de bank an' fill de Kid's sock. He won't know but it wuz ole Santy done it."

A yell of approval greeted the suggestion. The chairman, bound to exercise the functions of office in season and out of season, while they lasted, thumped the table.

"It is regular motioned an' carried," he announced with decision, "that we break de bank fer de Kid's Chris'mas. Come on, boys!"

The bank was run by the house, with the superintendent as paying teller. He had to be consulted, particularly as it was past banking hours; but the affair having been succinctly put before him by a committee, of which Lem and Gimpy and Stretch were the talking members, he readily consented to a reopening of business for a scrutiny of the various accounts which represented the boys' earnings at selling papers and blacking boots, minus the cost of their keep and of sundry surreptitious flings at "craps" in secret corners. The inquiry developed an available surplus of three dollars and fifty cents. Savoy alone had no account; the run of craps had recently gone heavily against him. But in consideration of the season, the house voted a credit of twenty-five cents to him. The announcement was received with cheers. There was an immediate rush for the store, which was delayed only a few minutes by the neces-

sity of Gimpy and Lem stopping on the stairs to "thump" one another as the expression of their entire satisfaction.

The procession that returned to the lodging-house later on, after wearing out the patience of several belated storekeepers, might have been the very Santa's supply train itself. It signalized its advent by a variety of discordant noises, which were smothered on the stairs by Stretch, with much personal violence, lest they wake the Kid out of season. With boots in hand and bated breath, the midnight band stole up to the dormitory and looked in. All was safe. The Kid was dreaming, and smiled in his sleep. The report roused a passing suspicion that he was faking, and Savarese was for pinching his toe to find out. As this would inevitably result in disclosure, Savarese and his proposal were scornfully sat upon. Gimpy supplied the popular explanation.

"He's a-dreamin' that Santy Claus has come," he said, carefully working a baseball bat past the tender spot in the stocking.

"Hully Gee!" commented Shorty, balancing a drum with care on the end of it, "I'm thinkin' he ain't far out. Looks's ef de hull shop'd come along."

It did when it was all in place. A trumpet and a gun that had made vain and perilous efforts to join the bat in the stocking leaned against the bed in expectant attitudes. A picture book with a pink Bengal tiger and a green bear on the cover peeped over the pillow, and the bedposts and rail were festooned with candy and marbles in bags. An express wagon with a high seat was stabled in the gangway. It carried a load of fir branches that left no doubt from whose

livery it hailed. The last touch was supplied by Savoy in the shape of a monkey on a yellow stick, that was not in the official bill of lading.

THE KID WAS STANDING BAREFOOTED IN THE PASSAGEWAY.

"I swiped it fer de Kid," he said briefly in explanation.

When it was all done the boys turned in, but not to sleep. It was long past midnight before the deep and regular

breathing from the beds proclaimed that the last had succumbed.

The early dawn was tinging the frosty window panes with red when from the Kid's cot there came a shriek that roused the house with a start of very genuine surprise.

"Hello!" shouted Stretch, sitting up with a jerk and rubbing his eyes. "Yes, sir! in a minute. Hello, Kid, what to —"

The Kid was standing barefooted in the passageway, with a baseball bat in one hand and a trumpet and a pair of drumsticks in the other, viewing with shining eyes the wagon and its cargo, the gun and all the rest. From every cot necks were stretched, and grinning faces watched the show. In the excess of his joy the Kid let out a blast on the trumpet that fairly shook the building. As if it were a signal, the boys jumped out of bed and danced a breakdown about him in their shirt-tails, even Gimpy joining in.

"Holy Moses!" said Stretch, looking down, "if Santy Claus ain't been here an' forgot his hull kit, I'm blamed!"

QUESTIONS

1. What lodging house is mentioned in the story and who lived there?
2. What preparations were being made for Christmas?
3. What responsibility fell to the boys?
4. How did they accept this responsibility?
5. How was money supplied for the purchases?
6. What contribution did Savoy bring and where did he get it?
7. Why was he less to be blamed than a boy with a good home would have been?
8. What took place on the Kid's awakening next morning?
9. How had the boys kept the real spirit of Christmas in spite of their poverty?

THE RENT BABY*

Jacob A. Riis

Many foreigners who come to America expecting to find it easy to earn a living meet with bitter disappointment. Not only do they find it difficult to make a living but they often receive nothing except injustice and harsh treatment. This is the story of an unfortunate foreigner whom some newsboys helped to make a new start.

Adam Grunschlag sat at his street stand in a deep brown study. He heeded not the gathering twilight, or the snow that fell in great white flakes, as yet with an appreciable space between, but with the promise of a coming storm in them. He took no notice of the bustle and stir all about that betokened the approaching holiday. The cries of the huckster hawking oranges from his cart, of the man with the crawling toy, and of the pedler of colored Christmas candles passed him by unheard. Women with big baskets jostled him, stopped and fingered his cabbages; he answered their inquiries mechanically. Adam's mind was not in the street, at his stand, but in the dark back basement where his wife Hansche was lying, there was no telling how sick. They could not afford a doctor. Of course, he might send to the hospital for one, but he would be sure to take her away, and then what would become of little Abe? Besides, if they had nothing else in the whole world, they had yet each other.

Troubles come not singly, but in squads, once the bag be untied. It was not the least sore point with Adam that he had untied it himself. They were doing well enough, he and his wife, in their home in Leinbach, Austria, keeping a little

* From *The Children of the Tenements*. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

grocery store, and living humbly but comfortably, when word of the country beyond the sea where much money was made, and where every man was as good as the next, made them uneasy and discontented. In the end they gave up the grocery and their little home, Hansche not without some tears; but she dried them quickly at the thought of the good times that were waiting. With these ever before them they bore the hardships of the steerage, and in good season reached Hester Street and the longed-for haven, only to find — this. A rear basement, dark and damp and unwholesome, for which the landlord, along with the privilege of keeping a stand in the street, which was not his to give, made them pay twelve dollars a month. Truly, much money was made in America, but not by those who paid the rent. It was all they could do, working early and late, he with his push-cart and at his stand, she with the needle, slaving for the sweat-shop, to get the rent together and keep a roof over the head of little Abe.

Five years they had kept that up, and things had gone from bad to worse. Police blackmail had taken out of it what little profit there was in the push-cart business. Times had grown harder than they ever were in Hester Street. To cap it all, two weeks ago gas had begun to leak into the basement from somewhere, and made Hansche sick, so that she dropped down at her work. Adam had complained to the landlord, and he had laughed at him. What did he want for twelve dollars, anyway? If the basement wasn't good enough for him, why didn't he hire an upstairs flat? The landlord did not tell Adam that he could do that for the same rent he paid for the miserable hole he burrowed in. He had a good thing and he knew it. Adam Grunschlag

knew nothing of the Legal Aid Society, that is there to help such as he. He was afraid to appeal to the police. He was just a poor, timid Jew, of a race that has been hunted for centuries to make sport and revenue for the great and mighty. When he spoke of moving the landlord said that he would have to forfeit the twenty dollars deposit that he had held back all these years, and which was all the capital the pedler had. Adam thought that this was the law, and was silent. He could not afford to lose it, and yet he must find some way of making a change, for the sake of little Abe as well as his wife, and the other child.

At the thought of the other child, the pedler gave a start and was wide awake on the instant. Little Abe was their own, and though he had come in the gloom of that dismal basement, he had been the one ray of sunshine that had fallen into their dreary lives. But the child was a rent baby. In the crowded tenements of New York the lodger serves the same purpose as the Irishman's pig; he helps to pay the rent. "The child" — it was never called anything else — was a lodger. The father paid seventy-five cents a week for its keep. The Grunschlags did their best for it, and up to the time the trouble with the gas began it was a disgracefully healthy baby. Since then it had sickened with the rest. But now, if the worst came to the worst, what was to become of the child?

The pedler was not given long to debate this new question. Even as he sat staring dumbly at nothing in his perplexity, little Abe crawled out of the yard with the news that "mamma was most deaded"; and though it was not so bad as that, it was made clear to her husband when he found

her in one of her bad fainting spells, that things had come to a pass where something had to be done. There followed a last ineffectual interview with the landlord. An ambulance was sent for and as it rolled away with Hansche to the hospital, where she would be a hundred times better off than in Hester Street, the pedler took little Abe by the hand, and, carrying the other child, set out to deliver it over to its rightful owner. If he were rid of it, he and Abe might make a shift to get along. It was a case, emphatically, in which two were company and three a crowd.

He spied the father in Stanton Street where he was working, but when he saw Adam he tried to run away. Desperation gave the pedler both strength and speed, however, and he overhauled him despite his handicaps, and thrust the baby upon him. But the father would have none of it.

"But her," pleaded the pedler, "vat I do mit she? He vas your baby."

"I don't care what you do with her," said the hard-hearted father. "Give her away — anything. I can't keep her."

And this time he really escaped. Left alone with his charge, the pedler bethought himself of a friend in Pitt Street who had little children. Where so many fed, there would be easily room for another. To Pitt Street he betook himself only to meet with another setback. They didn't want any babies there; had enough of their own. So he went to a widow in East Broadway who had none, to be driven forth with hard words. What did a widow want with a baby? Was she not poor enough already? Adam Grunschlag visited in turn every countryman he knew of on the

East Side, and proposed to each of them to take the baby off his hands, without finding a single customer for it. Either because it was hurt by such treatment, or because it thought it time for Hansche's attentions, the child at length set up a great cry. Little Abe who had trotted along bravely upon his four-year-old legs, wrapped in a big plaid shawl, lost his grip at that and joined in, howling dolefully that he was hungry.

Adam Grunschlag gave up at last and sat down on the curb, helpless and hopeless. Hungry! Yes, and so was he. Since morning he had not eaten a morsel, and been on his feet incessantly. Two hungry mouths to fill beside his own and not a cent with which to buy bread. For the first time he felt a pang of bitterness as he saw the shoppers hurry by with filled baskets to homes where there was cheer and plenty. From the window of a tenement across the way shone the lights of a Christmas tree, lighted as in old-country fashion on the Holy Eve. Christmas! What had it ever meant to him and his but hatred and persecution? There was a shout from across the street and voices raised in laughter and song. The children could be seen dancing about the tree, little room though there was. Ah, yes! Let them make merry upon their holiday while two little ones were starving in the street. A colder blast than ordinary came up from the river and little Abe crept close to him, wailing disconsolate within his shawl.

"Hey, what's this?" said a rough, but not unkindly voice at his elbow. "Campin' out, shepherd fashion, Moses? Bad for the kids; these ain't the hills of Judea."

It was the policeman on the beat stirring the trio gently with his club. The pedler got up without a word, to move away, but little Abe, from fright or hunger, set up such a howl that the policeman made him stop to explain. While he did so, telling as briefly as he could about the basement and Hansche and the baby that was not his, a silver quarter found its way mysteriously into little Abe's fist, to the utter upsetting of all that "kid's" notions of policemen and their functions. When the pedler had done, the officer directed him to Police Headquarters where they would take the baby, he need have no fear of that.

"Better leave this one there, too," was his parting counsel. Little Abe did not understand, but he took a firmer grip on his papa's hand, and never let go all the way up the three long flights of stairs to the police nursery where the other child at last found peace and a bottle. But when the matron tried to coax Abe to stay also, he screamed and carried on so that they were glad to let him go lest he wake everybody in the building. Though proverbially Police Headquarters never sleeps, yet it does not like to be disturbed in its midnight nap, as it were. It is human with the rest of us.

Down in the marble-tiled hall little Abe and his father stopped irresolute. Outside it was dark and windy; the snow, that had ceased falling in the evening, was swept through the streets on the northern blast. They had nowhere to go. The doorman was called downstairs just then to the telegraph office. When he came up again he found father and son curled up on the big mat by the register, sound asleep. It was against the regulations entirely, and he

was going to wake them up and put them out, when he happened to glance through the glass doors at the storm without, and remembered that it was Christmas Eve. With a growl he let them sleep, trusting to luck that the inspector wouldn't come out. The doorman, too, was human.

So it came about that the newspaper boys who ran with messages to the reporters' offices across the street, found them there and held a meeting over them. Even reporters' messengers are not so bad as they like to have others believe them, sometimes. Rudie, one of the group, made a motion that little Abe and his father be removed to the reporters' quarters and made comfortable there, and the motion was carried unanimously. Was it not Christmas Eve?

Little Abe was carried across Mulberry Street, sleeping soundly, and laid upon Rudie's cot. The dogs, Chief and Trilby, that run things in Mulberry Street when the boys are away, snuggled down by him to keep him warm, taking him at once under their protection. The father took off his shoes, and curling up by the stove, slept, tired out, but not until he had briefly told the boys the story he had once that evening gone over with the policeman. They heard it in silence, but one or two made notes which, could he have seen them, would have spoiled one Hester Street landlord's Christmas. When the pedler was asleep, they took the notes across the street and consulted with the police inspector about it.

Father and son slept soundly when, the morning papers having gone to press, the boys came down into the office with

the night-gang of reporters to spend the dog-watch. They were flush, for it had been pay day in the afternoon and, by the time some collecting had been done, a cap contained nearly fifteen dollars. Then Rudie, amid breathless silence, made the only public speech of his life.

"The pot," he said, "goes to this guy and his kid for their Christmas, or my name is mud."

Wild applause followed the speech. It awakened the pedler and little Abe. They sat up and rubbed their eyes, while Chief and Trilby barked their welcome. The morning was struggling through the windows. The snow had ceased falling and the sky was clear.

"Mornin'," said Rudie, with mock deference, "will yer worships have yer breakfast now, or will ye wait till ye git it?"

The pedler looked about him in bewilderment. "I hab kein blam' cent," he said, feeling hopelessly in his pockets.

A joyous yell greeted him. "Ikey has more nor you," shouted the boys, showing the quarter which little Abe had held fast to in his sleep. "And see this."

They swept the money into his lap, handfuls of shining silver. The pedler blinked at the sight.

"Good morning and Merry Christmas," they shouted. "We just had Bellevue on the 'phone, and Hansche is all right. She will be out to-day. The gas poisoned her, that was all. For that, the police will settle with the landlord; or we will. You go back there and get your money back, and go and hire a flat. This is Christmas, and don't you forget it!"

And they pushed the pedler and little Abe, made fast upon a gorgeous sled that had suddenly appeared from somewhere, out into the street, and gave them a rousing cheer as they turned the corner going east, Adam dragging the sled and little Abe seated on his throne, perfectly and radiantly happy.

QUESTIONS

1. Why do foreigners desire to come to the United States?
2. May this country rightly be called "The Land of Opportunity"? Give reasons for your answer.
3. What effect has treatment such as this Austrian received on those who come seeking opportunity to earn a living?
4. How may these immigrants be made worthy citizens of the United States?
5. Have you ever tried to assist a foreigner who was in trouble? What was the result?
6. What organizations in your city stand ready to assist foreigners to become good citizens?

MENDING WALL*

ROBERT FROST

Broken walls must be mended or they grow worse. They divide land but should not separate friends. Many a family has quarreled over the dividing line, and long feuds have existed because men did not agree on the line. It may be well to keep the wall, but it should not be too high to see over, or to talk over.

SOMETHING there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders of the sun;
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing;
I have come after them and made repair
Where they have left not one stone on a stone,
But they would have had the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made.

But at spring mending-time we find them there,
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go —
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance;
"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"

* From *North of Boston*. Copyright, 1915. By permission of the publishers, Henry Holt and Company.

AND ON A DAY WE MEET TO WALK THE LINE
AND SET THE WALL BETWEEN US ONCE AGAIN.

We wear our fingers rough with handling them,
Oh, just another kind of out-door game,
One on a side. It comes to little more;
There where it is we do not need the wall;
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.

My apple trees will never get across
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him,
He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:
"Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.
He moves in darkness as it seems to me,
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father's saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

QUESTIONS

1. Are there other walls than those of stone that keep neighbors apart?

2. In what way do "good fences make good neighbors"?

3. Did the poet think the wall was necessary between himself and his neighbor?

4. Did the neighbor think the wall was necessary because it really was or because he had been brought up to think so?

THE MOUSE TOWER*

LAWTON B. EVANS

A position of prominence should be regarded as an opportunity for service, and the man who holds office should feel his responsibility to those over whom he presides. There are men who take this view, but many officials look upon an office as a means of gratifying their selfish ambition and greed. Instead of serving others these men demand that others serve them and often compel those about them to contribute to their comfort and happiness.

HATTO was bishop of Fulda. Now, by all rules, a bishop should be a good man and kind to his people, but not so this bishop. By all sorts of knavery he contrived to become bishop of Mayence, though there were many candidates for that office much more deserving than he.

"What matters it how you obtain an office, just so you succeed in getting it?" asked the bishop.

Having become bishop of Mayence he began to oppress his people in all kinds of ways. He levied taxes upon them so that he might build large buildings and satisfy his own love of splendor. Tolls were laid upon all vessels passing by his castle on the Rhine so that he could raise still more money.

"I shall not rest satisfied until I am the richest bishop along the river; and besides, what are the people for if not to pay money to their rulers?" With that the people had to be content.

Near Bingen on the Rhine River, he built a strong tower, in the very middle of the foaming waves, so that all ships in passing could be easily stopped and made to pay heavy tolls

* From *Old Time Tales*. Copyright, 1922. By permission of the publishers, the Milton Bradley Company.

to the agents of the greedy bishop. For a long time the ships were stopped, and the captains paid what was demanded of them. The bishop grew very rich, very arrogant, and very cruel.

After a while there was a scarcity of food in the country. A long drought had parched the fields, rats and other vermin had eaten much of the grain, hailstones had beaten down the crops, and a general famine threatened the people.

When the bishop heard of this distress he called his servants about him and said to them, "I hear that food is scarce in the land, and the people are already beginning to feel the want of it. Before it gets scarcer, buy all you can get, and store it in my barns, near the tower on the Rhine."

Then the bishop gave them money, and with it the agents went through the country buying all the grain and paying for it whatever the people demanded. Great wagonloads went through the land, hauling the grain into the barns of the bishop until they were quite full.

"Now," said the bishop to himself, when he saw his pile of grain, "I have enough for myself and my friends for many years. No matter what happens to the people I shall not suffer." So he ordered his servants to bring him food and wine, and lay back on his couch with feelings of great satisfaction.

In a short while the dreaded misfortune of hunger and starvation was upon the poor people. There was no grain left anywhere, and they remembered with consternation how much they had foolishly sold to the bishop. "Let us go to the bishop and buy back the food we sold him," said one to another.

But the bishop charged them the very highest prices, three or four times as much as he had paid for it, and even then would sell but a small quantity, just the contents of one barn. The other barns he would not allow to be opened.

The poor people were reduced to dreadful extremities. They ate roots and berries, and even their own cats and dogs to keep themselves alive. "Let us again go to the bishop, and pray him to give us food, lest we die," they cried in despair.

The bishop sat with his friends around a table eating and drinking. His cooks had prepared a feast of bread and cakes and game from the bishop's forest and fish from the river. There were also rare wines from the grapes that grew in the bishop's vineyards on the slopes of the hills. A great noise was heard outside the bishop's castle, as of people clamoring.

"What noise is that I hear outside the walls?" the bishop asked of one of his servants.

"It is the people, my lord," was the reply. "They pray you to give them food for themselves and for their families, lest they die of starvation."

"Send the beggars away. I have no food for them. If they starve, so much the better, for there will be fewer mouths to feed," and the bishop laughed.

But the servant replied, "My lord, the people will not be sent away until they see your lordship, and present their prayers to you. They wish to enter into your presence and tell their story."

"Well, let them come in then; the sooner I see them, the sooner I shall be rid of them," was the gruff answer.

The gate of the castle was opened, and the hungry men, women, and children crowded in. Their faces were gaunt

with hunger, and the children had to be carried from weakness. The crowd went along the corridors, up the stairs, and into the place where the bishop and his friends sat at their feast.

Here they told their pitiable story. They said that their crops had failed, and there was no corn in the land. They begged the bishop to let them have a little of the great store in his barns, or to sell it to them at any price. The bishop listened, and then thought of a cruel joke to play upon the poor people who were bothering him with their woes. "Very well," said he smiling and bowing low in mockery. "You shall enter one of my barns and are welcome to all you can take away."

The bishop told his servants to bring him the keys to his barns. The people shouted with joy and blessed the good bishop for what they thought he was going to do. He led them along a path, and when he reached the empty barn, he ordered the door to be opened, so that the people could go in.

Once in, however, the bishop ordered the door to be shut and securely bolted on the outside. With cruel malice he said, "Now, I have the rats in a trap. Let us get rid of them at once"; and he made his servants set fire to the building.

Returning to his friends at the feast, he bade them hear the flames roar and the people cry. "Hear the corn-mice squeal," said he. "I always burn rats when I catch them."

But now hear the end of my story. Out of the burning building crept thousands and thousands of real live rats. They were big and fierce, and angered by the flames which had driven them forth. Like a wave of the sea they rolled out from the building, down to the path, over the walls, and right into the bishop's castle. They rolled up the steps,

THEY ATTACKED THE TREMBLING MAN.

down the corridors, and into the room where the bishop sat with his friends.

The bishop's friends rose and fled in terror. The bishop cried out, "Save me! Save me! How shall I get rid of these rats?" But his friends were now out of reach, and the bishop was left to take care of himself.

With glaring eyes and hungry teeth they attacked the trembling man. The bishop leaped from the window, ran down the river bank, and jumped into a boat, the rats after him. He rowed across the river, but the rats swam behind him. He landed on the island where he had built his tower to collect tolls from passing ships. The rats landed also. He ran up the tower and slammed the door behind him. The rats gnawed holes in the door and came in by hundreds.

At last they caught the bishop in his own tower. They fell upon him and devoured him, until there was nothing left but his bones. And those who came the next day could not find a single rat anywhere, nor could they find the bishop, only some bones scattered around the floor.

And to this very day they call the place the Mouse Tower, and the people still tell the story of the cruel bishop and how he was devoured by rats.

QUESTIONS

1. What was the ambition of Bishop Hatto?
2. What plan had he for securing riches?
3. In what way did he take advantage of the people?
4. What treatment did they receive when they asked to buy back their grain?
5. What response was made when they clamored for food?
6. What permission was finally granted them?
7. What was the order given by the bishop?
8. Describe the burning of the barn.

9. What punishment was sent to the bishop?
10. What was the root of all his cruelty?

MOUSE*

Mary Britton Miller

Some people are almost as much afraid of mice as Bishop Hatto was of rats. This poem takes a kindly view of the little mouse.

Are you hiding in your hole,
Little stringed-tailed mole,
Or in the fireplace,
Little whisker-face —
Little bead-eyed, bat-eared one,
To which corner did you run?

You crept under the door
And ran across the floor.
Everybody shrieked and cried
"A mouse!" while you ran off to hide.
If you'd been a lion or
A bear, you'd not have scared them more.

Tiny sausage dressed in fur,
Nobody could hear you stir;
But you gave them all a scare
Like a lion or a bear.
Won't you peek out of the place
You've hid in, little whisker-face?

QUESTION

What expressions does the author use to describe the mouse?

* From *Menagerie*. Copyright, 1928. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT*

JOYCE KILMER

As you ride through the country in an automobile or on the train, sometimes you see a deserted house. Such a house is pictured in this poem, and the poet tells of the feeling that he has whenever he passes it. He fancies that the house can feel and think just as a person can.

WHENEVER I walk to Suffern along the Erie track,
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles broken and black.
I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always stop for a minute,
And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with nobody in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are such things;
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth and sorrowings.
I know this house isn't haunted, and I wish it were, I do;
For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen panes of glass,
And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a scythe to the grass.
It needs new paint and shingles, and the vines should be trimmed and tied;
But what it needs the most of all is some people living inside.

* From *Trees and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1914. By permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran and Company.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and saw and spade.
I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be
And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give it to them free.

THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window and door,
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its block in the store.
But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad and lone
For the lack of something within it that it has never known.

But a house that has done what a house should do, a house
that has sheltered life,
That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and
his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and held up his
stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your eyes
could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track
I never go by the empty house without stopping and looking
back,
Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and the shutters
fallen apart,
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house with a
broken heart.

QUESTIONS

1. Did you ever hear of a haunted house? Tell the story about it. Do you believe the story?

2. Do you know where there is a deserted house? Why is it that no one lives in it?

3. What difference does the author seem to see between an empty *new* house and an empty *old* house?

4. Mention any other descriptions of deserted houses that you have read.

5. Can you imagine a conversation between an empty old house and an empty new house?

WILLIAM SCOTT PAYS HIS DEBT TO MR. LINCOLN

LAWTON B. EVANS

We usually think of the men whom the world calls great as being wise statesmen, brave generals, or profound thinkers. But in this story we see a great man face to face with a situation which proves that a great man may have a kind heart as well as a wise head.

THERE are many stories about President Lincoln, pathetic, humorous, and patriotic. But here is a story worth our knowing that shows the human heart of the great leader.

William Scott was a private in the Union Army. He was a boy from Vermont, and had spent his life working hard on a farm. He was a good soldier, and did his duty as he saw it. One day there had been a long, hard march and when night came Scott had to stand on picket in spite of his weariness. The next day there was another long march and the soldiers were almost worn out by fatigue.

A comrade of Scott's was drawn for picket duty, but the boy was sick and hardly able to stand. Scott promptly said, "I will stand picket to-night for him. He is too tired and too sick for such service." So Scott shouldered his gun, and began the rounds of the camp, which was quickly lost in deep sleep. Scott was worn out. He could not stay awake in spite of every effort. His eyes closed, and the officer who went the rounds found him fast asleep beside his gun.

The army was in a dangerous neighborhood. Their safety depended upon the vigilance of the pickets. If the camp were surprised by the enemy, many lives would be

sacrificed. A picket must keep watch on penalty of death if he failed to do his duty. Discipline must be kept up, and those who failed must be punished. Scott was called before a court-martial, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot.

The case was laid before President Lincoln, who was sorely perplexed between his sense of duty and his sympathy for the farm boy from Vermont. William Scott was a prisoner in his tent; over him stood a guard, and the next day at sunrise he was to be shot. Mr. Lincoln was visiting the army, and decided to see the boy whose death was scheduled for the morrow. The heart of the President was very heavy as he parted the flaps of the tent, and stood before the doomed lad.

Scott recognized the President at once from pictures he had seen. He stood erect, and saluted as a soldier should. He then waited for the President to speak. The boy was a bit abashed in the presence of a great man, but Lincoln's eyes rested upon him tenderly, and assured the young soldier of the kindness of the man before him. The President sat down in a chair, and asked the boy about his home and people, his neighbors, and his farm, where he went to school, and who were his schoolmates. He asked about the boy's father and mother.

"Here is a picture of my mother, sir," said Scott, taking a worn photograph from his pocket. "I shall have it here when I am shot to-morrow," and the boy laid his hand on his jacket over his heart, and his voice broke as his eyes filled with tears. "She will be sorry," was all the boy could say.

"You ought to be thankful that you have a good father and mother. I am sure they love you devotedly, and are thinking of you at this very hour. A mother is a great blessing, my boy," said the President.

"Yes, sir, I know that," replied Scott.

"You must never cause her to worry over you, nor give her a moment's pain in all your life."

"I did intend it that way, sir, but now —" The boy could go no further, and the President was silent for a while, his thoughts busy with his own boyhood.

"Mr. Lincoln," at last said Scott, "please have the firing squad come from some other regiment. All the boys of my regiment love me, and I love them. Let strangers do the shooting. I do not want to die by the hands of my comrades."

The boy's face was very wistful, and his tone was pleading. The President turned away and did not reply, which the boy thought strange. He could not see the drawn face of the man who was struggling with his own feelings. Mr. Lincoln stood up and faced the lad who was standing quietly before him.

"My boy," said he, "look me in the face."

Scott gazed fearlessly into the grim face of the President, over whose stern features there shone the light of a great kindness.

"William, you are not to be shot to-morrow. I believe you told the truth when at the court-martial you said you could not keep awake. I know you were taking the place of a sick friend, and were on picket duty two nights in succession. It was too much to ask of you. I shall let you go back to your regiment. I shall trust you hereafter to do

your duty as a soldier, and as a son of your father and mother. I shall pardon you to-night."

The boy could not speak. There was a great lump in his throat, and he looked at the President with blurred eyes.

Lincoln continued: "I have gone to a lot of trouble in your case. I have had to read all the testimony, and have spent a good bit of time thinking over it. I want to know now how you are going to pay my bill."

The boy managed to stammer out: "I am very grateful, Mr. Lincoln. Of course, I will pay you as soon as I can. You can have all my pay as a soldier, we have some money saved up in the bank, and I know father will do all he can. I will pay you every cent if you will only give me time to get the money."

The President smiled as Scott continued. "I think the boys of the regiment would help. We might raise five or six hundred dollars, if that's enough."

"It is a great deal more than that," said Mr. Lincoln quietly. Then he put his hands on the boy's shoulders and looked steadily into his face. "My boy, the bill is a very large one and will take all your life to pay; your friends cannot pay it, nor your father and mother, nor all the mortgage, nor all your comrades; you alone can pay it."

"How can I pay it, Mr. Lincoln? I am but a poor boy, and have nothing to pay with."

"If William Scott will promise me, that from this day on he will do his duty as a soldier, be true to all his father's teaching and his mother's advice, be a good citizen in the years to come, and a God-fearing man, my debt will be paid in full. Will you make that promise?"

The boy knelt down on the ground in front of the President of the United States, and took his hand in both his own. Then he said tremblingly: "Mr. Lincoln, as I live by your kindness, I shall make you that promise, and keep it to my dying day."

The President laid his hands on the boy's head, as if in consecration, and for a while he was silent. Scott could speak no more from deep emotion.

"Very well, my son," said the President at length. He then quietly signaled to the guard to follow him to his tent where he was to write the order that saved the farm boy of Vermont for the life that had been promised.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was Scott doing picket duty two nights in succession?
2. What happened to him?
3. What was the penalty for falling asleep on duty?
4. Why did President Lincoln visit the boy?
5. Why do you think he talked to the lad about his home life?
6. What request did Scott make of the President?
7. How did Mr. Lincoln reply to this request?
8. How was the debt Scott owed the President to be paid?

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI*

O. Henry

In its plot, its characterization, its ending, and its beautiful lesson this narrative is said to contain all elements which go to make up an excellent short story. In fact, it is claimed by many to be one of our best short stories. Read it and see if you agree with the critics.

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which inspires the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles leading.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at eight dollars per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid

* From *The Four Million*. Copyright, 1906. By permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran and Company.

thirty dollars a week. Now, when the income was shrunk to twenty dollars, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only one dollar and eighty-seven cents with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only one dollar and eighty-seven cents to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling — something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier glass in an eight dollar flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still where a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation — as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value — the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the eighty-seven cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends — a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror, long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do — Oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two — and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went to him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again — you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice — what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you — sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year — what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there is anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs — the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims — just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried "Oh, Oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men — wonderfully wise men — who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I

have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are the wisest. They are the magi.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was Della so troubled on the day before Christmas?
2. What evidences of limited funds could be noted in the flat?
3. What two possessions did the young couple prize most highly?
4. Tell how Della obtained money for Jim's Christmas gift.
5. How can you account for Jim's dazed expression when he saw his wife's short hair?
6. Why did Jim suggest that the gifts be put away?
7. What kind of feeling do you have after reading this story — do you want to weep with Della, or does the story seem humorous to you?
8. Why did the author select "The Gift of the Magi" for his title?

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE BALCONY*

HENRY W. GRADY

This story, written in 1890 by Henry W. Grady, not only gives us a glimpse of life in New York at that period but it also gives us an insight into the character of the great Southern journalist. To no other individual, perhaps, is due so much credit for reëstablishing a feeling of fellowship between the North and South after the war between the states.

MY special amusement in New York is riding on the elevated railway. It is curious to note how little one can see on the crowded sidewalks of this city. It is simply a rush of the same people — hurrying this way or that on the same errands — doing the same shopping, or eating at the same restaurants. It is a kaleidoscope with infinite combinations but the same effects. You see it to-day, and it is the same as yesterday. Occasionally in the multitude you hit upon a distinctive specimen, or an odd detail, such as a prim little dog that sits upright all day and holds in its mouth a cup for pennies for its blind master, or an old bookseller, with a grand head and the deliberate motions of a scholar, moldering in a stall — but the general effect is one of sameness and soon tires and bewilders the observer.

Once on the elevated road, however, a new world is opened, full of the most interesting objects. The cars sweep by the upper stories of houses, and, running never too swiftly to allow observation, disclose the secrets of a thousand homes, and bring to view people and things not dreamed of by the giddy, restless crowd that sends its impatient murmur from the streets below. In a course of several months'

* By permission of the *Atlanta Constitution*.

pretty steady riding from Twenty-third Street, which is the station for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to Rector, which overlooks Wall Street, I have made many acquaintances along the route — and on reaching the city my first curiosity is in their behalf.

One of these is a boy about six years of age — akin, in his fragile body and his serious mien, to a youngster that is very precious to me. I first saw this boy on a little balcony about three feet by four, projecting from the window of a poverty-stricken fourth floor. Leaning over the railing, his fair, thoughtful head just clearing the top, he was holding a short round stick in his hand. The little fellow, so friendless and desolate, made a pathetic picture, all alone there above the street, and his pale face came between me and my business many a time that day. On going up town that evening just as night was falling, I saw him still at his place, white and patient and silent. Every day afterwards I saw him there, always with the short stick in his hand. Occasionally he would walk around the balcony rattling the stick in a solemn manner against the railing, or poke it across from one corner to another and sit on it. This was the only playing I ever saw him do, and the stick was the only plaything he had. But he was never without it. His little hand always held it, and I pictured him every morning when he awoke from his joyless sleep, picking up his plaything and going out to his balcony, as other boys go to play. Or perhaps he slept with it, as little ones do with dolls and whip-tops.

I could see that the room beyond the window was bare. I never saw anyone in it. The heat must have been terrible, for it could have had little ventilation. Once I missed the

boy from the balcony, but saw his white head, moving about slowly in the dusk of the room. Gradually the little fellow became a burden to me. I found myself continually thinking of him, and troubled with that remorse which people

THE LITTLE FELLOW MADE A PATHETIC PICTURE.

sometimes feel even for suffering for which they are not in the slightest degree responsible. Not that I ever saw any suffering on the child's face. It was patient, thoughtful,

serious, but with never a sign of petulance. What thoughts filled that young head — what contemplation took the place of what should have been the ineffable upspringing of childish emotion — what complaint or questioning was living behind that white face — no one could guess. In an older person the face would have betokened a resignation that found peace in the hope of things hereafter. In this child, without hope or expectation, it was sad beyond expression.

One day as I passed I nodded at him. He made no sign in return. I repeated the nod on another trip, waving my hand at him — but without avail. At length, in response to an unusually winning exhortation, his pale lips trembled into a smile — but a smile that was soberness itself. Wherever I went that day that smile went with me. Wherever I saw children playing in the parks, or trotting along with their hands nestled in strong fingers that guided and protected, I thought of that tiny watcher in the balcony — joyless, hopeless, friendless — a desolate mite, hanging between the blue sky and the gladsome streets — lifting his wistful face now to the peaceful heights of the one, and now looking with grave wonder on the ceaseless tumult of the other.

A length — but why go any further? Why is it necessary to tell that the boy had no father, that his mother was bed-ridden from his birth, and that his sister pasted labels in a drug-house, and he was thus left to himself all day? It is sufficient to say that I went to Coney Island yesterday, and forgot the heat in the sharp saline breezes — watched the bathers and the children — listened to the crisp, lingering music of the waves as they sang to the beach — ate a robust lunch on the pier — wandered in and out among the booths, tents, and hubbub — and that through all these manifold

pleasures, I had a companion that enjoyed them with a gravity that I can never hope to emulate, but with a soulfulness that was touching — and that as I came back in the boat, the breezes singing through the cordage, music floating from the fore-deck, and the sun lighting with its dying rays the shipping that covered the river, there was sitting in front of me a very pale but very happy bit of a boy, open-eyed with wonder, but sober and self-contained, clasping tightly in his little fingers a short battered stick. And I know that whenever I pass by a certain overhanging balcony now, I am sure of a smile from an intimate and esteemed friend who lives there.

QUESTIONS

1. Contrast the scenes on the sidewalk and the view from the elevated cars as they impressed Grady.
2. Why did the little boy attract Grady's attention?
3. What was the child's only amusement?
4. How did his expression differ from other children's?
5. What caused this difference?
6. How did Grady finally make friends with the child?
7. Can you imagine what the day on the beach meant to the little boy?
8. What is your opinion of a busy man who would take time and pains to make a child or an invalid happy?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In telling what you would do, in connection with these exercises, select the numbered statement that seems to you the best, and give orally or write (as your teacher may direct) a brief statement explaining why you think it is best. Remember that "circumstances alter cases" and that there might be occasions when none of the solutions suggested here would be the best and when either of two might be equally good. Your statement will be rated upon the good judgment it displays and upon the ability you show to see a situation from the other fellow's point of view rather than upon your selection of a particular number as the right one.

I. Your sister is very much afraid of darkness and you are not afraid at all. You think she is foolish and should know better, but she is terrified at the idea of being alone in the dark. Should you

1. Make fun of her about her fears?
2. Run away and leave her in the dark?
3. Try to see that she is never left alone in the dark?
4. Try to help her very gradually to overcome her feelings?

II. You have been to a party at the home of a friend. The guests were not to your liking and the food was not very good. You had a dull time. You were asked by some one who was not there how you had enjoyed the party. Should you, in answering,

1. Criticize the party and tell what you think about it?
2. Avoid commenting unpleasantly upon the party by giving an evasive answer?
3. Praise the party and say that you had a fine time?

III. John is fourteen years old and has a brother who is ten. His brother admires John and wants to be with him all the time, but John says he doesn't want his brother always tagging after him. Should he

1. Let his little brother go along all the time?
2. Let him go some of the time, but not always?
3. Never let the little brother go along?

IV. You are a large strong boy, and Mary is an attractive girl who lives near you. She has, one day, a heavy load of books to carry, while you have only a few. If you offer to carry her books home for her, the other boys will tease you. Should you

1. Go home some other way?
2. Carry her books for her and let the boys tease?
3. Walk along with Mary, but let her carry her own books?

V. You are going down the street and see some boys laughing and jeering at an old man who is hobbling along with a cane. He looks queer and acts strangely. The boys are all making fun of him. Should you

1. Remonstrate with them for their rudeness?
2. Join them in making sport of the old man?
3. Walk past ignoring the situation?
4. Try to turn their attention to something else so that they will, as a result, stop annoying the old man?

VI. Suppose your mother has cooked some dish which is rather difficult to make and of which you are particularly fond. Should you

1. Eat it without saying anything?
2. Eat it and say that you don't see why she didn't make more?
3. Eat it and tell her that you enjoyed it and appreciate the trouble she has taken?

LOVE OF NATURE AND OF ANIMALS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

JOE LOUDEN'S DOG*

Booth Tarkington

It has often been said that a man's attitude toward dumb brutes betrays his character. Do you think this is a fair test? With this thought in mind see how the characters in this story invariably separate themselves into two groups, those who love dogs and those who do not. In this story Judge Pike had been guilty of serious dishonesty. Joe Louden was a lawyer who knew about it.

Judge Pike walked on, the white splotches reappearing like a pale rash upon his face. A yellow butterfly zigzagged before him, knee-high, across the sidewalk. He raised his foot and half kicked at it.

As the Judge continued his walk down Main Street, he wished profoundly that the butterfly (which exhibited no annoyance) had been of greater bulk and more approachable; and it was the evil fortune of Joe's mongrel to encounter him in the sinister humor of such a wish unfulfilled.

Respectability dwelt at Beaver Beach under the care of Mr. Sheehan until his master should return; and Sheehan was kind; but the small dog found the world lonely and time long without Joe. He had grown more and more restless, and at last, this hot morning, having managed to evade the eye of all concerned in his keeping, he made off unobtrusively, partly by swimming, and, reaching the road, cantered into town, his ears erect with anxiety. Bent upon reaching

* From *The Conquest of Canaan*. Copyright, 1905. By permission of the publishers, Harper and Brothers.

his master's office, he passed the grocery, from the doorway of which the pimply-cheeked clerk had thrown a bad potato at him a month before. The same clerk was looking out as Respectability went by, and, inspired to great deeds, he rushed to the door, lavishly seized, this time, a perfectly good potato, and hurled it with a result which delighted him, for it took the little dog fairly aside the head, which it matched in size.

The luckless Respectability's purpose to reach Joe's stairway had been entirely definite, but upon this violence he forgot it momentarily. It is not easy to keep things in mind when one is violently smitten on mouth, nose, cheek, eye, and ear by a missile large enough to strike them simultaneously. Yelping and half blinded, he deflected to cross Main Street. Judge Pike had elected to cross in the opposite direction, and the two met in the middle of the street.

The encounter was miraculously fitted to the Judge's need: here was no butterfly, but a solid body, light withal, a wet, muddy, and dusty yellow dog, eminently kickable. The man was heavily built about the legs, and the vigor of what he did may have been additionally inspired by his recognition of the mongrel as Joe Louden's. The impact of his toe upon the little runner's side was vigorous, and the dog rose into the air. The Judge hopped, as one hops who, unshod in the night, discovers an unexpected chair. Let us be reconciled to his pain and not reproach the gods with it, for two of his innocent opponent's ribs were cracked.

The dog, thus again deflected, retraced his tracks, shrieking distractedly, and, by one of those ironical twists which karma reserves for the fated, dived for blind safety into the

grocery store commanded by the unfriendly clerk. There were shouts, the sleepy square was beginning to wake up. The boy who sat on the store steps got to his feet, calling upon his fellows; the bench loafers strolled to the street; the aged men stirred and rose from their chairs; faces appeared in the open windows of offices; sales ladies and gentlemen came to the doorways of the trading places; so that when Respectability emerged from the grocery he had a notable audience for the scene he enacted with a brass dinner bell tied to his tail.

Another potato, flung by the pimpled, uproarious, prodigal clerk, added to the impetus of his flight. A shower of pebbles from the hands of exhilarated boys dented the soft asphalt about him; the hideous clamor of the pursuing bell increased as he turned the next corner, running distractedly. The dead town had come to life, and its inhabitants gladly risked the dangerous heat in the interests of sport, whereby it was a merry chase the little dog led around the block. For thus some destructive instinct drove him; he could not stop with the unappeasable Terror clanging at his heels and the increasing crowd yelling in pursuit; but he turned to the left at each corner, and thus came back to pass Joe's stairway again, unable to pause there or anywhere, unable to do anything except to continue his hapless flight — poor meteor.

Round the block he went once more, and still no chance at that empty stairway where, perhaps, he thought, there might be succor and safety. Blood was upon his side where Martin Pike's boot had crashed; foam and blood hung upon his jaws and lolling tongue. He ran desperately, keeping to the middle of the street, and, not howling, set himself despairingly to outstrip the Terror. The mob, disdaining the

sun superbly, pursued as closely as it could, throwing bricks and rocks at him, striking at him with clubs and sticks.

"*Mad dog!*" they yelled. "*Mad!*" And there were some who cried, "*Joe Louden's dog!*" that being equally as exciting and explanatory.

Three times round, and still the little fugitive maintained a lead. A gray-helmeted policeman, a big fellow, had joined the pursuit. He had children at home who might be playing in the street, and the thought of what might happen to them if the mad dog should head that way resolved him to be cool and steady. He was falling behind, so he stopped on the corner, trusting that Respectability would come round again. He was right, and the flying brownish thing streaked along Main Street, passing the beloved stairway for the fourth time. The policeman lifted his revolver, fired twice, missed once, but caught him with the second shot in a fore-paw, clipping off a fifth toe, one of the small claws that grow above the foot and are always in trouble. This did not stop him; but the policeman, afraid to risk another shot because of the crowd, waited for him to come again; and many others, seeing the hopeless circuit the mongrel followed, did likewise, armed with bricks and clubs. Among them was the pimply clerk, who had been inspired to commandeer a pitchfork from a hardware store.

When the fifth round came, Respectability's race was run. He turned into Main Street at a broken speed, limping, parched, voiceless, flecked with blood and foam, snapping feebly at the showering rocks, but still indomitably a little ahead of the hunt. There was no yelp left in him — he was too thoroughly winded for that; but in his brilliant and despairing eyes shone the agony of a cry louder than the

tongue of a dog could utter: "O master! O all the god I know! Where are you in my mortal need?"

Now indeed he had a gantlet to run; for the street was lined with those who awaited him, while the pursuit grew closer behind. A number of the hardiest stood squarely in his path, and he hesitated for a second, which gave opportunity for a surer aim, and many missiles struck him. "Let him have it now, officer," said Eugene Bantry, standing with Judge Pike at the policeman's elbow. "There's your chance."

But before the revolver could be discharged, Respectability had begun to run again, hobbling on three legs and dodging feebly. A heavy stone struck him on the shoulder and he turned across the street, making for the "National House" corner, where the joyful clerk brandished his pitchfork. Going slowly, he almost touched the pimply one as he passed, and the clerk, already rehearsing in his mind the honors which should follow the brave stroke, raised the tines above the little dog's head for the final blow. They did not descend, and the daring youth failed of fame as the laurel almost embraced his brows. A hickory walking stick was thrust between his legs; and he, expecting to strike, received a blow upon the temple sufficient for his present undoing and bedazzlement. He went over backward, and the pitchfork (not the thing to hold poised on high when one is knocked down) fell with the force he had intended for Respectability upon his own shin.

A train had pulled into the station, and a tired, travel-worn young man, descending from a sleeper, walked rapidly up the street to learn the occasion of what appeared to be a riot. When he was close enough to understand its nature, he

dropped his bag and came on at top speed, shouting loudly to the battered mongrel, who tried with his remaining strength to leap toward him through a cordon of kicking legs, while Eugene Bantry again called to the policeman to fire.

HE THREW ONE ARM ABOUT ESKEW.

"If he does, I'll kill him!" Joe saw the revolver raised; and then, Eugene being in his way, he ran full tilt into his stepbrother with all his force, sending him to earth, and went

on literally over him as he lay prone upon the asphalt, that being the shortest way to Respectability. The next instant the mongrel was in his master's arms and weakly licking his hands.

But it was old Eskew Arp who had saved the little dog; for it was his stick which had tripped the clerk, and his hand which had struck him down. All his bodily strength had departed in that effort, but he staggered out into the street toward Joe.

"Joe Louden!" called the veteran, in a loud voice. "Joe Louden!" and suddenly reeled. The Colonel and Squire Buckalew were making their way toward him, but Joe, holding the dog to his breast with one arm, threw the other about Eskew.

"It's a town — it's a town —" The old fellow flung himself free from the supporting arm. "It's a town you couldn't even trust a yellow dog to!"

QUESTIONS

1. Describe Judge Pike's humor at the beginning of the story.
2. How did he give vent to his feelings?
3. What is your opinion of the clerk?
4. Who was Respectability?
5. Why did he come to town?
6. Tell of the reception he met.
7. Would you judge that Joe Louden was a popular man in the town?
8. Of what was the dog accused?
9. How many friends did he have in the crowd?
10. To whom did he owe his life?
11. What injuries had he received?
12. How did Joe express his affection for Respectability?
13. Do you agree with Eskew Arp in his opinion of the town?

SEA–FEVER *

John Masefield

Those who have spent their lives on the sea love the great expanse of water. They love the smooth sea, the blowing wind, the heavy storm. They love the ever-moving ship and the many ports it visits. This poem tells the story of one who loves the hard and wandering life on board a ship.

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

* From *Selected Poems*. Copyright, 1925. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

QUESTIONS

1. Have you ever seen the ocean or any big ships?
2. What is meant by "vagrant gypsy life"?
3. What is the "gull's way"? The "whale's way"?
4. What is meant by a "sailor's yarn"?
5. Give the names of some famous sailors.

DUNA *

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

When I was a little lad
With folly on my lips,
Fain was I for journeying
All the seas in ships.
But now across the southern swell,
Every dawn I hear
The little streams of Duna
Running clear.

When I was a young man,
Before my beard was gray,
All to ships and sailormen
I gave my heart away.
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,
I'm weary of the foam,
And the little stars of Duna
Call me home.

QUESTION

How does the feeling of the speaker in this poem differ from that of the speaker in "Sea-Fever"?

* From *The Woodcarver's Wife and Other Poems*. By permission of the publishers, McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.

A TRIBUTE TO A DOG

ANONYMOUS

Nearly every boy and girl has a dog. This little animal is dependent upon his owner for food, shelter, and protection. If he is sick his owner should take care of him. He should be given clean food, a clean bed, and should be cared for in every way if his owner expects to get pleasure out of him. This is a tribute of a great orator to all dogs.

SENATOR GEORGE G. VEST, of Missouri, was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested, he was urged by the attorneys in a case about a dog to help them. He was paid a fee of two hundred and fifty dollars by the plaintiff. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while the other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked the defendant. However, the animal seemed to have borne a good reputation up to the time of the shooting. Vest took no part in the trial and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to make a speech, else their client would not think he had earned his fee. Being thus urged, he arose, scanned the face of each juryman for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a

moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one

WHEN ALL OTHER FRIENDS DESERT, HE REMAINS.

that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds that come in encounter

with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Senator Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without any gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished, judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for five hundred dollars. He had sued for two hundred dollars.

QUESTIONS

1. This short speech by Senator Vest is considered the finest thing that has ever been written about a dog's faithfulness to man. Do you think all that Senator Vest said is true?

2. Do you think the verdict of the jury was just? Explain.

3. What examples of a dog's loyalty to his master have you known?

LIFE IN THE WOODS*

Henry van Dyke

Many people live in this great world of ours and never know its real beauties. They seek amusement in the artificial surroundings of cities when nature offers on every side the most wholesome enjoyment man can experience. To the few with a "seeing eye" the outdoor world is a place where rest, peace, and inspiration may be found. No wonder the Master always loved the groves, the hills, and the sea. You will enjoy the whole of Dr. van Dyke's book, *Fisherman's Luck*, from which this selection is taken.

The people who always live in houses, and sleep on beds, and walk on pavements, and buy their food from butchers and bakers and grocers, are not the most blessed inhabitants of this wide and various earth. The circumstances of their existence are too mathematical and secure for perfect contentment. They live at second or third hand. They are boarders in the world. Everything is done for them by somebody else.

It is almost impossible for anything very interesting to happen to them. They must get their excitement out of the newspapers, reading of the hairbreadth escapes and moving accidents that befall people in real life. What do these tame ducks really know of the adventure of living? If the weather is bad, they are snugly housed. If it is cold, there is a furnace in the cellar. If they are hungry, the shops are near at hand. It is all as dull, flat, stale, and unprofitable as adding up a column of figures. They might as well be brought up in an incubator.

* From *Fisherman's Luck*. By permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

But when man abides in tents, after the manner of the early patriarchs, the face of the world is renewed. The vagaries of the clouds become significant. You watch the sky with a lover's look, eager to know whether it will smile or frown. When you lie at night upon your bed of boughs and hear the rain pattering on the canvas close above your head, you wonder whether it is a long storm or only a shower.

The rising wind shakes the tent flaps. Are the pegs well driven down and the cords firmly fastened? You fall asleep again and wake later, to hear the rain drumming still more loudly on the tight cloth, and the big breeze snoring through the forest, and the waves plunging along the beach. A stormy day? Well, you must cut plenty of wood and keep the camp fire glowing, for it will be hard to start it up again, if you let it get too low.

There is little use in fishing or hunting in such a storm. But there is plenty to do in the camp: guns to be cleaned, tackle to be put in order, clothes to be mended, a good story of adventure to be read, a belated letter to be written to some poor wretch in a summer hotel, a game of hearts or cribbage to be played, or a hunting trip to be planned for the return of fair weather. The tent is perfectly dry. A little trench dug around it carries off the surplus water, and luckily it is pitched with the side to the lake, so that you get the pleasant heat of the fire without the unendurable smoke. Cooking in the rain has its disadvantages. But how good the supper tastes when it is served on a tin plate, with an empty box for a table, and a roll of blankets at the foot of the bed for a seat!

A day, two days, three days, the storm may continue, according to your luck. I have been out in the woods for

a fortnight without a drop of rain or a sign of dust. Again, I have tented on the shore of a big lake for a week, waiting for an obstinate tempest to pass by.

Look now, just at nightfall: is there not a little lifting and breaking of the clouds in the west, a little shifting of the wind toward a better quarter? You go to bed with cheerful hopes. A dozen times in the darkness you are half awake, and listening drowsily to the sounds of the storm. Are they waxing or waning? Is that louder pattering a new burst of rain, or is it only the plumping of the big drops as they are shaken from the trees? See, the dawn has come, and the gray light glimmers through the canvas. In a little while you will know your fate.

Look! There is a patch of bright yellow radiance on the peak of the tent. The shadow of a leaf dances over it. The sun must be shining. Good luck! And up with you, for it is a glorious morning.

The woods are glistening as fresh and fair as if they had been new-created overnight. The water sparkles, and tiny waves are dancing and splashing all along the shore. Scarlet berries of the mountain ash hang around the lake. A pair of kingfishers dart back and forth across the bay, in flashes of living blue. A black eagle swings silently around his circle, far up in the cloudless sky. The air is full of pleasant sounds, but there is no noise.

The world is full of joyful life, but there is no crowd and no confusion. There is no factory chimney to darken the day with its smoke, no trolley car to split the silence with its shriek and smite the indignant ear with the clanging of its impudent bell. No lumberman's ax has robbed the encircling forests of their glory of great trees. No fires have

swept over the hills and left behind them the desolation of a bristly landscape. All is fresh and sweet, calm and clear and bright.

QUESTIONS

1. Where does Dr. van Dyke tell us that one may experience the real joys of living? What are they?
2. Does the weather make any great difference if one only adjusts himself to its changes?
3. What experience have you had in camping out?

STUPIDITY STREET *

RALPH HODGSON

I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat,
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision
The worm in the wheat,
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat;
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.

QUESTION

Why does the author call the place where these things happen "Stupidity Street"?

* From *Poems*. Copyright, 1917. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

A CHANT OUT OF DOORS*

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Wherever one is out of doors, in the woods, by the streams, be it night, morning, or noon, his heart is lifted up with praise to the Maker of all things. "God made the country, and man made the town." This poem shows how one is impelled to acknowledge the Creator when he sees the wonders of creation.

GOD of grave nights,
God of brave mornings,
God of silent noon,
Hear my salutation!

For where the rapids rage white and scornful,
I have passed safely, filled with wonder;
Where the sweet pools dream under willows,
I have been swimming, filled with life.

God of round hills,
God of green valleys,
God of clear springs,
Hear my salutation!

For where the moose feeds, I have eaten berries,
Where the moose drinks, I have drunk deep.
When the storms crash through broken heavens —
And under clear skies — I have known joy.

God of great trees,
God of wild grasses,
God of little flowers,
Hear my salutation!

* From *Contemporary Poetry*. Copyright, 1924. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

For where the deer crops and the beaver plunges,
Near the river I have pitched my tent;
Where the pines cast aromatic needles
On a still floor, I have known peace.

God of grave nights,
God of brave mornings,
God of silent noon,
Hear my salutation.

QUESTIONS

1. What makes rapids seem "white and scornful"?
2. Where do hunters find the moose?
3. How may one find joy when the "storms crash"?
4. Describe some experience you have had in the woods.

DAYS *

KARLE WILSON BAKER

Some days my thoughts are just cocoons — all cold, and dull, and blind,
They hang from dripping branches in the grey woods of my mind;

And other days they drift and shine — such free and flying things!
I find the gold-dust in my hair, left by their brushing wings.

QUESTION

Are our thoughts more likely to be "cocoons" when we are indoors or when we are out-of-doors?

* From *Blue Smoke*. Used by permission of the publishers, Yale University Press.

THE BROWN MARSH HAWK*

CORNELIA MEIGS

Wild horses which roam the prairies are hunted by the Indians and when caught are tamed for use as mounts in the hunt and in war. Among those unkempt animals occasionally there is found one of rare beauty which after being trained becomes the pride of his owner. The Indian who is fortunate enough to secure such a prize is the envy of all other warriors of the tribe.

SONETO well remembered the capture of the horse. Indeed, it was himself who had first spied the swift, wild creature, and had brought the tale of its beauty and speed back to his father's lodge. It was one sleepy, hot afternoon, when the boy had been sitting at the edge of the creek that ran within five miles of their camp. He had deserted the stream which ran so close past their own lodges, and had taken the long walk through the sunshine of a late June day in search of better fishing. The creek here spread out into many small rivulets, that wound through marshy land, with a chain of hillocks and small islands of firm ground between them. Soneto had heard some one say that a band of horses, hard hunted by some tribe to the south, had scattered over this marshy ground and were grazing there, where the grass grew taller and thicker than anywhere else for miles around.

Although Soneto's bone fishhook, with its carved wooden float, was bobbing in the pool before him, he was paying little heed to his fishing, but was staring up at a bird with wide, brown wings, which swooped and circled above the swamp. He was so intent on watching the sailing hawk that he did

* From *Rain on the Roof*. Copyright, 1925. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

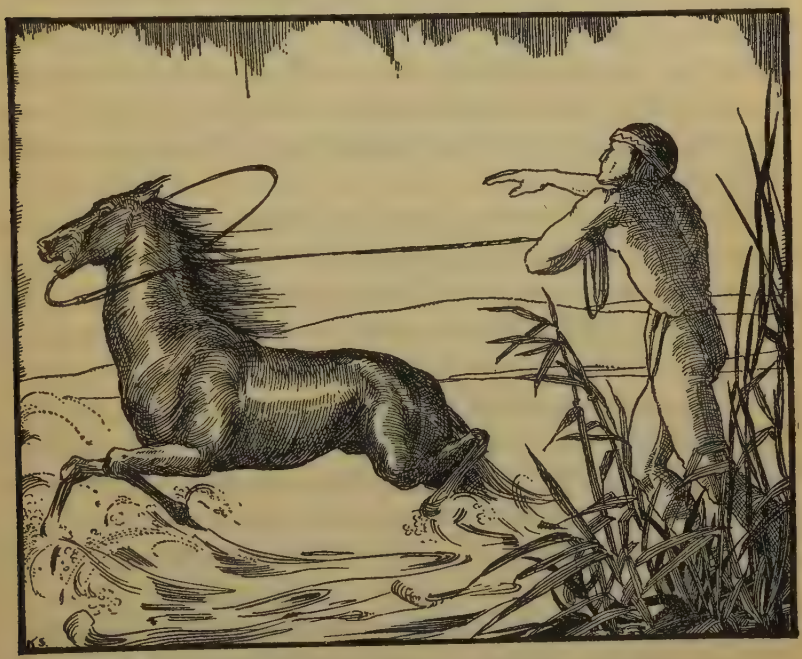
not hear the sound of hoofs on the soft grass, as they came over the ridge above him; and he was sitting so still that the wild thing which had come down to drink did not see the boy beside the cottonwood tree, and was wading knee deep amongst the weeds and ripples before Soneto caught the sound of splashing, and silently turned his head.

It was a slim, brown horse, a more beautiful horse than he had ever before seen. The arch of its neck, the splendid line of its shoulders, the sheen of its smooth coat — these could not be matched in any herd that the boy had known. A sudden change of breeze brought to the horse the scent of his human enemy. He lifted his head, plunged up the bank in a spatter of silvery drops, and was off across the ridge. His smooth, easy swiftness seemed only to be compared with the soaring speed of the marsh hawk overhead. Soneto brought home the tale of the wondrous horse, and the men about the fires began laying wagers as to which of them should catch him. From Soneto's description, they fell to calling him the Brown Marsh Hawk.

For the next few days, many of the young warriors rode out into the marsh country with their rawhide lassos, with high confidence that they would capture the brown horse. They came back weary and covered with mire, grinning sheepishly. The wild pony was far too quick and wary for anyone to get even within distant reach of him. He seemed to know his way so easily among the firm hillocks and the treacherous, marshy places, that again and again he galloped safely away over the dry ridges, while his pursuers struggled helplessly in the wet bog behind him.

It was Soneto's father who made a captive of him at last. The patient, silent Indian lay in wait for two whole days

beside the horse's most accustomed watering place, lay there without food and almost without movement until the cautious creature's suspicions dwindled away, and he came down boldly in the twilight, to drink his fill. There was a swift movement amongst the rushes, the hiss of a skilfully thrown



THE HISS OF A SKILFULLY THROWN ROPE CUT THE AIR.

rope cutting the air, and then a furious snorting and tramping all up and down the soft river bank, as a frantic struggle began. It seemed that the horse would rather beat and thrash himself to death than submit to capture; but the wits of man can wear out the might of the strongest animal, and in the end the desperate, panting creature stood still,

beaten. Soneto came out to meet his father as he brought home the prize; and when he saw the free Marsh Hawk with dull, weary eyes, with heaving flanks, all smeared with sweat and foam, he felt a sudden desperate remorse that it was he himself who had been the cause of the brave animal's being captured. He went up slowly and laid his hand upon the pony's soft brown nose. The nervous creature jumped and trembled, but in a moment stood still and suffered the boy to stroke him. Horses and men are made to be friends; and, deep in his wild heart, the Brown Marsh Hawk seemed to know that this was true.

In a month, he was as tame and friendly as any other horse in the village herd; and before the end of the summer he and the boy were comrades well-nigh inseparable. The other ponies, when they were needed, had to be chased and caught by force or strategy; but the Marsh Hawk, wherever he was grazing, would lift his head the moment he heard the boy's voice or his far-off whistle, would wheel and whinny, and come galloping to him. Many a glorious ride the two had across the sunny prairie while the grass was green and tall, and later when it stood brown and rustling, and full of whistling quail.

By autumn the fame of the fleet horse had spread far abroad, and many of the neighboring Sioux came to watch him run. Indians love horse-racing; and Soneto and his swift pony offered them many a thrilling day's sport. But far more than to race, Soneto loved to ride off with his beloved brown companion, wandering far and aimlessly over the great rolling prairies that seemed to stretch away to the very end of the world.

It was a time of plenty and good fortune among the Sioux,

a happy, prosperous period, which came to an end only through that love of battle and adventure which is always the Indians' undoing. With their deadly enemies, the Chippewas, the red men of the forest, they had been at peace for some time, and might have continued so for years to come. The Chippewas did not envy the Sioux their wealth of horses; for they traveled always on foot, flitting like silent ghosts through their pine-clad wilderness of lakes and hills. They did not hunt buffalo, and had abundance of game of their own; so that they had little real cause to clash with the plains tribes. Yet they were a fierce and revengeful nation; and, when their anger was once roused, it burned like leaping flame. Their fury was never quenched until hundreds of lodges lay in ashes, and hundreds of warriors had perished in the endless bloody battles which raged along the edge of the prairie and the skirts of the forest.

It was early in November that news came of a chance skirmish between a hunting band of Sioux and a handful of Chippewa braves on the northern reaches of the Red River. Soneto's father looked grave when he heard of it; and that night a council of warriors sat long in the Medicine Lodge. Thereafter, tidings came every few days of new battles and forays; here a village on the prairie had been raided and laid waste; there a marauding expedition had ventured into the forest and had come back with the trophies of victory, or perhaps had never returned at all.

For a time the chief of Soneto's village held aloof from the general quarrel; but in the end the restlessness of the young warriors overbore the wisdom of the elders. At the beginning of December, just as the first snow was flying, word came that the larger village near them was planning a raid

into the forest country. At this news, the spirit of the young braves flared so high that it consumed even the old men's caution. Early one bitter winter morning, when the brown prairie lay powdered with white, when the great west wind was singing across it in a huge, gusty voice, a little band of warriors set forth to join the larger expedition. It was Soneto's most bitter regret that he was too young to go with them. He sat long, crouching on his heels in the snow, watching the gayly colored band, decked out with war paint and swinging ornaments of painted feathers, as it moved across the cold, empty plain. At its head was the chief, and close beside him rode Soneto's father on the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Indian raids are, as a usual thing, so fierce and swift that the warriors are at home again, with tidings of defeat or victory, almost before those left behind have time to be anxious. This case, however, was otherwise. Days dragged past, then a week, then another, and no news had come back. At last, one dusky afternoon, as Soneto was carrying a bundle of firewood up from the shore of the river, he saw a single dark spot moving across the white prairie. It advanced slowly, sometimes halting, sometimes struggling forward with weary, painful difficulty. When it at last came near, he saw that it was a man upon a horse, a dark brown horse, which swayed and staggered as it came nearer and nearer to the camp.

"It could never be the Marsh Hawk," thought Soneto. His fleet playmate could surely never move so heavily and sluggishly as that.

Yet the Marsh Hawk it was, and carrying Soneto's father, both of them wounded and so spent as to be scarcely more

than alive. They were the only ones to return out of that company which had set forth with such bravery of bright feathers and bold hopes into the hostile forest.

When the wounded warrior had a little recovered, and when the old men and the young boys had gathered to hear his tale, he told them briefly what had happened. The first brush with the enemy had come in a grassy clearing only a few miles from the edge of the prairie. It had been a victory, or at least so they had thought. Later they had realized that the wily wood folk had only pretended to fall back before them, and had led them deeper and deeper into the forest, so that, when the final struggle came, there could be no chance of escape. Six days' journey the fleeing Chippewas had drawn them into the wood; and then, on a narrow trail, at the bend of a great stream, they had fallen upon them in sudden and desperate attack. Every horse and every fighting man had fallen, save Soneto's father and the Marsh Hawk alone.

"And it was through him only that I managed to escape with my life," the wounded man concluded. "He swam the river with the arrows falling like hail all about us; and got away into the forest on the other side. I do not think I could ever have found my way back, or have had the heart to look for it, had it not been for the horse. That there was even one of us to come back with the evil news, is owing to the Brown Marsh Hawk."

It was a bitterly hard winter which followed. With all the younger warriors gone, it was the old men and the boys who must hunt and fish and watch unendingly to protect the little camp. Had the Chippewas chosen to swoop down upon them from the forest, they would have made

short work of the few feeble and unskilled warriors that were left. But, by some chance, their raids were directed elsewhere; and while Soneto and his people heard of ruin and destruction all about them, and saw more than once the light of a burning village on the horizon, they themselves lived on from month to month in uneasy security. Soneto's father was chief now; he still suffered from the wounds he had received in that battle. The Marsh Hawk, too, had a great gash in his shoulder, from which he limped for many weeks and, so the medicine man said, was likely to limp always. But Soneto refused to believe that his comrade was to be crippled, and by his patient tending of the gaping wound, got it to heal at last. By midwinter the Marsh Hawk was as sound and fleet as ever.

It is an old custom among some Indians that when a horse has rendered his master a great service he shall be given a great reward. Therefore it was that Soneto's father declared, since now the Marsh Hawk was whole and sound again, he should go free. Soneto protested that he could not give him up, and that the horse would never leave them; but the older men all knew better. A wild horse, so they said, always longed in his heart for freedom; and it had been decreed that, when he had earned it, this was the reward that he should have.

To the very last Soneto vowed that they were wrong in thinking that his beloved horse still wished to go free; but an hour came when his protests were put to silence. It was on a warm day of late winter, with the air mild and the prairie swimming with melted snow, that the chief declared the time had come for giving the Marsh Hawk his release. The ceremonial fires were lit, the medicine man sang, in a

long chant, of the deeds of the horse and of the ill-fated expedition into the forest. At last two men led out the slim, brown creature, and turned his head to the prairie, while the medicine man bade him begone. Soneto watched, in an agony of suspense, as the horse stood for a little, his head up, his nostrils spread, his mane lifted by the warm wind that came across the plain. Finally he began to move slowly forward, first at a gentle trot, then at a long lope, and then, stretching his neck and tossing his head, he broke into that swift run for which he had become famous throughout the north country. Even after the fires had gone down and the men had returned to their lodges, Soneto sat, staring with intent eyes at that small, moving dot gradually drawing out of sight, until it passed beyond the horizon. At last the boy got up, stiff with cold, and stumbled away to his father's dwelling.

When spring came, and he rode abroad upon the prairie, and saw the easy flight of those sweeping brown hawks after which his comrade had been named, a sick pain and longing so possessed him that he was forced to turn away his eyes. On all his hunting expeditions, he was always looking eagerly in every direction, hoping to catch at least a fleeting glimpse of his former friend. He traveled far; for now, in spite of his young years, he must do the full task of a grown warrior. But he never saw the Marsh Hawk. One or two of the older men declared that they had caught sight of the horse, but only far away.

"He will never let anyone come within capturing distance of him again," they declared. "A horse is never to be caught after he has once learned the ways of man."

A year passed, a long, difficult year, with the war between

the Chippewas and Sioux still dragging itself on and on. There would be a long lull, and then a bursting forth once more of the smouldering rage and hatred. The Sioux were nearly always victorious when the enemy ventured forth into the prairie; but they were often and terribly defeated when they attempted to carry the attack into the forest. The Chippewas' thirst for revenge seemed never to have its fill. The men of the woods appeared to seek out the larger villages as the objects of their raids, that they might deal out greater slaughter to their enemies. Yet they loved also to waylay single hunters who ventured too near the edge of their domain; so that many a warrior rode bravely out to the chase and was never heard of again.

Soneto became so used to the idea of constant danger that in the end, as a boy will, he quite forgot it. He rode farther and farther afield; he was more and more sure in his aim and bold skill at bringing down the buffalo; and he thought of himself as a full-fledged warrior. He had, indeed, almost all of the strength and alertness of a proper Indian brave; but he had not that wise caution which comes only to a huntsman or fighting man as the fruit of long experience.

For all of one hot dusty day he had been in pursuit of a slightly wounded buffalo bull, a canny old beast which evidently had been hunted before. No matter how many times Soneto tried to drive it out into the level open, the great animal always eluded him and managed to get back into the broken country about the headwaters of a little stream. Soneto, weary and impatient, vowed that he would not give up the struggle until he had brought down his prize. Hunting had not been good in the last few days, and the camp was sorely in want of meat.

The big, awkward bull had scrambled up a slope and had disappeared into a little grove of trees and bushes at the summit of a ridge. The two had followed the stream far; and Soneto, in the eagerness of the chase, had not noticed how close they were getting to a point where a wide sweep of forest reached out into the plain. He was thinking only that success now was almost his. It seemed that if he could climb the almost perpendicular ascent which rose just before him, he could cut off the bull from crossing the ridge and could get near enough for a final shot. The scramble was far too steep for his pony; but, so he concluded, it was strategy that counted now, rather than speed.

He slipped off the horse's back, knowing that the well-trained animal would not wander away, so long as the rawhide bridle dragged upon the ground. The sun beat down upon him as he went clambering up the stony hillside, so that he was hot and weary when he reached the top. The climb had taken him longer than he had thought; and for a moment he feared that the buffalo had got completely away. But, no, he could see its brown back crashing through the bushes; and then was amazed to see the great animal wheel about and come galloping straight down upon him.

He was so astonished that he did not have time to set an arrow to the string of his bow; and the charging bull almost ran him down, as it passed by unharmed. It disappeared over the edge of the slope; after which Soneto could hear the heavy body half falling, half sliding down to the valley below. He had no chance to peer over the edge to see what had become of it; for he had caught sight of a man's figure slipping through the bushes, and had dropped behind the trunk of a stunted tree. Another figure and another came

up through the underbrush, all moving among the thick branches with such ease and so little sound that there was no doubt as to who they might be. They were Chippewas.

It was evident that they had not seen him, and for a few desperate moments he thought that he was to remain undiscovered. Two of them came walking across the ridge, so close to him that he could see every feature of their faces, and every line of their gayly colored weapons. They were daubed with gaudy paint; and their bows and arrows were bright with beads and dyed feathers. This was no hunting party into which he had stumbled, but a band of warriors seeking to waylay their Sioux enemies. The two strode across the ridge and went down the slope in the track that the buffalo had taken. In a moment a shout came up from below. They had discovered Soneto's horse beside the stream.

The boy crawled slowly and painfully from behind his sheltering tree trunk, and worked his way, through such sparse cover as he could find, up over the backbone of the ridge. He knew that, even though he could keep out of the actual sight of the enemy, his trail was plain and broad on the dry grass and through the bushes, and that they would follow him relentlessly until they ran him down. As he lay still for a moment in a friendly thicket, he could tell by their voices that they were spreading out to form a circle about the ridge, and so lay hands on him no matter in what direction he sought to escape. They were all of them on foot; and he felt sure none of them could have managed to ride his pony which they had captured; for the Chippewas have no knowledge of horses. But the wits of more than a dozen crafty warriors were pitted against those of one spent and

weary boy; and there seemed little question as to what the end would be.

It was a strange and terrible game of hide and seek which now began, with Soneto's life for the reward of the struggle. He was driven from one desperate hiding place to another, and forced to move steadily downward from the ridge into the valley and so toward the open plain. Once beyond cover, he would be shot down in a moment by a swarm of arrows, so that his only hope lay in clinging as long as he could to the sheltering hillside. He thought he had never felt such heat as was beating down upon him; his eyes were smarting and his throat was dry and choking. The Chippewas, leaving a few to guard the mouth of the valley, had spread out along two parallel ridges, and were beating every bush and thicket with careful thoroughness. They evidently were certain that he lay hidden somewhere between their two lines and that they would surely find him in the end.

He knew the truth as well as they, as he lay in the last bit of shelter at the head of a bare slope. He could look down at the mouth of the valley and thence out to the plain where the wide green swam in the quivering heat. He could even hear the trickle of the creek slipping over the flat stones, and spreading out to a shallow pool just where the ravine opened to the prairie. Nothing in the world could have looked more beautiful to his eyes than that rippling expanse of clear water, which might as well have been a thousand miles away, for all the chance that he had of reaching it alive.

The sound of the stream seemed to have called to others as thirsty as himself. As he lay there, wondering dully how soon the first Chippewas would stumble upon his hiding place, he heard suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs. For a

moment hope flared up within him, at the thought that a band of Sioux warriors might have chanced that way. But no, it was only a little knot of wild horses, wandering aimlessly in from the prairie, grazing as they went, and moving toward the pool. They were a lean, shabby-looking band, without the sleek fatness of the lusty spring season. They moved wearily, and he watched them with little interest until the group spread apart, and a single pony, a slim, dark-coated horse, came out from among the others and stood for a moment at the entrance to the valley. He pricked his ears and raised his head, for a passing puff of hot wind had brought him the scent of man. It was the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Soneto leaped to his feet, put his fingers to his lips, and blew a long, shrill whistle. He cared no longer whether or not the Chippewas saw him, for here was his one chance of safety, the slenderest one in the world. He called with the familiar cry that in the past had always summoned the Marsh Hawk to him; and he ran leaping down the slope in a mad rush of flying pebbles and sliding stones. The horse hesitated and wheeled for flight; then, as the boy called again, he turned about once more. He stood for a moment, then with a sudden rush as headlong as the boy's own, he came running to his master and dropped his head to nuzzle his dear friend's breast.

With one movement of horse and boy together, Soneto had swung himself upon the Marsh Hawk's back and the two were off down the valley with a flight of arrows singing about their ears. The stones flew to right and left from under the horse's thundering hoofs; the other wild ponies scattered like chaff, and in a moment were left far behind.

Out upon the open prairie they came and turned in a wide curve to the eastward, as the Marsh Hawk stretched himself steadily in his unbeaten gallop. The last arrow spun past Soneto's ear; the last shout died away behind them; and the boy and horse were safe away, alone on the wide sea of grassy plain.

On and on they rode, until the hot sunshine gave place to cool twilight, and the green about them turned to gray. They splashed through a shallow stream where Soneto stooped to cool his burning throat; then on they went again, while the stars came out overhead, a whole skyful of stars, with never a hill or tree to cut into the great circle of their shining. The horse's tremendous pace slackened at last; and, as they came up over a long roll that lifted the smooth level, he went slower and slower and finally stood still. The night wind had brought him the smell of wood smoke, even as the starlight showed to Soneto the pointed outline of the lodges along the shore of a distant stream, the lodges of his own village.

No patting or persuading or coaxing could induce the horse to go further. The fragrant tang of that smell of lodge fires meant something that his wild heart could not endure. Horses have long memories, and though the Marsh Hawk could not forget his love for his dear playmate, he also, so it was plain, could not forget that his proud spirit had once suffered capture and humiliation. For a moment the two stood together in the starlight, the horse with his head bowed, the boy with his arms about the neck of his beloved comrade. As he slowly loosed them, Soneto felt the soft, brown nose thrust against his cheek in a last caress. A big bird, which had swooped down for some quarry in the grass, rose slowly,

close beside them, and sailed away on noiseless wings. It was with the same easy speed of utter freedom that the Marsh Hawk circled away into the darkness, and left the boy alone.

FOR A MOMENT, THE TWO STOOD TOGETHER IN THE STARLIGHT.

QUESTIONS

1. What was Soneto doing when he saw the wild horse?
2. Why was the horse named "The Brown Marsh Hawk"?
3. What change did Soneto notice in the horse immediately after his capture?
4. Why were the Sioux and Chippewas at war?
5. How did the raid described herein differ from the usual Indian raid?

6. Describe the return of Soneto's father and tell the story of his escape.
7. What reward was given the Marsh Hawk?
8. What responsibilities came to Soneto after the loss of so many warriors?
9. Describe his buffalo hunt.
10. Into what trap did he fall?
11. How did he elude his pursuers?
12. How did the Marsh Hawk show his love for the Indian boy?
13. Why did the horse refuse to carry Soneto into the village?

THE BELLS OF HEAVEN *

RALPH HODGSON

'Twould ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal for years,
If Parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shabby tigers
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.

QUESTIONS

1. Where have you seen wild animals in captivity?
2. Do you feel that such animals are fairly treated?

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THOR, THE GRIZZLY KING*

James Oliver Curwood

Through an instinct handed down for generations, men look upon the wild beasts of the forests as their natural enemies. Because of this they arm themselves with death-dealing weapons and go forth to hunt and kill these creatures in their native haunts. Seldom does a man have the opportunity to observe the course of action pursued by a powerful wild animal when he finds a defenseless human being in his power. Such a situation is described in this story.

It was a glorious morning. A cool breeze came from the north and west, and about nine o'clock Langdon saddled a horse and rode down the valley. He had no intention of hunting. It was a joy merely to ride and breathe in the face of that wind and gaze upon the wonders of the mountains.

He traveled northward for three or four miles, until he came to a broad, low slope that broke through the range to the westward. A desire seized upon him to look over into the other valley, and he cut a zigzag course upward that in half an hour brought him almost to the top.

Here he came to a short, steep slide that compelled him to dismount and continue on foot. At the summit he found himself on a level sweep of meadow, shut in on each side of him by the bare, rock walls of the split mountains; and a quarter of a mile ahead he could see where the meadow broke suddenly into the slope downward into the valley he was seeking.

* From *The Grizzly King*. Copyright, 1918. By permission of the publishers, Doubleday, Doran and Company.

He went on, and a few minutes later looked down into the other valley. Southward this valley was shut out from his vision by a huge shoulder of rock. It was not very high, and he began to climb it. He had almost reached the top when his toe caught in a piece of slate, and in falling he brought his rifle down with tremendous force on a boulder.

He was not hurt, except for a slight twinge in his lame knee. But his gun was a wreck. The stock was shattered close to the breech, and a twist of his hand broke it off entirely.

As he carried two extra rifles in his outfit the mishap did not disturb Langdon as much as it might otherwise have done, and he continued to climb over the rocks until he came to what appeared to be a broad, smooth ledge leading around the sandstone spur of the mountain. A hundred feet farther on he found that the ledge ended in a perpendicular wall of rock. From this point, however, he had a splendid view of the broad sweep of country between the two ranges to the south. He sat down, pulled out his pipe, and prepared to enjoy the magnificent panorama under him while he was getting his wind.

So engrossed was Langdon in his thoughts that he did not hear a sound behind him. And then something roused him to attention.

It was as if one of the monsters he had been picturing in his imagination had let out a great breath close to him. He turned slowly, and the next moment his heart seemed to stop its beating; his blood seemed to grow cold and lifeless in his veins.

Barring the ledge not more than fifteen feet from him, his great jaws agape, his head moving slowly from side to side as he regarded his trapped enemy, stood Thor, the Grizzly, King of the Mountains!

And in that space of a second or two Langdon's hands involuntarily gripped at his broken rifle, and he decided that he was doomed!

A broken, choking breath — a stifled sound that was scarcely a cry — was all that came from Langdon's lips as he saw the monstrous grizzly looking at him. In the ten seconds that followed he lived hours.

His first thought was that he was powerless — utterly powerless. He could not even run, for the rock wall was behind him; he could not fling himself valleyward, for there was a sheer fall of a hundred feet on that side. He was face to face with death.

And yet in these last moments Langdon did not lose himself in terror. He noted even the redness in the avenging grizzly's eyes. He saw the naked scar along his back where, earlier, one of his bullets had torn its way through Thor's foreshoulder. And he believed, as he observed these things, that Thor had deliberately trailed him, that the bear had followed him along the ledge and had cornered him here that he might repay in full measure what had been inflicted upon him.

Thor advanced — just one step; and then in that slow, graceful movement, reared himself to full height. Langdon, even then, thought that he was magnificent. On his part, the man did not move; he looked steadily up at Thor, and he made up his mind what to do when the great beast lunged forward. He would fling himself over the edge. Down

below there was one chance in a thousand for life. There might be a ledge or a projecting spur to catch him.

And Thor!

Suddenly, unexpectedly, he had come upon a man! This was the creature that had hunted him, this was the creature that had hurt him — and it was so near that he could reach out with his paw and crush it! And how weak, and white, and shrinking it looked now! Where was its strange thunder? Where was its burning lightning? Why did it make no sound?

Even a dog would have done more than this creature, for the dog would have shown its fangs; it would have snarled, it would have fought. But this thing that was man did nothing. And a great, slow doubt swept through Thor's massive head. Was it really this shrinking, harmless, terrified thing that had hurt him? He smelled the man-smell. It was thick. And yet this time there came with it no hurt.

And then slowly again, Thor came down to all fours. Steadily he looked at the man.

Had Langdon moved then he would have died. But Thor was not like man, a murderer. For another half minute he waited for a hurt, for sign of menace. Neither came, and he was puzzled. His nose swept the ground, and Langdon saw the dust rise where the grizzly's hot breath stirred it. And after that, for another long and terrible thirty seconds, the bear and the man looked at each other.

Then very slowly — and doubtfully — Thor half turned. He growled. His lips drew partly back. Yet he saw no reason to fight, for that shrinking, white-faced pygmy crouching on the rock made no movement to offer him battle.

He saw that he could not go on, for the ledge was blocked by the mountain wall. Had there been a trail the story might have been different for Langdon. As it was, Thor disappeared slowly in the direction from which he had come, his great head hung low, his long claws, *click*, *click*, *clicking* like ivory castanets as he went.

Not until then did it seem to Langdon that he breathed again, and that his heart resumed its beating. He gave a great sobbing gasp. He rose to his feet and his legs seemed weak. He waited — one minute, two, three; and then he stole cautiously to the twist in the ledge around which Thor had gone.

The rocks were clear, and he began to retrace his own steps toward the meadowy break, watching and listening, and still clutching the broken parts of his rifle. When he came to the edge of the plain he dropped down behind a huge boulder.

Three hundred yards away Thor was ambling slowly over the crest of the dip toward the eastward valley. Not until the bear reappeared on the farther ridge of the hollow, and then vanished again, did Langdon follow.

When he reached the slope on which he had hobbled his horse Thor was no longer in sight. The horse was where he had left it. Not until he was in the saddle did Langdon feel that he was completely safe. Then he laughed, a nervous, broken, joyous sort of laugh, and as he scanned the valley he filled his pipe with fresh tobacco.

"You great big god of a bear!" he whispered, and every fibre in him was trembling in a wonderful excitement as he

found voice for the first time. "You — you monster with a heart bigger than man!" And then he added under his breath, as if not conscious that he was speaking: "If I'd cornered you like that I'd have killed you! And you! You cornered me and let me live!"

He rode toward camp, and as he went he knew that this day had given the final touch to the big change that had been working in him. He had met the King of the Mountains; he had stood face to face with death, and in the last moment the four-footed thing he had hunted and maimed had been merciful. Unto himself the day and the hour had brought its meaning in a way that he would not forget so long as he lived, and he knew that hereafter and for all time he would not again hunt the life of Thor, or the lives of any of his kind.

QUESTIONS

1. For what purpose did Langdon usually ride over the mountains?
2. Why did he decide not to hunt on this particular morning?
3. Describe the accident which deprived him of his gun.
4. From what point did he choose to overlook the valley?
5. By what was he aroused from his meditations?
6. What reason had Langdon for fearing the bear?
7. What may the bear have thought of the man as he looked at him?
8. How do you account for the fact that the bear did not attack Langdon?
9. What effect did this incident have on Langdon?
10. Why kill wild animals in their own domain?

THE WALLOPING WINDOW-BLIND *

CHARLES E. CARRYL

A CAPITAL ship for an ocean trip
Was "The Walloping Window-blind."
No gale that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was taught to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow,
And it often appeared, when the weather had cleared,
That he'd been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too;
And he played hop-scotch with the starboard watch
While the captain tickled the crew.
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after-rail,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat in a commodore's hat,
And dined, in royal way,
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gummery bread, each day.
But the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such;
For the food that he gave the crew
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns,
Chopped up with sugar and glue.

* From *Davy and the Goblin*. By permission of the publishers, the Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE CAPTAIN DINED IN ROYAL WAY.

And we all felt ill as mariners will,
On a diet that's cheap and rude;
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook
In a tub of his gluesome food.
Then nautical pride we laid aside,
And we cast the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh smiles
And the Amagazanders roar.

Composed of sand was that favored land,
And trimmed with cinnamon straws;
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue
Of the Tickletoeteaser's claws.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee;
And the Binnacle-bats wore waterproof hats
As they danced in the sounding sea.

On rubagub bark, from dawn to dark,
We fed, till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk — when a Chinese junk
Came by from the torriby zone.
She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care
And we cheerily put to sea;
And we left the crew of the junk to chew
The bark of the rubagub tree.

QUESTION

What entirely new words can you find in this amusing poem? Are they in dictionaries or did the author make them up?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In telling what you would do, in connection with these exercises, select the numbered statement that seems to you the best, and give orally or write (as your teacher may direct) a brief statement explaining why you think it is best. Remember that "circumstances alter cases" and that there might be occasions when none of the solutions suggested here would be the best and when either of two might be equally good. Your statement will be rated upon the good judgment it displays and upon the ability you show to see a situation from the other fellow's point of view rather than upon your selection of a particular number as the right one.

I. If you had a pet cat and some older person whom you admired began teasing it, making the cat uncomfortable and unhappy, would you

1. Ignore the situation?
2. Ask the person courteously to stop teasing the cat?
3. Order the person abruptly to stop teasing the cat?

II. You have a vegetable garden in which you take great pride and from which you expect to get vegetables for the use of your family. A careless neighbor has chickens that fly over the fence and scratch up your vegetables and damage your garden. You have spoken to the neighbor about the situation with no result. Should you

1. Catch the chickens and shut them up?
2. Drive them back every time they come to your garden?
3. Kill the chickens when they come into your garden?
4. Complain to the local police authorities?

III. You and some of your schoolmates made a picnic fire in the woods. Finding that the hour is later than they had supposed, your companions want to hurry away leaving the fire burning. Should you

1. Hurry away with them leaving the fire?
2. Stay behind and put out the fire?
3. Refuse to stay since the others will not, but report their failure to assist you to your principal?

IV. Your chicken lot is sometimes raided at night by dogs. Chickens are killed, and so far you have been unable to catch the dogs. Should you

1. Notify those of your neighbors who own dogs and ask them to keep them in at night?
2. Put out poison to kill the dogs?
3. Build a dog-proof chicken house?

V. Suppose you saw a man heavily overloading a horse or beating him cruelly. Would you

1. Say nothing to the man?
2. Protest against his treatment of the horse?
3. Forcibly interfere to protect the horse?
4. Report the offender to the police?

PERSONAL GROWTH AND SUCCESS

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it — but we must sail, not drift nor be at anchor.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE BOY WHO CONQUERED HIMSELF*

MILDRED P. FORBES

Most of the dangers we dread are no more serious when we meet them face to face than those overcome by the little Indian in this story. If one's mind is only big enough to let the light of reason come in, there is no place for fearful imaginings. Truly it may be said that "he has but one great fear that fears to do wrong."

MANY years ago, in the Minnesota woods, there lived a tribe of Indians. There were big braves, squaws, and many little children. The children did not go to school as our boys and girls do to-day. They learned their lessons from the woods and flowers and sky, as did the little Hiawatha.

> Then the little Hiawatha
> Learned of every bird its language,
> Learned their names and all their secrets,
> How they built their nests in summer,
> Where they hid themselves in winter,
> Talked with them where'er he met them,
> Called them Hiawatha's chickens.

They were very happy in learning their lessons, and proud of their big chief, Black Hawk. Black Hawk, himself, however, was not so happy as he might have been, for there was something he longed for more than all the world beside and it had not yet come to him. But one day a little baby boy

* From *Good Citizenship through Story-Telling*. Copyright, 1923. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

came to live at Black Hawk's wigwam, and then he thought he was the happiest Indian chief in all the world. How he loved the baby boy!

Everyone loved the baby and wanted to teach him, but the chief taught him one new lesson every day, and the baby grew and grew. As he grew bigger, Black Hawk taught him how to fish. He taught him how to paddle his big canoe and how to shoot with his own great bear arrow.

One day Black Hawk took him to the top of a mountain. All day long they had traveled to reach there. When they arrived at the top the sun was sinking behind the western hills, and the father said, "Watch the sky! Watch it!" All night long they slept on the mountain top, and in the morning saw the sun rise over the eastern hills — a great flaming ball of red, painting the sky with its wonderful colors; and the father said again, "Watch the sky! Watch it! That is why an Indian paints his face when he goes to a party. He remembers the happy day and paints his face in sunlight colors."

Another day the two went together to the water's edge and the father said, "Tell me what you see." "Oh, Father," said the boy, "I see myself." "Good," said Black Hawk, "but what of yourself do you see?" "I see my eyes," said the boy, "I see my ears, I see my mouth." "Yes," said his father, "and remember that an Indian boy always sees with his eyes and hears with his ears before he ever speaks with his mouth."

And so each day the father taught his son till he grew to be ten years old.

Then Black Hawk knew the time had come when the boy must learn the lesson of bravery. One day the boy saw great

logs of wood gathered and piled in the center of the clearing. As the day wore on he saw big chiefs from other tribes arrive and greet his father. What could it mean? Was his father going to war with these other big chiefs? He asked no question, for he remembered that his father had taught him to see with his eyes and hear with his ears before he spoke with his mouth. He watched and listened. He saw that most of the wood piled in the center was green wood. The fire, then, was meant to last a long time — perhaps all night. What could the big chiefs' council be about?

As the sun sank in a cloud of glory behind the trees of the forest, and the twinkling stars appeared above, Black Hawk set the pile of green wood on fire and all the big chiefs squatted in a wide circle around the blazing logs. The boy, too, drew near to watch and listen, but his mother called to him from the tepee, saying, "It is your time to go to sleep, my son." Because he was an Indian boy he knew that he must obey, so off to the wigwam he went. "Perhaps," he thought, as he lifted the flap of the wigwam, "perhaps if I draw my buffalo robe close to the flap and leave it open I can hear what they say." He tried it and found that he could hear every word, for the night was still. The only other sounds were the sounds of wild animals off in the forest, the only light was that of the crackling fire.

The Indians around the fire were telling stories. The first one told of a boy just ten years old who showed great bravery when he was in a cave, alone, with a big black bear. The next warrior told of a boy just ten years old who was so brave that he fought to save a little one. Another story was of a ten-year-old boy who carried a message in the dead of night from one Indian chief, through the enemy's lines, to another

Indian chief. Around the circle went the stories, each more exciting than that which had preceded, till the listening boy forgot he had been sent to bed — forgot that he was an Indian boy. Out of the wigwam, on his hands and knees he crept, nearer and nearer to those fascinating stories.

When he reached the circle he was behind the biggest of the big Indian chiefs, but he had no sooner reached the place than the big chief turned and saw him. Picking up a pail from the grass, the chief passed it to the boy, saying, "Go to the spring and bring a pailful of water."

Go to the spring! thought the boy. Why! The spring was half a mile away through the densest of the forest. He had never been in the forest alone after dark. Surely his father would not let him go alone! He looked around the circle at his father, but his father's feet were crossed, his father's head bent forward, and his father's eyes were on the ground. His father must mean for him to go! Taking the pail he started off, but his feet lagged, and at almost every step he turned to look at the blazing fire. If he could only take some of it with him to light his way and frighten the wild animals!

When he reached the edge of the forest he heard a wolf howl in the distance. He started to run, but fell over a stump. Picking himself up he ran bump into a tree. How it hurt! A great lump came out on his forehead, but it was not half so big as the lump in his throat. He seemed to be choking. At last he reached the spring and filled the pail. He must go slower now so as not to spill the water. There were queer sounds all around him. There were shining lights among the trees, and he thought, "They are the shining eyes of animals about to spring upon me." Then something hit

him in the face and he spilled almost all the water! It had been only a bat, but when he reached the circle of waiting Indians, the boy was out of breath and trembling so that he could hardly stand.

Passing the pail to the big chief who had given it to him the boy waited, but all that the big chief did was to look at the water, grunt, "Ugh," and pass it to the next. That chief, too, looked at the water, grunted, "Ugh," and passed it on. As the boy waited, wondering, he saw the pail passed around the circle from one chief to the next, and heard each chief grunt, "Ugh." When the pail had completed the circle and returned to the big Indian who had given it to the boy, he turned it upside down, spilling all the water out upon the grass and said, "Try again, and do not hurry."

Again? How could he! He could never be brave like those other ten-year-old boys! But he knew he must, so taking the pail he stumbled away. Now the wind was rising and everything seemed alive. The trees creaked and moaned. Suppose he should meet a bear? When he was passing through the darkest place in the forest a terrifying cry sounded close behind him — "Hoo-oo-oo!" It was only an owl, but as he started to run a grapevine cut his face, making him think something was after him. He ran till, weak and faint, he reached the spring. Filling the pail he went stumbling back, but it was easier than the first time and the pail was two-thirds full. Again the pail was passed around the circle and again each chief, when he saw the quantity of water, grunted, "Ugh." The second time the biggest chief turned the pail upside down and spilled all the water out upon the ground. Passing it back to the boy he said, "Go to the spring and bring a pail *full* of water."

This time the boy did not hesitate. He grasped the pail quickly and turning toward the forest walked straight on with not one look at the light of the fire. This time he did not mind the creaking of the trees, for he knew it was only the wind. This time he knew that the lights among the trees were not the eyes of fierce animals about to spring out upon him, but were only the lights of little bugs trying to help him on his way. Now he did not mind the bats flying near his face; and when he reached the darkest place and heard again that call behind him, "Hoo-oo-oo," he cried aloud, "Who's afraid? I'm not." When he reached the spring the third time, he filled his pail very carefully to the brim, and said to himself, "I'll walk every step of the way and spill not a drop."

When the biggest chief took the pail the boy passed to him for the third time and saw that it was full, he said, "Ah-haa!" Each chief around the circle likewise took the pail, looked at the water, and said, "Ah-haa!" This time the big chief placed the pail very carefully upon the ground, and, rising, put his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, for you have conquered night!" Then the next chief arose, came, and placed his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, for you have conquered fear!" The next chief arose, came, and put his hand upon the boy's shoulder as he said, "Brave boy, for you have conquered imagination!" All around the circle, each chief in turn arose and came and put his hand upon the boy's shoulder and called him brave.

Last of all came Black Hawk, the boy's own father. He, too, put his hand upon his boy's shoulder, and he said, "Brave boy! Worthy to be the son of Black Hawk!

"BRAVE BOY, FOR YOU HAVE CONQUERED NIGHT!"

Worthy to grow up and some day be a great Indian chief for you have conquered what is hardest in all the world to conquer. You have conquered yourself!" And taking the red feather of courage from his own headdress, he put it in the headdress of his boy.

Together they walked to the wigwam, and that night the boy slept as only a boy can sleep who has conquered not only night and fear and all things — but even himself.

QUESTIONS

1. What were some of the things Black Hawk taught his little boy?
2. How did he teach the boy?
3. What great lesson could he not learn through his eyes?
4. To what test was he subjected?
5. How many trips did the boy make to the spring?
6. How did each trip differ from the previous one?
7. How was the boy rewarded at the end of the third trip?
8. How many things had he conquered?
9. Which was the greatest conquest of all?
10. What was said about an Indian's obedience?

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS*

LYMAN ABBOTT

In a Grecian myth we read that Hercules in his youth one day came to a point where two roads opened before him, one apparently easy and smooth, the other difficult and rugged. In spite of the advice of his companions Hercules did not choose the easy way, but took the road which later brought into play his great strength and fine judgment, thus winning for himself fame as a hero.

In our daily lives we, too, are confronted with two roads and must make a choice. And like Hercules we find that success and happiness do not always lie in the easier way.

AGAIN you stand at the parting of the ways, and again you must choose which road you will take. You cannot stay where you are; nothing stands still in the whole range of God's universe. Sun, moon, and stars move onward; earth, with its winds and tides, moves; the days, the years, the centuries move on; the generations are carried irresistibly forward, and every individual life is borne on by the mighty impulsion which guides all to some supreme consummation.

In this universal sweep your life is bound up, and, struggle as you may, you cannot escape from it; indeed, to escape from it would be to separate yourself from God and to become solitary in a darkness which no sun would ever lighten again. It is only for you to choose which path you will take; you may be borne onward to larger, nobler, diviner life, or you may be swept onward to ever-increasing weakness, failure, and decline.

* From *Days and Deeds*. Copyright, 1907. By permission of Mr. Laurence F. Abbott and the publishers, the Baker and Taylor Co.

In every experience there is a twofold possibility: it must leave you stronger or weaker; it cannot leave you as it found you. God forces no man to become good or evil, wise or foolish, strong or weak. He presents to every man, in every hour, the choice between the two. A moral purpose is cut into the very heart of the universe, and written ineffaceably on every minute of time; every day is charged with power to make or to destroy character, and you can no more escape the hourly test than you can resist the ravages of time or hide yourself from the search of death.

If you refuse opportunity, neglect duty, waste the gifts of life, you must grow weaker, smaller, more and more unhappy, by the operation of a law as inexorable as that which holds the planets in their spheres; if, on the other hand, you take hold of life resolutely, spring to its tasks with strenuous and joyous energy, pour yourself into its opportunities, meet its duties valiantly, match your strength and purpose against its trials, temptations, and losses, then the same irresistible power that laid the foundations of the universe will build you up into strength, beauty, and usefulness. You will be borne onward into an unfailing life of peace, rest, and joy. The door stands open again; which way will you take?

QUESTIONS

1. By what examples does nature show that all forms of life must undergo change?
2. What two courses lie open to every individual?
3. What is the outgrowth of a wise choice? Of an unwise one?
4. On whom does the responsibility of a decision rest?
5. Is it always easy to do the right thing?
6. Do you know of a choice you could make that would strengthen your character?

SAVING FIVE CENTS A DAY

ANONYMOUS

Just a nickel! Not a very large sum, is it? Certainly we do not treat it with much consideration as we spend it lightly on this hand or that. But even a nickel may gain unusual importance when it becomes a factor in building up comfort and independence for old age. A bank account gives one a sense of security which is invaluable. It is quite interesting to see what a fund may grow from saving five cents a day.

VERY few people think how fast money grows if a small amount is saved daily or weekly and put out at interest. The money that is spent in trifling amusements or extravagance if conscientiously put aside in a savings bank will make a fortune in course of time.

Many an old man who is now seventy years of age and who is dependent upon some relatives for his support, or who is holding on to some small job that pays him a meager salary, or who is drawing a pension from some charity organization could be living in independence if he had systematically saved a little every week or every month, and put it at interest.

Suppose we take the sum of five cents which anyone will spend for a car ride, or soda water, or a few cigarettes, or to have his shoes shined, and see what its value will be in the course of years.

Let us begin with a boy fifteen years old who saves a nickel a day somehow, and puts it in a bank, or invests it at compound interest. In one year he has $18.25, which bearing interest at five per cent, compounded semi-annually along with his other savings of five cents per day, makes an astonishing result when he is sixty-five years of age.

When he is thirty years old our thrifty hero has $395.00; at forty he has $877.00; at fifty he has $1,667.00; at sixty he has $2,962.00; at sixty-five he has $3,983.18.

If that is what five cents a day will do, what will ten cents a day do, or twenty-five cents a day, or ten dollars a month?

After fifteen years the annual interest on his savings is more than the original principal. In twenty-five years it is more than double his annual saving; at thirty-five years it is four times as much, and in forty-five years it is eight times as much as he puts by every year.

In actual cash the boy has only saved $912.50 in fifty years, but this cash has worked for him during all these years and has made $2,970.68 of itself.

If a father saves ten dollars a month for the education of his son, and begins when the son was born, he will have ample funds to pay all the boy's expenses when his son is old enough to go to college.

A savings account in a bank starts the money growing, fixes the habit of doing without in order to save, and lays the foundation of a fund that will be needed some day.

QUESTIONS

1. The practice of a wise thrift strengthens the character. Are you forming the habit of saving a part of your allowance?

2. There is usually a way to save if one is in earnest about it. How does the bank help?

3. Do you think it is a good rule to spend some, give some, and save some?

THRIFT

ANONYMOUS

The remarkable financial strength of our nation to-day is built upon the application of our forefathers to thriftiness. No other one factor has played such an important part in laying the foundation for the success of our country. However, surrounded on every hand by luxuries as we are, it is possible that we may forget that it is our duty as well as our privilege to prepare for future demands.

WITHOUT me there can be no success, for I store up treasures for the years of need.

I am the wise one who garners in the years of plenty, against the years of famine.

I am the one who gathers in summer, against the cold of winter months.

I do the work on which every fortune must be built to endure the strain of business life.

The poor as well as the rich may have me, and have need of me; all men should have me.

My presence brings contentment and peace and security.

My absence means anxiety, and worry, and often distress and want.

I am worth more than gold and silver, for without me there can be neither.

Once you have me there is no power to take me away.

I bring smiles to a man's face, sleep to his weariness, confidence in himself.

I make a man walk upright, and face his fellow men without shame or fear.

I make him well dressed, well housed, well fed; I make his home one of peace and order and prosperity.

I insure him against the rainy day.

I drive away care and doubt and misery.

I guarantee prosperity, reasonable possessions, and fair success to everyone who tries me.

I belong to those of low degree, as well as to kings and rulers of the earth.

I belong to big business and small business.

I belong to cities and towns as well as to nations.

I need no capital to start with, but I make capital in the end for those who follow me.

I guarantee dividends: I am the only road to a fortune.

I Am Thrift

QUESTIONS

1. Name some things that thrift can do for us.
2. Of what value is thrift to the individual?
3. Is thriftiness restricted to any one class of people?
4. How can one be thrifty in relation to things other than money?
5. In what ways can thrift be practiced at school? At home?

OPPORTUNITY*

WALTER MALONE

Some people say that opportunity is just a form of luck which comes only once, and which, if not grasped at the time, will never come again. However, in this little poem of Walter Malone's, we are told that opportunity is always before us — that it comes time after time, promising rich reward. The poem gives us a cheerful view of life, and makes us feel that there is always a chance.

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day —
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man!

* By permission of Mrs. Ella Malone Watson.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

QUESTIONS

1. Where should we look for opportunity?
2. Why is it that some people complain of never having had a chance to be successful?
3. What should our attitude be toward chances passed away?
4. What traits of character are displayed by those who make the most of their opportunities?

THE SAFETY COURT OF THE BRYANT SCHOOL*

STELLA BOOTHE

Habits, both good and bad, are easily formed. Many girls and boys who frequently break the rules of their homes and schools may later on break the laws governing their city and state. Disregard of authority is one of the evidences of a weak character. A school court like the one in this story is intended to teach young people that in respecting the law they are protecting their own lives and property.

"ALEC MCGEE reported Tuesday for jaywalking; Wednesday for hitching on a truck; Thursday for climbing on a lumber wagon while it was moving."

Alec looked at the card in his hand. So they'd decided to call him before the Court again! "I don't care," he muttered shrugging his shoulders and scowling at the harmless little piece of pasteboard.

Safety Court of the Bryant School, City of Collins

SUBPŒNA

County of Davis } *ss.*- In the Name of the Pupils of Bryant School to Alec McGee

You are Commanded to appear before the Safety Court of the Bryant School at 3:30 o'clock in room: — Assembly on the day of October 27, 1925

By order of the Court

ELOISE GRAY, *Clerk.*

The court of the Safety Council was held once each month. On the day of the court Eloise checked up her record book

* From *Jimmie and the Safety Council.* Copyright, 1926. By permission of the publishers, the World Book Company.

and subpœnaed the offenders of all the cases that had not been closed. She also sent notices to the witnesses for the court. The defense also could call witnesses. After Eloise had made out the little cards she gave them to Jimmie, who, as captain of patrol, served them on the offenders.

The court was opened to all members of the Council and usually the assembly room was more than half full. This Wednesday was no exception. When all the boys and girls had taken their seats you could have heard even a pin drop. One could easily count the tick-tock of the big school clock.

As the hand of the clock pointed to the exact minute for the court to open, Jerry Jenkins came in, and everyone stood up. With his head held high, his shoulders straight, and his chest up he walked to the platform, gravely bowed to the assemblage, and took his seat behind the desk. He was the judge, and he realized his responsibility. Quietly the boys and girls seated themselves.

Then came Elmer West, the district attorney, his forehead wrinkled with perplexity. On him rested the responsibility of seeing that the cases were justly presented.

Eloise Gray, the record book and a notebook under her arm and well-sharpened pencils in her hand, took her seat at the table by the side of the district attorney. She was the court clerk, and it was her duty to call the cases and make an accurate record of the court procedure.

The audience gazed at the court officials with respect, for they knew that the judge, the district attorney, and the court clerk would do what seemed to be best for the school. The officers had been selected to uphold the rules made for the good of all, and they punished only those offenders who

violated the rules of safety in their own school district.

The offenders, led by a guard and followed by Jimmie, captain of patrol, came in. There was Louise, hanging her head with a telltale blush of embarrassment; Jack with his eyes downcast; Joe, finding it not so funny as he expected; and Alec with an indifference entirely assumed.

In a quiet, businesslike manner the judge called for the calendar. The clerk handed it to him. He looked it over carefully and then said to the clerk, "Call the first case." Eloise opened her book and read, "Bryant School Safety Council *versus* Jack Jones. Jack Jones, step forward!"

Poor Jack, scared and ashamed, made his way to the platform. In his hand was the wicked squirt gun, and there wasn't any way to get it out of sight. If only there were a hole in the floor that would swallow him and the squirt gun too!

The judge turned to Elmer West, the district attorney, and requested him to state the case.

"Your Honor," said Elmer, turning to address the judge, "the case before us is that of Jack Jones of the fourth grade, who has been guilty of a serious offense. Jack very thoughtlessly has brought his squirt gun to school, and, your Honor, he has been guilty not only of bringing the said gun to school, but of squirting water at the other children."

The judge looked at Jack with stern disapproval.

"The prisoner has been guilty of squirting water in the faces of the other children and that is not the worst, your Honor," proceeded the district attorney; "this morning Jack filled his gun with dirty water out of the gutter and squirted it at Jennie Green. By good fortune, your Honor,

the stream of dirty water missed her eyes. Still, something ought to be done about it. The safety magazine, *Safety Education*, says that children have had serious eye injuries as a result of such carelessness, and that in a few instances, blindness has resulted from this heedless sort of play."

"H — m," said the judge sternly, turning to Jack, who looked perfectly miserable.

"As witnesses, your honor, I produce Jennie Green and Joseph Smith." Pointing to Joseph, the district attorney asked, "Did you, Joseph Smith, see Jack squirt water from the gutter?"

Joseph, a little startled by the suddenness of the question and hating to tell on a comrade, rose and mumbled, "Yes, sir."

"A little louder," commanded the judge.

"Yes, your Honor," Joseph reluctantly repeated.

Then turning to Jennie Green, the district attorney asked, "Did you, Jennie Green, have dirty water from the gutter squirted at you by Jack?"

Jennie needed no coaxing. She sat in a front seat and she stood up promptly. "I should say I did," she blurted angrily. "And if you don't believe me, here is the hanky I wiped my face with," she added, waving in the air a grimy handkerchief.

"That is enough," the judge interposed, feeling that Jennie might go out of bounds in her eagerness to testify.

"Your Honor," said the district attorney, "you have heard the evidence in the case, and I am sure there is sufficient proof to establish the guilt of the prisoner, so I leave the case in your hands."

The judge turned to the accused. "Have you anything to say?" he asked.

Jack Jones shook his head.

"Members of the Council," said the judge, "you have heard the evidence of these witnesses. In view of the facts of the case I deliver the verdict of 'guilty.' The sentence in this case," went on the judge, "will be this: Jack will have to leave his squirt gun at home, or if he brings it to school, he must leave it on the teacher's desk. He will be reported if he uses it around the school at any time. It was just by good luck that a serious accident did not happen. Such play must be condemned. After this, anybody using a squirt gun on the school grounds is liable to forfeit it."

The children looked their approval, and Jack, with a sigh of relief, eagerly thrust the troublesome squirt gun into Jimmie's hand.

"Bryant School Safety Council *versus* Louise Jamison," Eloise read from the big book.

"Louise, please step forward."

Louise walked up to the platform, so shy and so embarrassed that she would not look at the judge but just hung her head and stared at the floor. She looked so miserable that even the district attorney began to feel sorry for her; nevertheless he was determined to do his duty.

"Your Honor," the district attorney was speaking again, "the case of Louise of the fourth grade is called because she has broken two laws, one sanitary and one safety. I have two witnesses to prove that Louise has broken the safety and sanitary rules of the school. Jessie Taylor, did you see Louise throw a banana peel on the school grounds?"

"Yes, sir," Jessie replied, "right on the sidewalk in front of the school."

"And did you," continued the district attorney, turning to Earl King, "slip and fall on that same banana peel?"

Now, a fellow hates to tell on a girl, but he was in court and he was pledged to tell the truth, so Earl hesitatingly answered, "Well, sir, I was running and fell. It really wasn't Louise's fault."

"Were you hurt much?" asked the judge.

"Just skinned my wrist a little," Earl responded with a grin, still gallantly trying to shield Louise.

"Your Honor," pressed the district attorney, "Louise has broken two laws. It is insanitary to leave refuse around the school grounds, and dangerous as well. I ask you, however, to remember, sir, that Louise is only in the fourth grade and that this is her first offense."

"Since the offender seems to realize the fault, I consider a reprimand from the teacher sufficient. However," said the judge, "I wish to call the attention of every member of this school to the rule: No banana peels, apple cores, or similar refuse may be thrown on the school grounds. Penalty: punishment at the hands of the School Safety Council. Let this case be a warning!"

To Louise it seemed that it took her hours to get down from the platform and to slip into a vacant seat. But it really was only a few seconds between the judge's warning and the clerk's voice reading:

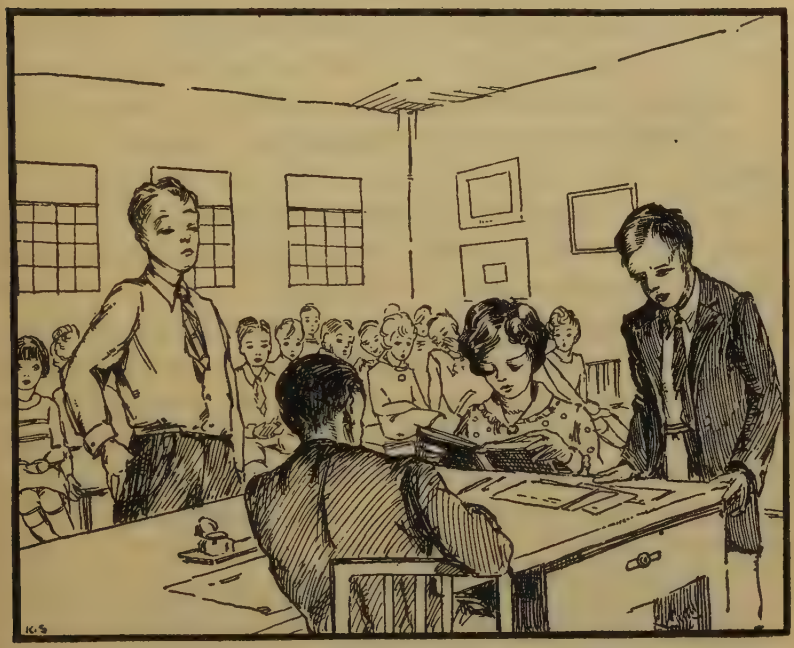
"Bryant School Safety Council *versus* Alec McGee."

Alec stood defiantly eyeing the judge.

"Step forward, please," said the judge politely, but in a firm voice. Reluctantly Alec stepped forward. This was

the case of the session, and it disturbed Alec to have them all regarding him so fixedly.

"Why don't they have their old Safety Council and leave the rest of us alone?" he thought. He stared back at them, but in his heart he felt ashamed.



"YOUR HONOR, WE HAVE A SERIOUS CASE BEFORE US."

"Your Honor," began the district attorney, "we have a serious case before us. Alec McGee is brought into court on three charges, — jaywalking, hitching on a truck, and climbing on a moving lumber wagon. This is not, as you know, his first offense. I shall call three witnesses. John West, James Bruce, and Mary Gay."

There was a slight stir as the witnesses moved forward and took front seats.

John West was the first witness questioned. He said, speaking very clearly:

"I was on duty with Officer Ryan at half-past eight, Tuesday morning, the eighteenth. Alec came along when I was holding pedestrians at my corner, waiting for the start signal from Officer Ryan. Alec wanted to cross and I said he couldn't, and he laughed and walked to the middle of the block where he crossed without regard for our signals."

The judge listened attentively, the clerk made careful notes, and the district attorney excused the witness and called Jimmie, who said:

"On the afternoon of the nineteenth I met Alec and asked him if he'd like to play ball with Tom and me in Tompkins' lot. He said he would and we started over. A truck came along and Alec said, 'Let's ride!' We said, 'It's against the code.' He jumped on the truck and called out to us, 'Go ahead and take care of your precious little hides — I'm going to ride.'"

"Is Tom here?" asked the district attorney.

Tom rose at the back of the room.

"Will you come forward? Have you anything to add or anything to change in the testimony as given by James Bruce?"

Tom shook his head. "No, sir," he said.

"Then you confirm his statements?"

"Yes, sir."

Tom was excused, and Mary Gay was called and questioned.

"Coming along Fourth Street on the afternoon of the twentieth, I saw Alec run into the street and hitch on a lumber wagon."

"Was the wagon going rapidly?"

"No, but the horses were going at a good fast walk."

"Anything else?"

"He climbed on safely — it looked as if he just wanted me to see him" — a crimson flush swept over Alec's face, but Mary Gay went on calmly — "so I'd report him. He dropped off after he'd passed me. I turned back and hurried and caught up with him. 'Why did you do that?' I asked him. 'Why shouldn't I do it?' he answered. Then I said, 'It's not safe, Alec. The lumber might come loose and fall on you.' He said, 'Well, what about your trapeze?' And then I said, 'That's good exercise. My father put it up for me and I know what I'm going to do next, but when you're hitching on a lumber wagon you don't know what the driver or the horse or the lumber or the traffic is going to do next — and so you may spoil our no-accident record.'" Mary Gay paused.

"Is that all?" asked the district attorney.

"Yes, sir; he just walked away."

"You're excused," said the district attorney, and Mary Gay returned to her seat.

"Have you witnesses to be questioned?" he asked Alec, who shook his head and looked at the floor as if he were beginning to feel a little ashamed of himself.

The district attorney then addressed the judge.

"Your Honor," he began, "from the testimony you can see that Alec has refused to coöperate with the Safety Council. We are sorry that he has not been able to understand the Council and what it is trying to do, but we don't feel that he ought to keep on paying no attention to all its rules. Several of us have talked to him, but it hasn't done any good. So it seems to me, your Honor, that something ought to be done to make him see that the rules are important and have to be obeyed."

The judge regarded Alec very gravely, then he spoke slowly.

"Alec McGee, you have been reported to the Council several times and referred to the court on three counts. We haven't tried to make you join the Council, but we can't let you go on showing no respect for the good of the school. I am going to sentence you on three counts. For one week you will leave the school under the guard which will call for you before class is dismissed. After that you will serve as traffic officer under Officer Ryan for two weeks, but you will not be allowed to wear the traffic squad armband during this time. On the second and third counts we will ask the visiting teacher to visit your home."

Alec flushed and moved uneasily at those words.

"You may be excused." The judge was still polite, but it was clear how he regarded such lawless behavior, and Alec, feeling much more ashamed than he ever would have confessed, came down from the platform with flushed face, holding his head high but avoiding the eyes of his mates. They

were all against him and it made him angry; yet in his heart of hearts he knew that it was largely his own fault that he stood alone. Well, he wouldn't give in, so there!

"Bryant School Safety Council *versus* Joe Johnson," read Eloise from the record book. "Joe, please step forward. Marjory Smith, witness for the court."

Marjory followed Joe forward.

The district attorney turned to the judge.

"Your Honor, we have brought Joe Johnson before the court because he insists on riding other children on his handlebars. He has been reported three times for doing it. It was settled out of court the first two times, and he was referred to his teacher. He has not paid much attention to what has been said to him and so, your Honor, he has been brought to court on the recommendation of the commissioners and the president of the council. I will ask Marjory Smith to testify. Now, Marjory, tell the court what you saw."

"Just yesterday, two blocks from school on Kentucky Street, I saw Joe riding a little boy named Frank on his handlebars. I hurried to catch up with him and remind him that it was against the code and tell him that I would have to report him. Before I caught up to him another boy on a bicycle came out of a gate, and Joe turned quickly to keep from hitting him, and Frank fell off."

"How old is Frank?" asked the district attorney.

"He's about five and a half."

"Was Frank hurt?"

Joe moved uncomfortably at this question.

"Yes, he fell off and hit a tree and the bark scratched him some. And he had a bump on his arm that turned blue afterwards."

Joe squirmed miserably during this. He did wish from the soles of his feet to the top of his head that he had never said, "I'll do it just to see what happens."

The judge looked at him severely. An offender who had persistently broken rules until he had hurt some one, deserved a penalty. The district attorney turned toward the judge, indicating that he was ready to rest the case. The judge spoke abruptly.

"A boy with so little judgment as this offender ought not to own a bicycle. It wouldn't be so bad if he'd taken a boy of his own age, but to lead a younger child into danger is —" he hesitated at the word — "cowardly!"

Joe blushed to the roots of his hair and bit his lip.

"I find the offender guilty and give him this sentence: he must not bring his wheel to school again during this term!"

The calendar was cleared. The judge rose, quietly adjourned court, and left the room.

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the children of Bryant School respect their court officials?
2. With what offenses was Alec McGee charged?
3. Was his guilt proved?
4. What sentence was passed by the judge?
5. What attitude did Alec maintain during the trial?
6. Why was he ashamed?
7. Do you think it is a good idea to have a school court? Give reasons.

A SPARK NEGLECTED BURNS THE HOUSE*

LEO TOLSTOY

"Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth."

Quarrels and feuds which change friends to enemies, destroy life and property, and work untold harm often have very small beginnings. Just as a fire, which is easily controlled when it begins, may become very destructive, so it is with anger and hatred. It is wiser and better to overlook and pardon than to "add fuel to the flame."

THERE once lived in a village a peasant named Iván Stcherbakóf. He was comfortably off, in the prime of life, the best worker in the village, and had three sons all able to work. The eldest was married, the second about to marry, and the third was a big lad who could mind the horses and was already beginning to plough. Iván's wife was an able and thrifty woman, and they were fortunate in having a quiet, hard-working daughter-in-law. There was nothing to prevent Iván and his family from living happily. They had only one idle mouth to feed; that was Iván's old father, who suffered from asthma and had been lying ill on the top of the brick oven for seven years. Iván had all he needed: three horses and a colt, a cow with a calf, and fifteen sheep. The women made all the clothing for the family, besides helping in the fields, and the men tilled the land. They always had grain enough of their own to last over beyond the next harvest, and sold enough oats to pay the taxes and meet their other needs. So Iván and his children might have lived quite comfortably

* By permission of the Oxford University Press and Aylmer Maude.

had it not been for a feud between him and his next-door neighbour, Limping Gabriel, the son of Gordéy Ivánof.

As long as old Gordéy was alive and Iván's father was still able to manage the household, the peasants lived as neighbours should. If the women of either house happened to want a sieve or a tub, or the men required a sack, or if a cart-wheel got broken and could not be mended at once, they used to send to the other house, and helped each other in neighbourly fashion. When a calf strayed into the neighbour's thrashing-ground they would just drive it out, and only say, "Don't let it get in again; our grain is lying there." And such things as locking up the barns and outhouses, hiding things from one another, or backbiting were never thought of in those days.

That was in the fathers' time. When the sons came to be at the head of the families, everything changed.

It all began about a trifle.

Iván's daughter-in-law had a hen that began laying rather early in the season, and she started collecting its eggs for Easter. Every day she went to the cart-shed, and found an egg in the cart; but one day the hen, probably frightened by the children, flew across the fence into the neighbour's yard and laid its egg there. The woman heard the cackling, but said to herself: "I have no time now; I must tidy up for Sunday. I'll fetch the egg later on." In the evening she went to the cart, but found no egg there. She went and asked her mother-in-law and brother-in-law whether they had taken the egg. "No," they had not; but her youngest brother-in-law, Tarás, said: "Your Biddy laid its egg in the neighbour's yard. It was there she was cackling, and she flew back across the fence from there."

The woman went and looked at the hen. There she was on the perch with the other birds, her eyes just closing ready to go to sleep. The woman wished she could have asked the hen and got an answer from her.

Then she went to the neighbour's, and Gabriel's mother came out to meet her.

"What do you want, young woman?"

"Why, Granny, you see, my hen flew across this morning. Did she not lay an egg here?"

"We never saw anything of it. The Lord be thanked, our own hens started laying long ago. We collect our own eggs and have no need of other people's! And we don't go looking for eggs in other people's yards, lass!"

The young woman was offended, and said more than she should have done. Her neighbour answered back with interest, and the women began abusing each other. Iván's wife, who had been to fetch water, happening to pass just then, joined in too. Gabriel's wife rushed out, and began reproaching the young woman with things that had really happened and with other things that never had happened at all. Then a general uproar commenced, all shouting at once, trying to get out two words at a time, and not choice words either.

"You're this!" and "You're that!" "You're a thief!" and "You're a wretch!" and "You're starving your old father-in-law to death!" and "You're a good-for-nothing!" and so on.

"And you've made a hole in the sieve I lent you, you jade! And it's our yoke you're carrying your pails on — you just give back our yoke!"

Then they caught hold of the yoke, and spilt the water,

snatched off one another's shawls, and began fighting. Gabriel, returning from the fields, stopped to take his wife's part. Out rushed Iván and his son, and joined in with the

IVÁN PULLED SOME HAIR OUT OF GABRIEL'S BEARD.

rest. Iván was a strong fellow; he scattered the whole lot of them, and pulled a handful of hair out of Gabriel's beard. People came to see what was the matter, and the fighters were separated with difficulty.

That was how it all began.

Gabriel wrapped the hair torn from his beard in a paper, and went to the District Court to have the law of Iván. "I didn't grow my beard," said he, "for pockmarked Iván to pull it out!" And his wife went bragging to the neighbours, saying they'd have Iván condemned and sent to Siberia. And so the feud grew.

The old man, from where he lay on the top of the oven, tried from the very first to persuade them to make peace, but they would not listen. He told them, "It's a stupid thing you are after, children, picking quarrels about such a paltry matter. Just think! The whole thing began about an egg. The children may have taken it — well, what matter? What's the value of one egg? God sends enough for all! And suppose your neighbour did say an unkind word — put it right; show her how to say a better one! If there *has* been a fight — well, such things will happen; we're all sinners, but make it up, and let there be an end of it! If you nurse your anger it will be worse for you yourselves."

But the younger folk would not listen to the old man. They thought his words were mere senseless dotage. Iván would not humble himself before his neighbour.

"I never pulled his beard," he said, "he pulled the hair out himself. But his son has burst all the fastenings on my shirt, and torn it. . . . Look at it!"

And Iván also went to law. They were tried by the Justice of the Peace and by the District Court. While all this was going on, the coupling-pin of Gabriel's cart disappeared. Gabriel's womenfolk accused Iván's son of having taken it. They said: "We saw him in the night go

past our window, towards the cart; and a neighbour says he saw him at the pub offering the pin to the landlord."

So they went to law about that. And at home not a day passed without a quarrel or even a fight. The children, too, abused one another, having learned to do so from their elders; and when the women happened to meet by the riverside, where they went to rinse the clothes, their arms did not do as much wringing as their tongues did nagging, and every word was a bad one.

At first the peasants only slandered one another; but afterwards they began in real earnest to snatch anything that lay handy, and the children followed their example. Life became harder and harder for them. Iván Stcherbakóf and Limping Gabriel kept suing one another at the Village Assembly, and at the District Court, and before the Justice of the Peace, until all the judges were tired of them. Now Gabriel got Iván fined or imprisoned; then Iván did as much to Gabriel; and the more they spited each other the angrier they grew — like dogs that attack one another and get more and more furious the longer they fight. You strike one dog from behind, and it thinks it's the other dog biting him, and gets still fiercer. So these peasants: they went to law, and one or other of them was fined or locked up, but that only made them more and more angry with each other. "Wait a bit," they said, "and I'll make you pay for it." And so it went on for six years. Only the old man lying on the top of the oven kept telling them again and again: "Children, what are you doing? Stop all this paying back; keep to your work, and don't bear malice — it will be better for you. The more you bear malice, the worse it will be."

But they would not listen to him.

In the seventh year, at a wedding, Iván's daughter-in-law held Gabriel up to shame, accusing him of having been caught horse-stealing. Gabriel was tipsy, and, unable to contain his anger, gave the woman — though she was in poor health — such a blow that she was laid up for a week. Iván was delighted. He went to the magistrate to lodge a complaint. "Now I'll get rid of my neighbour! He won't escape imprisonment, or exile to Siberia." But Iván's wish was not fulfilled. The magistrate dismissed the case. The woman was examined, but she was up and about and showed no sign of any injury. Then Iván went to the Justice of the Peace, but he referred the business to the District Court. Iván bestirred himself, treated the clerk and the Elder of the District Court to a gallon of liquor, and got Gabriel condemned to be flogged. The sentence was read out to Gabriel by the clerk: "The Court decrees that the peasant Gabriel Gordéyef shall receive twenty lashes with a birch rod at the District Court."

Iván too heard the sentence read, and looked at Gabriel to see how he would take it. Gabriel grew as pale as a sheet, and turned round and went out into the passage. Iván followed him, meaning to see to the horse, and he overheard Gabriel say, "Very well! He will have my back flogged: that will make it burn; but something of his may burn worse than that!"

Hearing these words, Iván at once went back into the Court, and said: "Upright judges! He threatens to set my house on fire! Listen; he said it in the presence of witnesses!"

Gabriel was recalled. "Is it true that you said this?"

"I haven't said anything. Flog me, since you have the

power. It seems that I alone am to suffer, and all for being in the right, while he is allowed to do as he likes."

Gabriel wished to say something more, but his lips and his cheeks quivered, and he turned towards the wall. Even the officials were frightened by his looks. "He may do some mischief to himself or to his neighbour," thought they.

Then the old Judge said: "Look here, my men; you'd better be reasonable and make it up. Was it right of you, friend Gabriel, to strike a sick woman? It was lucky it passed off so well, but think what might have happened! Was it right? You had better confess and beg his pardon, and he will forgive you, and we will alter the sentence."

The clerk heard these words, and remarked: "That's impossible under Statute 117. An agreement between the parties not having been arrived at, a decision of the Court has been pronounced and must be executed."

But the Judge would not listen to the clerk.

"Keep your tongue still, my friend," said he. "The first of all laws is to obey God, Who loves peace." And the Judge began again to persuade the peasants, but could not succeed. Gabriel would not listen to him.

"I shall be fifty next year," said he, "and have a married son, and have never been flogged in my life, and now that pockmarked Iván has had me condemned to be flogged, and am I to go and ask his forgiveness? No; I've borne enough. . . . Iván shall have cause to remember me!"

Again Gabriel's voice quivered, and he could say no more, but turned round and went out.

It was seven miles from the Court to the village, and it was getting late when Iván reached home. He unharnessed his horse, put it up for the night, and entered the cottage.

No one was there. The women had already gone to drive the cattle in, and the young fellows were not yet back from the fields. Iván went in, and sat down, thinking. He remembered how Gabriel had listened to the sentence, and how pale he had become, and how he had turned to the wall; and Iván's heart grew heavy. He thought how he himself would feel if he were sentenced, and he pitied Gabriel. Then he heard his old father up on the oven cough, and saw him sit up, lower his legs, and scramble down. The old man dragged himself slowly to a seat, and sat down. He was quite tired out with the exertion, and coughed a long time till he had cleared his throat. Then, leaning against the table, he said: "Well, has he been condemned?"

"Yes, to twenty strokes with the rods," answered Iván.

The old man shook his head.

"A bad business," said he. "You are doing wrong, Iván! Ah! it's very bad — not for him so much as for yourself! . . . Well, they'll flog him: but will that do you any good?"

"He'll not do it again," said Iván.

"What is it he'll not do again? What has he done worse than you?"

"Why, think of the harm he has done me!" said Iván. "He nearly killed my wife, and now he's threatening to burn us up. Am I to thank him for it?"

The old man sighed, and said: "You go about the wide world, Iván, while I am lying on the oven all these years, so you think you see everything, and that I see nothing. . . . Ah, lad! It's you that don't see; malice blinds you. Others' sins are before your eyes, but your own are behind your back. 'He's acted badly!' What a thing to say! If he were the only one to act badly, how could strife exist? Is strife

among men ever bred by one alone? Strife is always between two. His badness you see, but your own you don't. If he were bad, but you were good, there would be no strife. Who pulled the hair out of his beard? Who spoilt his haystack? Who dragged him to the law court? Yet you put it all on him! You live a bad life yourself, that's what is wrong! It's not the way I used to live, lad, and it's not the way I taught you. Is that the way his old father and I used to live? How did we live? Why, as neighbours should! If he happened to run out of flour, one of the women would come across: 'Uncle Trol, we want some flour.' 'Go to the barn, dear,' I'd say: 'take what you need.' If he'd no one to take his horses to pasture, 'Go, Iván,' I'd say, 'and look after his horses.' And if I was short of anything, I'd go to him. 'Uncle Gordéy,' I'd say, 'I want so-and-so!' 'Take it, Uncle Trol!' That's how it was between us, and we had an easy time of it. But now? . . . That soldier the other day was telling us about the fight at Plevna. Why, there's war between you worse than at Plevna! Is that living? . . . What a sin it is! You are a man, and master of the house; it's you who will have to answer. What are you teaching the women and the children? To snarl and snap? Why, the other day your Taráska — that greenhorn — was swearing at neighbour Irena, calling her names; and his mother listened and laughed. Is that right? It is you who will have to answer. Think of your soul. Is this all as it should be? You throw a word at me, and I give you two in return; you give me a blow, and I give you two. No, lad! Christ, when He walked on earth, taught us fools something very different. . . . If you get a hard word from anyone, keep silent, and his own

conscience will accuse him. That is what our Lord taught. If you get a slap, turn the other cheek. 'Here, beat me, if that's what I deserve!' And his own conscience will rebuke him. He will soften, and will listen to you. That's the way He taught us, not to be proud! . . . Why don't you speak? Isn't it as I say?"

Iván sat silent and listened.

The old man coughed, and having with difficulty cleared his throat, began again: "You think Christ taught us wrong? Why, it's all for our own good. Just think of your earthly life; are you better off, or worse, since this Plevna began among you? Just reckon up what you've spent on all this law business — what the driving backwards and forwards and your food on the way have cost you! What fine fellows your sons have grown; you might live and get on well; but now your means are lessening. And why? All because of this folly; because of your pride. You ought to be ploughing with your lads, and doing the sowing yourself; but the fiend carries you off to the judge, or to some pettifogger or other. The ploughing is not done in time, nor the sowing, and mother earth can't bear properly. Why did the oats fail this year? When did you sow them? When you came back from town! And what did you gain? A burden for your own shoulders. . . . Eh, lad, think of your own business! Work with your boys in the field and at home, and if some one offends you, forgive him, as God wishes you to. Then life will be easy, and your heart will always be light."

Iván remained silent.

"Iván, my boy, hear your old father! Go and harness the roan, and go at once to the Government office; put an

end to all this affair there; and in the morning go and make it up with Gabriel in God's name, and invite him to your house for to-morrow's holiday" (it was the eve of the Virgin's Nativity). "Have tea ready, and get a bottle of vódka and put an end to this wicked business, so that there will not be any more of it in future, and tell the women and children to do the same."

Iván sighed, and thought, "What he says is true," and his heart grew lighter. Only he did not know how, now, to begin to put matters right.

But again the old man began, as if he had guessed what was in Iván's mind.

"Go, Iván, don't put it off! Put out the fire before it spreads, or it will be too late."

The old man was going to say more, but before he could do so the women came in, chattering like magpies. The news that Gabriel was sentenced to be flogged, and of his threat to set fire to the house, had already reached them. They had heard all about it and added to it something of their own, and had again had a row, in the pasture, with the women of Gabriel's household. They began telling how Gabriel's daughter-in-law threatened a fresh action. Gabriel was on the right side of the examining magistrate, who would now turn the whole affair upside down; and the schoolmaster was writing out another petition, to the Tsar himself this time, about Iván; and everything was in the petition — all about the coupling-pin and the kitchen-garden — so that half of Iván's homestead would be theirs soon. Iván heard what they were saying, and his heart grew cold again, and he gave up the thought of making peace with Gabriel.

In a farmstead there is always plenty for the master to do.

Iván did not stop to talk to the women, but went out to the threshing-floor and to the barn. By the time he had tidied up there, the sun had set and the young fellows had returned from the field. They had been ploughing the field for the winter crops with two horses. Iván met them, questioned them about their work, helped to put everything in its place, set a torn horse-collar aside to be mended, and was going to put away some stakes under the barn, but it had grown quite dusk, so he decided to leave them where they were till next day. Then he gave the cattle their food, opened the gate, let out the horses Tarás was to take to pasture for the night, and again closed the gate and barred it. "Now," thought he, "I'll have my supper, and then to bed." He took the horse-collar and entered the hut. By this time he had forgotten about Gabriel and about what his old father had been saying to him. But, just as he took hold of the door-handle to enter the passage, he heard his neighbour on the other side of the fence cursing somebody in a hoarse voice: "What in the world is he good for?" Gabriel was saying. "He's only fit to be killed!" At these words all Iván's bitterness towards his neighbour reawoke. He stood listening while Gabriel scolded, and, when he stopped, Iván went into the hut.

There was a light inside. His daughter-in-law sat spinning, his wife was getting supper ready, his eldest son was making straps for bark shoes, his second sat near the table with a book, and Tarás was getting ready to go out to pasture the horses for the night. Everything in the hut would have been pleasant and bright, but for that plague — a bad neighbour!

Iván entered, sullen and cross; threw the cat down from

the bench, and scolded the women for putting the water-pail in the wrong place. He felt despondent, and sat down, frowning, to mend the horse-collar. Gabriel's words kept ringing in his ears — his threat at the law court, and what he had just been shouting in a hoarse voice about some one who was "only fit to be killed."

His wife gave Tarás his supper, and, having eaten it, Tarás put on an old sheepskin and another coat, tied a sash round his waist, took some bread with him, and went out to the horses. His eldest brother was going to see him off, but Iván himself rose instead, and went out into the porch. It had grown quite dark outside, clouds had gathered, and the wind had risen. Iván went down the steps, helped his boy to mount, started the foal after him, and stood listening while Tarás rode down to the village and was there joined by other lads with their horses. Iván waited until they were all out of hearing. As he stood there by the gate he could not get Gabriel's words out of his head: "Mind that something of yours does not burn worse!"

"He is desperate," thought Iván. "Everything is dry, and it's windy weather besides. He'll come up at the back somewhere, set fire to something, and be off. He'll burn the place and escape scot free, the villain! . . . There now, if one could but catch him in the act, he'd not get off then!" And the thought fixed itself so firmly in his mind that he did not go up the steps, but went out into the street and round the corner. "I'll just walk round the buildings; who can tell what he's after?" And Iván, stepping softly, passed out of the gate. As soon as he reached the corner, he looked round along the fence, and seemed to see something suddenly move at the opposite corner, as if some one had come out

and disappeared again. Iván stopped, and stood quietly, listening and looking. Everything was still; only the leaves of the willows fluttered in the wind, and the straws of the thatch rustled. At first it seemed pitch dark, but, when his eyes had grown used to the darkness, he could see the far corner, and a plough that lay there, and the eaves. He looked a while, but saw no one.

"I suppose it was a mistake," thought Iván; "but still I will go round," and Iván went stealthily along by the shed. Iván stepped so softly in his bark shoes that he did not hear his own footsteps. As he reached the far corner, something seemed to flare up for a moment near the plough and to vanish again. Iván felt as if struck to the heart; and he stopped. Hardly had he stopped, when something flared up more brightly in the same place, and he clearly saw a man with a cap on his head, crouching down, with his back towards him, lighting a bunch of straw he held in his hand. Iván's heart fluttered within him like a bird. Straining every nerve, he approached with great strides, hardly feeling his legs under him. "Ah," thought Iván, "now he won't escape! I'll catch him in the act!"

Iván was still some distance off, when suddenly he saw a bright light, but not in the same place as before, and not a small flame. The thatch had flared up at the eaves, the flames were reaching up to the roof, and, standing beneath it, Gabriel's whole figure was clearly visible.

Like a hawk swooping down on a lark, Iván rushed at Limping Gabriel. "Now I'll have him; he shan't escape me!" thought Iván. But Gabriel must have heard his steps, and (however he managed it) glancing round, he scuttled away past the barn like a hare.

"You shan't escape!" shouted Iván, darting after him. Just as he was going to seize Gabriel, the latter dodged him; but Iván managed to catch the skirt of Gabriel's coat. It tore right off, and Iván fell down. He recovered his feet, and shouting, "Help! Seize him! Thieves! Murder!" ran on again. But meanwhile Gabriel had reached his own gate. There Iván overtook him and was about to seize him, when something struck Iván a stunning blow, as though a stone had hit his temple, quite deafening him. It was Gabriel who, seizing an oak wedge that lay near the gate, had struck out with all his might.

Iván was stunned; sparks flew before his eyes, then all grew dark, and he staggered. When he came to his senses Gabriel was no longer there. It was as light as day, and from the side where his homestead was, something roared and crackled like an engine at work. Iván turned round and saw that his back shed was all ablaze. The side shed had also caught fire, and flames and smoke and bits of burning straw mixed with the smoke, were being driven towards his hut.

"What is this, friends? . . ." cried Iván, lifting his arms and striking his thighs. "Why, all I had to do was just to snatch it out from under the eaves and trample on it! What is this, friends? . . ." he kept repeating. He wished to shout, but his breath failed him; his voice was gone. He wanted to run, but his legs would not obey him, and got in each other's way. He moved slowly, but again staggered and again his breath failed. He stood still till he had regained breath, and then went on. Before he had got round the back shed to reach the fire, the side shed was also all ablaze; and the corner of the hut and the covered gateway

had caught fire as well. The flames were leaping out of the hut, and it was impossible to get into the yard. A large crowd had collected, but nothing could be done. The neighbours were carrying their belongings out of their own houses, and driving the cattle out of their own sheds. After Iván's house, Gabriel's also caught fire; then, the wind rising, the flames spread to the other side of the street and half the village was burnt down.

At Iván's house they barely managed to save his old father; and the family escaped in what they had on. Everything else, except the horses that had been driven out to pasture for the night, was lost; all the cattle, the fowls on their perches, the carts, ploughs, and harrows, the women's trunks with their clothes, and the grain in the granaries — all were burnt up!

At Gabriel's, the cattle were driven out, and a few things saved from his house.

The fire lasted all night. Iván stood in front of his homestead and kept repeating, "What is this? . . . Friends! . . . One need only have pulled it out and trampled on it!" But when the roof fell in, Iván rushed into the burning place, and seizing a charred beam, tried to drag it out. The women saw him, and called him back; but he pulled out the beam, and was going in again for another when he lost his footing and fell among the flames. Then his son made his way in after him and dragged him out. Iván had singed his hair and beard and burnt his clothes and scorched his hands, but he felt nothing. "His grief has stupefied him," said the people. The fire was burning itself out, but Iván still stood repeating: "Friends! . . . What is this? . . . One need only have pulled it out!"

In the morning the village Elder's son came to fetch Iván.

"Daddy Iván, your father is dying! He has sent for you to say good-bye."

Iván had forgotten about his father, and did not understand what was being said to him.

"What father?" he said. "Whom has he sent for?"

"He sent for you, to say good-bye; he is dying in our cottage! Come along, daddy Iván," said the Elder's son, pulling him by the arm; and Iván followed the lad.

When he was being carried out of the hut, some burning straw had fallen upon the old man and burnt him, and he had been taken to the village Elder's in the farther part of the village, which the fire did not reach.

When Iván came to his father, there was only the Elder's wife in the hut, besides some little children on the top of the oven. All the rest were still at the fire. The old man, who was lying on a bench holding a wax candle * in his hand, kept turning his eyes towards the door. When his son entered, he moved a little. The old woman went up to him and told him that his son had come. He asked to have him brought nearer. Iván came closer.

"What did I tell you, Iván?" began the old man. "Who has burnt down the village?"

"It was he, father!" Iván answered. "I caught him in the act. I saw him shove the firebrand into the thatch. I might have pulled away the burning straw and stamped it out, and then nothing would have happened."

"Iván," said the old man, "I am dying, and you in your turn will have to face death. Whose is the sin?"

* Wax candles are much used in the services of the Russian Church, and it is usual to place one in the hand of a dying man, especially when he receives unction.

Iván gazed at his father in silence, unable to utter a word.

"Now, before God, say whose is the sin? What did I tell you?"

Only then Iván came to his senses and understood it all. He sobbed and said, "Mine, father!" And he fell on his

IVÁN FELL ON HIS KNEES BEFORE HIS FATHER.

knees before his father, saying, "Forgive me, father; I am guilty before you and before God."

The old man moved his hands, changed the candle from his right hand to his left, and tried to lift his right hand to his forehead to cross himself, but could not do it, and stopped.

"Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" said he, and again he turned his eyes towards his son.

"Iván! I say, Iván!"

"What, father?"

"What must you do now?"

Iván was weeping.

"I don't know how we are to live now, father!" he said.

The old man closed his eyes, moved his lips as if to gather strength, and opening his eyes again, said: "You'll manage. If you obey God's will, you'll manage!" He paused, then smiled, and said: "Mind, Iván! Don't tell who started the fire! Hide another man's sin, and God will forgive two of yours!" And the old man took the candle in both hands and folding them on his breast, sighed, stretched out, and died.

Iván did not say anything against Gabriel, and no one knew what had caused the fire.

And Iván's anger against Gabriel passed away, and Gabriel wondered that Iván did not tell anybody. At first Gabriel felt afraid, but after awhile he got used to it. The men left off quarrelling, and then their families left off also. While rebuilding their huts, both families lived in one house; and when the village was rebuilt and they might have moved farther apart, Iván and Gabriel built next to each other, and remained neighbours as before.

They lived as good neighbours should. Iván Stcherbakóf remembered his old father's command to obey God's law, and quench a fire at the first spark. If anyone does him an injury he now tries not to revenge himself, but rather to set matters right again; and if anyone gives him a bad word, instead of giving a worse in return, he tries to teach the other not to use evil words; and so he teaches his women-folk and children. And Iván Stcherbakóf has got on his feet again, and now lives better even than he did before.

QUESTIONS

1. Tell something of the relations of Iván and his neighbor at the beginning of the story.
2. What caused the quarrel?
3. How might the matter have been settled at the beginning?
4. What was done to increase the enmity between the families?
5. Why do people always seem anxious to keep a quarrel alive by carrying stories to one side or the other?
6. What sentence was finally passed on Gabriel?
7. Give some arguments used by Iván's father in his effort to stop the strife.
8. What prevented him from yielding to his father's entreaties?
9. Tell about the fire and the damage it did.
10. What acknowledgment did Iván finally make to his father?
11. How did he show that he had repented?
12. Tell what both families lost which might have been saved if the quarrel had not been allowed to continue.

THE COIN*

Sara Teasdale

The story just ended suggests that among coins for the "heart's treasury" are kind words and kind deeds.

Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin, —
Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.

* From *Flame and Shadow*. Copyright, 1920. By permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company.

READY FOR PROMOTION*

EDGAR A. GUEST

The people who are promoted are those who are ready when the time comes. The employee who does no more than is required, who never learns any more than his own job, and who rushes off as soon as closing hour comes is not in line for a place higher up. One must keep moving toward the place he hopes to reach or he will fail to arrive. Keep your eye on the place above you and be ready for it.

THERE'S going to be a vacancy above you later on.
Some day you'll find the foreman or the superintendent gone,
And are you growing big enough, when this shall be the case,
To quit the post you're holding now and step into his place?
You do the work you have to do with ease from day to day,
But are you getting ready to deserve the larger pay?
If there should come a vacancy with bigger tasks to do,
Could you step in and fill the place if it were offered you?
To-morrow's not so far away, nor is the goal you seek,
To-day you should be training for the work you'll do next week.
The bigger job is just ahead, each day new changes brings —
Suppose that post were vacant now, could you take charge of things?
It's not enough to know enough to hold your place to-day,
It's not enough to do enough to earn your weekly pay,
Some day there'll be a vacancy with greater tasks to do —
Will you be ready for the place when it shall fall to you?

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QUESTIONS

1. Are you content to remain for more than a year in the same grade?

2. In what respect is school like life?

3. What are you doing to prepare yourself for the place you are to hold in the world?

4. Do you know a story that illustrates this poem? Tell it to the class.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

In telling what you would do, in connection with these exercises, select the numbered statement that seems to you the best, and give orally or write (as your teacher may direct) a brief statement explaining why you think it is best. Remember that "circumstances alter cases" and that there might be occasions when none of the solutions suggested here would be the best and when either of two might be equally good. Your statement will be rated upon the good judgment it displays and upon the ability you show to see a situation from the other fellow's point of view rather than upon your selection of a particular number as the right one.

I. Suppose you were engaged to work eight hours a day and found that your task was sometimes finished a half hour before closing time. On such occasions would you

1. Ask to leave early?
2. Use the time for the benefit of your employer?
3. Sit idly and do nothing?
4. Read a book or magazine to pass away the time?

II. Frank was invited to a party where he knew that the other boys and girls invited would be dressed in better clothes than he had, though his were whole and neat. He wished very much to go to the party, but could not afford to get new clothes. Should he

1. Decline the invitation saying that he had an earlier engagement?
2. Go to the party and say nothing about his clothes?
3. Go in the clothes he has and make some apology for them?
4. Try to borrow some better clothes to wear?

III. If you were elected a member of the student council of your school and had made a solemn promise to perform the duties of your office conscientiously, what would you do if you found that your best friend had violated one of the rules of the school? Would you

1. Appear not to notice the violation?
2. Report him to the student council?
3. See him privately and urge him to confess his fault to the council?
4. Speak to him privately about his error and tell him that you will not report him, but will have to if he offends again?

IV. Suppose you notice that one of your best friends has suddenly become very distant and cool in his manner toward you and you have no idea why he is offended. Will you

1. Say nothing about the matter and treat him pleasantly just as you always have done?
2. Ask some friend to find out what is wrong?
3. Go to him and ask him kindly to tell you the reason for his change of manner toward you?
4. Treat him in an angry and resentful manner but not ask him for any explanation?

V. In connection with a school examination, you are required to sign a pledge that you received no assistance while taking the examination. You accidentally saw the answer to one of the questions as written by one of your neighbors and realized that his answer was right and that the one you had planned to give was wrong. Will you

1. Give the answer you had in mind at first?
2. Present the situation to your teacher and ask what you had better do?
3. Give no answer at all to the particular question involved?
4. Use the information you have accidentally gained.

VI. In a moment of annoyance you have said something unkind about one of your companions. Some one has told him, and he has come to you to ask you about it. Will you

1. Become angry and refuse to discuss the matter?
2. Try to avoid an explanation by making light of the matter?
3. Admit your error and apologize for what you have said?
4. Admit your error without making any apology?

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